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COUNTESS THERESA VON BRUNSWICK.
Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved."

MUSIC.

MAY, 1893.

BEETHOVEN'S "IMMORTAL BELOVED."

[PREFATORY NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—In the introduction to the "Personal Reminiscences of Beethoven's 'Immortal Beloved,'" Mariam Tenger says: "When in 1890, at the Beethoven festival in Bonn, I for the first time unveiled the secret in the life of the great composer, I had not read Mr. Alexander Wheelock Thayer's Biography of Beethoven. I cannot now, after this is made known, too highly praise his deep penetration in having drawn such a conclusion, which no other writer of Beethoven's life has reached.

"This learned biographer surmised correctly that the Countess Theresa Brunswick was the only one that could have been meant by the 'Immortal Beloved,' to whom the letter of July 6th, 1806, was addressed. Indeed, Mr. Thayer has asserted that Beethoven was betrothed to the countess, and that his marriage to her was long contemplated. It gives one great pleasure to establish with certainty his idea concerning her."

After the second edition of the pamphlet appeared, Mr. Thayer wrote to Mariam Tenger as follows:

"March 11, 1891. It was my wish to express to you my extraordinary satisfaction with which I read your pamphlet. But I find I must leave you to imagine the singular delight with which I have repeatedly read your remarkable confirmation of the conclusions which I long since formed in relation to the '*Unsterbliche Geliebte*' (Immortal Beloved.) When they first appeared in print (1879) they were met with doubt, distrust and in some cases, ridicule, not to mention a long and very unfavorable review of my three volumes, ('Biography of Beethoven'), in the London *Times* in which I was vehemently attacked for advancing "the claims of my own pretender," in opposition to those of Giulietta Guicciardi. Still, in spite of the comparatively few but vigorously apprising critics, Theresa von Brunswick came gradually to be recognized as the true '*Unsterbliche*.' I was careful not to state this as a fact,

though I, myself, was convinced of it. Of late I find that my process of reasoning carried conviction to the minds of some of the best musical critics. Now your delightful reminiscences have left no shadow of a doubt.

"There is one point in your pamphlet that has surprised me exceedingly, namely, that Beethoven, not the '*Geliebte*,' dissolved the connection. If ever I shall be able to prepare a new edition of my work, the concluding passage will assume a very different character."

Mr. Thayer's "Biography of Beethoven," the best according to all critics that has yet appeared, was published in London. Closely following it was a publication from him setting forth the claims of Theresa von Brunswick as the love of Beethoven. Owing to Mr. Thayer's long residence on the continent, and the deep researches he made there, he formed a different idea of the "Immortal Beloved" from any previous writer. This, published in 1879, was greatly ridiculed by the London press, as the writer himself says in his letter of March 11, 1891. Far from abandoning his theory, although opposed by nearly all great critics of the day, he clung firmly to the supposition, until his reward came in the reminiscences of Mariam Tenger, which removed all previous doubts concerning the relations of the countess and Beethoven.

It is no small matter of pride to us, that an American should have produced the most complete and scholarly work on Beethoven's life, though it is an equal matter of regret, that owing to adverse criticism, he was compelled to publish it in England, instead of America.]

In an old chest—what was not old in Beethoven's rooms in the Schwarzsparerhause, in Vienna?—among other important papers, a title, dated July 6th, was found, the letter written to the "Immortal Beloved," place and year being missing, as in so many of Beethoven's letters. Besides this, there was found in the chest the portrait of a lady, with an inscription from the hand of the original: "To the rare genius, the great artist, the good man, from T. B."

With this picture in his hand, talking to himself and moved to tears, the great master was surprised one day by one of his most ardent admirers, Baron Spaun. It is often surmised that the Countess Theresa Brunswick was the "Immortal Beloved" to whom that letter of Beethoven was addressed. From personal information, I know this to be so. The letter was written the 6th of July, 1806, to the Countess Theresa Brunswick from the small Hungarian

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

watering-place Furen, on the Plattensee, which she once visited after Beethoven's death, to see the rooms he had occupied there. The great master had gone from Montonvasar, the family estate of the Brunswicks, which he often visited, and where, before his visiting the watering-place, he was secretly betrothed to the countess, in May, 1806. I know this from the lips of the countess herself. Only her brother Franz, between whom and Beethoven the closest friendship existed, was in the secret. It was by means of him that the exchange of letters, during the long years of betrothal, was made possible.

The letter of Beethoven to the "Immortal Beloved" is written, therefore, immediately after the betrothal.

The following is an exact copy of the original, which is now in the Imperial library in Berlin.

Beethoven writes :

"July 6th, morning. My angel—my all—myself—only a few words to-day, and those with a lead pencil, too, (with thine)—my stay here is only certain until to-morrow—what a contemptible waste of time and everything else—but why this deep sorrow when necessity speaks—can our love exist otherwise than through sacrifices, it cannot attain everything, canst thou change it, that thou art not entirely mine, I entirely thine? Ah! look into the beautiful nature, and calm thy spirit about what is inevitable.—Love demands everything, and justly, too, so it is with thee, thee with me—but do not lightly forget that I must live for myself and for thee—if we were not so entirely united—thou would perceive this pain as little as I. My journey was terrible. I arrived here at four o'clock yesterday morning; on account of insufficiency of horses, chose the post, another way of getting here, but what a terrible road! at the last station but one, I was warned not to drive by night. they attempted to frighten me about the forest, but they only excited me more—and I was wrong, the carriage broke on that wretched road, simply a country lane, and had I not had the postillions I had secured, I would have remained there underway. Esterhazy suffered the same fate on the other public road,

with eight horses, that I did with four. However, I had my share of pleasure, as I always do when I happily overcome a difficulty. Now rapidly to ourselves from outside matters. We will, perhaps, see each other soon, but I cannot tell you my thoughts now, which I have had regarding my life, during these days—if our hearts were only always close together! I cannot imagine anything as beautiful as that, the heart has much to tell you—ah! there are moments when I find that language is in vain. Comfort thy spirit, remain ever my true, only treasure, my all, as I am thine. The rest, what is to be for us, and what shall be, the gods must send.

“Thy true,

“LUDWIG.”

The letter reached the post too late.

Beethoven received it again, and continued on the same sheet:

Evening, Monday, July 6th.

“Thou sufferest, thou, my dearest being. I have just learned that the letters must be put into the post very early. Monday and Thursday are the only days when the post goes from there to K. Thou sufferest. Ah! where am I, art thou with me? For thee and me I will work, so that I can live with thee; what a life! So!!! without thee, persecuted by the kindness of certain men—a kindness I do not and will not merit—humility from man to man pains me, and when I consider myself in connection with the universe what am I, and what is He whom we call the Greatest? And still therein lies the divinity of man.

“I weep when I think that at the earliest, it will probably be Saturday when thou receivest the first news from me,—also how thou lovest me. But I love thee more; never conceal thy thoughts from me. Good night! being here for my health I must go to bed early. Oh! God, so near, and so far! Are not our lives truly a heavenly mansion, and as strong as the vault of heaven?

“Good morning, July 7th.

“Already in bed, my thoughts turned to thee, my ‘Im-

mortal Beloved,' now joyful, now sad, depending on fate, whether it hears us. Either I must live entirely with thee, or not at all. Yes, I have decided to toss about *abroad* so long, until I can fly to thy arms and call myself at home with thee, and let my soul, wrapped in thy love, wander in the kingdom of spirits. Yes, alas! it must be, thou must nerve thyself in order to fully realize my devotion to thee; never can another possess my heart, never, never! Oh! God, why must one leave what one so loves—yet my life in V. [Vienna] at present is a distressful one. Thy love makes me the happiest of men, and at the same time the unhappiest.

"In my years, I need some uniformity of life. Can this exist with our relations? Angel, I have just discovered that the post leaves—every day—and, therefore, I must close, that you may receive this letter immediately. Be calm, love me to-day—yesterday—what longing with tears for thee—
thee, thee, my life—my all!

"Farewell, oh! love me ever, distrust never the truest heart of thy love.

"L.

"Eternally thine,

"Eternally mine,

"Eternally each other's."

The disjointed way in which the letter was written shows the unrest of the composer's mind, and his anxiety regarding his future.

*
* *

To whom was this letter of July 6th, which was returned to Beethoven, and when was it returned to him? These questions are often agitated, but until now never answered with certainty.

On the one hand they are a proof of how carefully the secret of the time was preserved by both parties. (Even to the last there were members of the Brunswick family who refused to acknowledge the fact.) On the other hand, some

have paid no great attention to the matter, and have from the beginning veiled the Vienna circumstances.

There was a remark of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy which throws a certain light on the manners of the Austrians:

"The musicians and comedians dispute for the hearts of the ladies, even with us Cavaliers and the Hungarian Guards."

"The musicians and comedians!" In Beethoven's biographies, the names of all the women to whom he devoted himself are sorrowfully remarked. He was a passionate man, whose feelings, like storms of the sea, tossed to and fro, and it flattered many a woman to be admired by this ruler in the kingdom of music. Certainly there were many who did nothing to repel this, among them the charming Giulietta Guicciardi. But one thing is positive; he had loved her and only her to whom this letter was addressed, with a love reaching from earth to heaven, a love in which not only eye in eye, but spirit in spirit reveled, when the highest worth of the soul testified to a boundless feeling of adoration; a love that he glorified in his most perfect creation, "Fidelio," and which inspired him to others.

After the secret betrothal, Beethoven saw the Countess Theresa more seldom, in order to guard the secret better. The countess feared the effect which a premature disclosure would have upon her mother, who was proud of the rank of the Brunswick family. Even after the breaking off of the betrothal the secret was carefully kept by both parties, and Count Franz also destroyed all letters that pertained to it. So that the most careful searcher, as the able biographer, Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, can discover few traces of it. The mutual return of the letters took place in 1810 when the betrothal, after four years, suddenly ceased.

Beethoven exerted himself unsuccessfully in Vienna to obtain a sure and suitable position. The Count Franz Brunswick showed him the necessity of such a position, without which a union with his sister, who had but a small income, was impossible. Beethoven therefore turned his attention toward Prussia and England. The mention of "tossing about abroad" in the last part of the letter of July

6th and regarding that "distressful life in Vienna," refer to these unfruitful attempts.

No change had occurred in 1810 when the rupture came. Beethoven seems to have been so afflicted by it, that he was incapable of composition. Indeed his genius was passive in that year.

*
* *

What was it that caused Countess Theresa to exert such an influence on Beethoven?

Certainly she was noticeable among a hundred women for her intellect and beauty. She could have been distinguished in society, which she scorned to be; beside this she was a remarkable looking woman. Her whole being magnetized Beethoven's soul and bound him to her.

She could hardly be described better than by relating the impression she made on another great artist who in later years spoke of her as though inspired.

Peter von Cornelius stood before his easel and sketched one of his cartoons for the Campo Santo in Berlin. It was the year before his death. He had withdrawn himself so entirely from the world, that for days at a time he would work alone, speaking to no one. It was on such a day that my friends, old acquaintances of the master, took me to see him. He greeted us with a hardly perceptible nod and bestowed no further notice on me, the stranger. Against my inclination, for I had already stepped back and stood at one side, before another cartoon, some one said to him, "Our friend knows the Countess Theresa Brunswick."

The name electrified the old master, who hastily laid aside his brush and came towards me.

"Theresa Brunswick," he repeated, in a tone of voice in which both cordiality and respect were discernible. Then he gave me his arm, and inviting my friends to follow him, led me into the family room.

There we found his wife and brother-in-law. He introduced me in connection with the countess, but hardly waited for the slightest exchange of formalities.

"My friends" he cried, "Theresa Brunswick is the most

remarkable woman I have ever known in all my life. I tell you, as many women of all times, that have been admired by the world, there is none, I believe, although I know her but slightly, that can be compared to the Countess Theresa Brunswick. She was the impersonation of what one understands by a sublime woman. In her family too, she was most extraordinary. Yes, I think that such a woman could have sprung from such a nobly striving and commanding family only. Montanvasar, the castle of the Brunswicks in Hungary, had been transformed by the Count Franz to a temple of the muses. He lived there, as his father did, with his family, for art and science only; and taught his children to seek their highest enjoyment in them.

"The Countess Theresa had studied the dead languages with him, but found that no obstacle to her pursuing the modern also. In music, Mozart had been her teacher. How this pupil of the great masters played the piano, I find no words to tell you.

"I have often regretted that I did not meet her in her youth, although I was often at her family estate. I had become acquainted with her brother, Franz, upon my first Italian journey, and soon afterwards accepted his invitation to Montanvasar. That was truly a magic castle; it lay in the middle of a beautiful park, the parts of which were named after the different countries of Europe. Count Franz, the hereditary holder, had acquired many works of art in Italy, and had fitted up the rooms of the ancestral castle with them. I found much that kept me there for a long time. Unfortunately, however, I did not meet his favorite sister.

"It was in after years that I knew her personally. She and her mother, after her father's death, changed their residence to Ofen, and lived in the family house of Brunswick's there.

"An important event in her life had already transpired when she went there.

"It is long, long since I saw her for the first time. I was a man in the prime of life, and an artist enthused with the ideal of woman. The Countess Theresa accom-

panied her niece to Munich. The latter wished to finish her studies in painting in my studio. This niece became the renowned Countess Blanka Teleki, in the Revolution of 1848-49. I discovered immediately the similarity between the two. The Countess Theresa must have looked the same in her youth. There were the same noble lines, the same classic oval face, the same majesty upon the brow where time had left few traces. But the great dark eyes had that mild look that comes only from a pure spirit. When she smiled—and that happened seldom—a divine glorification lay on her features. Such faces never grow quite old. When one spoke to her he felt elevated and better. She spoke inimitably, beautifully and clearly."

Cornelius was silent, his wife whispered to me: "For six weeks I have not heard him speak so much. I hope it will not hurt him."

Without answering this remark—for my thoughts were with the object I so dearly prized—I said to the noble old master: "How pleased she will be when I write her what a remembrance you have retained of her."

"Yes, yes, write her that," he rejoined, glancing up. "When did you see her last?"

"In May 1857, she came to Vienna and spent a day with us. The conversation I had with the countess is engraven upon my memory. In the evening two young girls came to call upon us. I feared they would disturb her after the earnest conversation we had had, and said so. "Children are never troublesome to me," she said. How that magnificent woman drew the shy children into unrestrained talk, how indescribably beautifully she recited from memory "The Abbot of St. Gallen," that she had learned in her childhood."

"In her childhood," repeated Cornelius, half aloud. I had the impression that he was weary, and wished to leave. This he prevented, however, raised the sunken head again, and asked with newly awakened interest: "Do you know any stories from her childhood? "O, quite a number." I have heard them partly from her and partly from her sister, the Countess Emmerich Teleki, Blanka's mother."

"Do you know the story of Beethoven in the music lesson?" asked Cornelius quickly. "Why should I not know that?"

"Then, tell it. One hears so willingly children's stories, and I believe this to be the prelude to a life drama."

I agreed with the master and related the incident:

"The Countess Theresa had passed her fifteenth year. She was at the piano; the door of the ante-room, where her mother sat, stood open. It was a bitterly cold day in 1794; Vienna lay wrapped in snow that fell in large flakes on the laborers' shoulders, who could accomplish but little in removing it. Carriages and horses remained standing, and the unfortunate pedestrians waded wearily forward. But the teacher whom the countess expected, was accustomed to brave all storms. Those that came from heaven played but a small part in his life, only those that raged in his mind, and he did not rest, until he had changed them into tones. They were the fearful storms feared by himself and by his friends, whom he often, in such moods, treated as foes.

"Theresa Brunswick, still a child in years, but intellectually wonderfully mature and earnest, regarded her teacher, Beethoven, with a mixture of fear and reverence. With reverence, because in spite of her youth, she comprehended the genius which no other (Mozart was dead) on earth approached. With fear, because it was difficult for her to bear his roughness.

"In the Brunswick family the greatest refinement in customs and manners ruled. Friendship and politeness were the self-evident motives in the household from master to servant. No jarring tones marred the harmony of the life there. Countess Theresa's mother was a proud aristocrat, who with unapproachable dignity understood to command and expect obedience. Never had either children or servants heard from her lips a scolding word. Never from her, and much less from the gentle and intellectual father.

"And Beethoven? He could, when a boy, have counted the days when he had heard a friendly word from his surly father. In what an atmosphere had he grown up? How

often, when the sorrow of his young heart was too great, had he chosen for immortality, wished for death; before life offered the artist the overflowing cup of pleasure, the man had drunken the bitter dregs of daily misery. We know, that in those moments, when the necessity of living conquered his genius, he gave way to the wildest, most frightful violence. Passion lay in the depths of his soul; without it his creations are hardly possible, but he had no control over it, and the wanting mastery made itself only too apparent in such outbursts.

It was on such a day when the Countess Theresa sat waiting for her teacher, that a storm raged in Beethoven's breast. She noticed this immediately as he entered, only recognizing her with a nod of the head. Ah! she knew now that she could hardly make him contented.

"Practiced the sonata?" he asked without looking at her. His hair stood more on end than it was wont to do; the eyes, the magnificent eyes, were but half open, and the mouth, angry—oh! so angry! With a failing voice she answered, "I have practiced it, but——"

"We'll see!"

She took her place, he stood behind her. She thought, "If I could but please him by playing well." But heaven knows how it happened, the notes swam before her eyes and her hands trembled. She began hastily—he said "Tempo" once or twice, but it did not help the matter. She saw that he became more and more impatient, and she became more confused. And at last she struck a false note. It caused her own fine sense of hearing such pain that she could have cried out. Then her teacher did what pained her mentally and physically. He did not strike the keys, but roughly and angrily, her hands, rushed as though mad out of the salon, and through the hall-door, which he slammed behind him.

"Without his coat or hat? she cried and indiscreetly hurried after him while her mother entered the salon to see what the noise was about. The salon was empty, the hall-door open, where was the servant? The countess was

frightened, but her fright gave way to other feelings when her daughter appeared before her, and she learned what she had done, and where she had been. *Her* daughter, the Countess Theresa Brunswick, had run into the street after a musician with his coat, hat and stick! To be sure, she had gone hardly ten feet from the door when the frightened servant reached her. Not far off stood Beethoven, undecided what to do in order to get the things he had left behind him. He took them from the servant, while his scholar, unnoticed, slipped back into the house.

Her mother sent her to her room with the stern reprimand to think over the unfitness of her conduct for the rest of the day. But as much as Theresa meditated, she always arrived at the conclusion: "He might have caught cold and died." The gentle father put the blame on the servant who had left the entrance. He comforted his wife, telling her that Theresa was still a child and had acted like one. "After us, and her brothers and sisters, her teachers are the first in her affectionate young heart, and this excuses her precipitation." It was not exactly, however, as the old Count had thought. In Theresa's diary written in French in 1794, nearly every page has some reference to "mon maitre," "mon chere maitre," and *there was none other than Beethoven meant by these words.*

"This was told me by her sister, the Countess Emerich Teleki."

My story had grown rather long, I noticed that it was time to finish our visit.

Cornelius let us go, but obtained the promise to visit him again soon. He turned to me, and said affectionately, "Then you must tell me everything you know about Theresa Brunswick. Especially about her friendship with Beethoven, and if you are as clear in regard to it—as I."

The last words were spoken at the door, with a peculiar emphasis; and I nodded affirmatively. What I had to tell Cornelius are the following reminiscences.

I was a child when a relative of mine, who had been a college friend of her brother, consequently a friend of hers,

took me to see the Countess Theresa. When she asked me "Why I looked at her with such big astonished eyes," I did not answer that she seemed to me a good fairy out of my story book, or a holy saint from the stories they had told me at boarding-school, together with the tales of St. Ursula. I was to be sent to a school for girls, and until the Countess Theresa found one that seemed suitable, I remained with her. I could fill pages concerning the beautiful month of May I spent there.

How kind was the glance of her beautiful eyes, the charm of her soft voice, how instructive all she said.

She was at that time busy in founding a home in Vienna, for the care of small children. It was the first, not only in Vienna, but in the whole kingdom.

The Empress Caroline who had a kind heart and open purse for all public movements, had become interested in it. The donations of the founder, although they exceeded her means, for her income was limited, proved insufficient. The contributions of friends, who aided her in word and deed, like the astronomer Littrow, of Vienna, were not enough for the beginning. However, her efforts were crowned with success, for to-day in all provinces in Austria there are homes conducted like the one she founded.

A few years ago, the bust of the Countess Theresa Brunswick was placed in the National Museum of Buda-Pest, in recognition of the remarkable energy she displayed for the benefiting of children, and her activity in general for the welfare of humanity.

During the discussions that took place concerning the establishing of the children's home, I often sat at her feet, listening, and when they grew too deep for my comprehension, I still was charmed by the way she spoke.

Once I came too near with my footstool. "You are on my dress, child," she said with her gentle smile. I moved hastily away, and burst into tears, as I discovered that I had torn it in so doing. She took my head between her motherly hands, kissed me on the forehead and said: "My child, a tear in a dress is not worth your tears. Schmidtbauer (the

maid) will mend it, if you ask nicely. Spare your tears for the tears in life, for heaven will scarcely release you from them."

We made excursions to the Kahlenberg, to the Bruehl, to the Helenenthal and other places in the vicinity of Vienna.

The Countess Theresa awoke our interest toward the beauties of nature as well as for historical facts. She could tell so much about mountain and cloister, trees and flowers, that the time fled faster when we were alone, than when her relatives accompanied us.

I had found a playmate by the countess. A poor orphan in pitiable circumstances had been brought to her years before. The countess had just returned from a long journey, and had lived much alone in Buda-Pest. The aristocratic society there was as pleasure-seeking as in the capital, and she strenuously avoided it.

She was very soon entirely alone. One of her sisters was married in Siebenbuerger, one in Russia, and the dearly beloved brother was abroad.

Then it may be, that the thought of befriending a poor orphan giving pleasure to herself and many others, may have seemed to her a beautiful prospect. Louisa D. was adopted by her. In that month of May, that remains in my memory in unchanging beauty, Louisa was about fourteen years old. She remained the one shadow of those wonderfully bright days—also the shadow for her benefactress, until she was married. A learned Frenchman once said, when education was being discussed, "*Ah si—, l'éducation est une bonne chose et peut beaucoup, mais rien—absolument rien contre le naturel. Chassez le naturel, et il revient au galop.*"

This opinion was verified unfortunately by the fruitless endeavors of the noble countess to raise Louisa to her own level. At last she tried an institution of learning. The one she chose was the best in Vienna. The directress was known by the countess to be a thoroughly intelligent woman, who was most ambitious for her pupils. Later, I, too, entered this school and conceived a violent fancy for Frau von Draeger. In that moment when I was about to part from the

countess, I clasped her hands with passionate weeping and refused to leave her.

"Child, child, do you really love me so?" She asked me in her beautiful mild voice.

"I love you—I love you so that I could die for you."

I mention this childish outburst only because of the countess' answer, which, although I did not understand until years afterward, helps one to unravel the secret of her and Beethoven's life.

She nodded to me, and said slowly and impressively, "My child, when you are many years older and wiser you will understand what I mean when I say that to *live* for those one loves is far greater love, because it requires so much, much more courage."

She smoothed my hair with both hands and said in that motherly tone of hers, that won all children's hearts:

"You can, however, so long as you remain in the seminary, on the 27th of every March, do me a slight favor which my heart will consider a great one."

When for the first time, on the appointed day, I went to the small Währinger churchyard, accompanied by the directress of the school to lay a wreath of immortelles on Beethoven's grave, we found a middle-aged gentleman there who had also brought a wreath of flowers. The principal, who knew him, whispered: "The little one does it at the request of the Countess Theresa Brunswick."

"I could well imagine that," he rejoined, "Immortelles are fit for her alone."

Baron Spaun was an old man when I met him again in 1859, in Traunkirchen on the Traunsee, where he was staying with his family in his villa. His name had remained in my memory, and I seized this opportunity to recall to his remembrance the child with the wreath of immortelles at Beethoven's grave.

"I have never forgotten it," he said quickly. "It touched me so, as does everything connected with that wonderful man."

I gathered from the conversation, interrupted alas! too

soon by strangers, that Baron Spaun knew more of Beethoven than many of those mentioned in the biographers of him. In his youth he associated with all those that formed a galaxy of artists around him.

"Did you ever know his most celebrated pupil, the Countess Theresa Brunswick?" I asked. "His pupil?" repeated the old man thoughtfully, and after a while continued: "I went once at an unusual hour to Beethoven. He could not have heard me, nor have seen me, for he sat in his chair with his back to me. The light from the window fell upon a picture he held in his hand, and which he, weeping, kissed.

He was speaking to himself, as he often did when alone. I did not wish to play eavesdropper and noiselessly withdrew as I heard the words: "Thou wert too good, too angelic." When I returned after a while, I found him at the piano composing magnificently."

"There is nothing evil in your face to-day, old fellow," I said, and he rejoined, "My good angel has appeared to me to-day."

That picture, with an inscription from the hand of the Countess Theresa, together with the letter to the "Immortal Beloved" was found after the death of the master in an old chest. I recognized it instantly, and from all I have heard of the countess there is no doubt in my mind that she only was meant by the "Immortal Beloved."

In 1860 I became acquainted with an elderly lady by the name of Hebenstreit, who, on account of her magnificent playing, was invited to the houses of the best families in Gimunden. She had been taught by Schuppanzigh, at whose house she had often seen Beethoven, and had played before him once. One evening, after Frau Hebenstreit had performed the overture of "Leonore" (Fidelio) to a large audience, she said in her plain, emphatic way: "Only think how one sits for their portrait; just like that was the Countess Theresa Brunswick, the model for Beethoven's 'Leonore.' The whole world ought to thank her for it. Beethoven would never have dared to marry, and a coun-

tess, too, without money,—and so fine and delicate enough to blow away. And he—an angel and a demon together! What would have become of them both—and his genius with him?"

As Baron Spaun, Frau Hebenstreit and Peter von Cornelius had discovered, so no doubt many others had glimpses into the closer relations of Beethoven and the Countess Theresa Brunswick. The naive remarks of Frau Hebenstreit had a broad meaning. She clearly perceived the outcome of nearer relationship with Beethoven's passionate character. Her homely expressions touched the chief reason of the breaking off of the engagement. Beethoven himself knew perfectly his disposition, and after a long battle came to the conclusion that the apprehension was not ungrounded, that he would cause misery to her whom he loved and prized above all things. Delicate intimations, that the Countess Theresa herself made to me, leave no doubt in regard to it.

When in 1838 my mother took me from the school, the Countess Theresa was away on a long journey. I did not see her for many years. The regular correspondence was interrupted; but that did not sever our friendship, for I received news from the sister Countess Emerich Teleki in Siebenbuergen, whom I often saw. In the Teleki household, as in the Brunswick, art and science were eagerly studied.

Blanka Teleki, the eldest daughter, the scholar of Peter von Cornelius, grew up amid such surroundings. It was a singular family, and strange and tragic was the history in which Blanka Teleki played an important part. The resemblance to her aunt, the Countess Theresa, attracted me wonderfully to her. Her intelligence, her extensive reading, her artistic gift, filled me with admiration.

A great many pictures from her hand adorned the castle. She never went into society, and scorned finery exactly as her aunt, the Countess Theresa, had done in her youth. Still, when she passed through the streets every one turned to look at her. The shining dark hair was twisted into a Grecian knot; the large black eyes, shaded by long lashes,

had a quiet, almost cold look. She had a symmetrically beautiful figure, which moved gracefully. This remarkable beauty must have been noticeable, and have awakened curiosity, especially as she seldom came out of her reserve. The Teleki house remained a quiet one in the midst of the gay society-loving Hungarian aristocracy in Klausenburg. Blanka's quasi-invalid mother saw exceptionally only visitors.

One day I was accidentally alone with her, Blanka having just left the room. I inadvertently made the remark, "Blanka is so like her aunt, that I often think I see the Countess Theresa young again before me."

"So like," said the countess, "that I once thought she was my sister, as she bent over my bed." Then, after thinking a moment, she added, "so like, and yet so unlike."

The quiet house soon became stiller; the parents died. The younger daughter was married in France, the son living in his own home on one of the family estates, and Blanka was in Buda-Pest, trying to found a school for the daughters of Hungarian nobles. After years of silence, she sent me her prospectus, asking me if I would take part in her patriotic efforts.

I saw her again in the spring of 1848 in Pest. I visited her before her aunt, for the Countess Theresa had written, appointing a day that should be mine. Blanka was, perhaps, at that time forty years old. She was still beautiful and most attractive. Who could have failed to discover in her face the nobility that nature had stamped there? But the grave earnestness, the repelling hauteur lay no longer in the features; in their place, an excess of amiable complacency. She was in a bright morning dress, with a dainty cap and blue ribbons. It was no longer the proud Blanka of past days. It was as though a new youth had come over her. She spoke loudly and gaily and even jested. I had to follow her into the school-room. She introduced pupils and teachers to me, and said, as I left, with vivacious emphasis, "The greatest value we give to patriotism. Our first thought on waking, our last on going to rest, is our country. Is it not

true, children? We are above all Hungarians."

What a change time and circumstances had made here. The next day, not without fear, I set out for the Countess Theresa. Hesitatingly I stepped into the room which the servant had hastily shown me.

A writing-case from Nuremberg on which the light from a double window filled with flowers fell, was the first object my glance rested on. Two pictures in oak-carved frames hung on the walls—Mozart and Beethoven. A book-case with a fine edition of the most celebrated writers, a table covered with portfolios and note-books, and a few chairs completed the furniture—all simple and inconspicuous. She, whose coming I waited, was already in the pleasant room. The countess now seventy years old, leaned in one corner of an ottoman. As my surprised look met hers, I asked myself in the first moment, "Does she recognize me—and I not a stranger to her? But in the next I felt her motherly glance, understood the welcoming motion of the hand formed for blessing, and longed to be a child again, and sit at her feet as once before. She read in my face the unspoken words, regarded me with a long comforting heart-cheering expression and smiled. I kissed her hands asking if she still cared for me a little?

"I have," she answered "nothing else to do in the world, than to love everyone a little and my friends a great deal."

"Dear Countess, more than ten years have passed since I saw you last."

"We should rather say, ten years have passed since you laid the last wreath of immortelles on the grave dearest to me."

I looked wonderingly up, for I did not comprehend immediately. I thought only of the graves of her parents and of the dearly beloved brother, and repeated questioningly "The dearest of the graves?" "The grave of the man whom I loved more and differently than all my family and blood relations. From that day, I was hardly more than a child, when I ran out into the storm with his coat and hat. I felt that I was his."

"And as I grew up, this feeling grew with me. It strengthened and increased with the unspeakable pain of jealousy which was its constant companion. When in the salons they discussed the conquests of the great musician, every nerve in my body trembled. Two daughters of the Brunswick family shone in the great world, the third played the piano, painted, read and dreamed. My mother said, "My Theresa is a born canoness," and let me go my way. What troubled my passionate young heart and what I suffered no one suspected, not even my brother, my beloved comrade and Beethoven's friend. And I had often hard trials. One day my cousin, the charming Guilietta Guiccardi, rushed into my room, threw herself like a theater princess at my feet, and cried out in a choking voice, "Advise me, you cold wise one! I so long to dismiss my betrothed Gallenberg and marry the wonderfully ugly, beautiful Beethoven, if—if I did not have to lower myself so."

The Countess Theresa paused.

"Lower herself," I cried indignantly, "dear Countess, what did you say to her?"

"What did I say to her? Nothing. I kept silent. What I would have had to say to her in regard to her conceited selfish love, and of the great man, for whom 'She would have to lower herself,' she would not have understood. I reached silently for a glass of water and gave it to her. Heaven protected Beethoven from Guilietta. She became the Countess Gallenberg and disappeared from his life."

The Countess Theresa was silent for a while. She seemed so lost in memories that she forgot my presence. At last she took up the thread of her narrative again.

"I knew well what energy he needed to overcome the struggles of daily life that threatened to hinder the flight of his genius. Therefore, I too, wished to be courageous, wished to keep pace with him. All Europe was shaken then, and Austria trembled at the name of Napoleon. Beethoven was inspired by him, and regarded him as the God-sent deliverer of Germany from the decay of the middle ages.

His magnificent 'Eroica,' partly written when with us at Montonvasar, was but an expression of his feeling. How proud I was of it, and of the deeply loved author. Then came the year 1804. My brother brought the first news from Vienna of Napoleon's coronation. 'What did Beethoven say?' I asked. 'Lichnowsky confided to me, that he tore his note-book into pieces,' Franz answered, 'threw them on the ground, and stamped his foot on them.' Then he uttered these words: 'So he was only a selfish man, and nothing else.' My brother did not see this burst of violence, but every one said it was frightful."

The Countess Theresa looked silently towards the picture of the beloved man, and folded her hands in her lap as though pleading for something. Later, I heard that she had often reproached herself with having failed to overcome her fear of his passion, and that she was in constant anxiety that she should witness an outburst of his temper.

The pause that now ensued seemed endless. The bell rang outside.

"Do not be frightened, it is to be your day. No other visitor is to be admitted."

"But suppose it were Blanka?"

"Blanka knows I make no exception for her to-day. You have seen her? What kind of an impression did she make on you?"

"As though she were an entirely different being."

"The change had been good, if it were not so sad."

"So sad?"

"She has devoted herself with a praiseworthy zeal to patriotism, but she loves a man who is entirely unworthy of her, loves him only on account of his beauty. She attributes the noblest patriotism and most virtuous qualities to him, and would make a hero of him in the coming revolution. How much I wish she had her old pride. It would save her from this error. The Revolution has begun. The most terrible things will happen, but this man will disappear in the dark masses that act thoughtlessly, while Blanka—my highly gifted, deeply-mistaken Blanka—God knows what she will

not undertake and experience! But my child, we must drive out now, and come back to our subject in the evening. While I am putting on my wraps, you can look into these albums, and cast a glance into this desk where the—*jewels*—of the Countess Theresa Brunswick are."

She pulled out one of the small drawers of the writing-desk, and then followed the maid, who stood waiting at the door, to her room. I lifted up a piece of tissue-paper from the drawer and saw underneath a yellow paper with a bunch of immortelles, fastened by a silken thread that once had been pink. Under it were the words.

"*L'Immortelle a son Immortelle.*"

LUIGI.

(The immortelles to his immortal one. Ludwig.)

In the drawer was a collection of immortelles and bunches of immortelles which Beethoven used to lay in his letters. I did not like to touch them, and stood deep in thought until the maid brought me my coat, and announced the carriage. The coachman bowed with particular respect and helped to wrap the feet of the Countess in a robe.

In the street there was everywhere noticeable excitement. Our conversation, carried on in French, on account of the coachman, turned immediately upon the topic of the day that filled all minds. The Slavish Hungarian Kossuth played the chief role. His watch-word was: "The freedom of Hungary from the Austrian tyranny." I understood but little of these matters, but had seen already so much in Transsylvania of what was partly ridiculous, partly the terrifying measures of heroism for freedom, that in spite of my Hungarian blood, I was only too willing to have nothing to do with it.

The sympathies of the Countess, also, were not on that side. I often, in after years, thought of her remarks as we drove in the little park in Pest. We met few, because it was not the hour for promenade for the aristocracy; and we enjoyed undisturbed the fresh green of nature and the hours we spent together. But one rider met us as we drove through the principal allee of the park. I only men-

tion him because it was Count Ludwig Batthyany. Kossuth, only a few days before, had made his flaming address against allowing troops to be sent to Italy. "Hungary dare not send a single man to suppress the freedom of Italy!" so ran the closing sentence.

This address was posted on all street corners and even on the trees in the park.

"Do you agree with that, dear Count?" asked the Countess Theresa.

"*Cum grano salis*, most gracious lady," answered the handsome man, whose appearance was much that of an elegant cavalry officer. "Kossuth's talk is at present of great use to us. He understands how to manage the Asiatics (so the high nobility of Hungary called the lesser nobility and gentry). When the man has done his part, then he will get rid of him." He saluted and set his horse into a gallop.

"You—of him," the countess said sadly to herself, looking after him. "But the Hungarians always have been, and always will be governed by the arrogance that their grandees exercise. Terrible days are drawing near. Kossuth will compel them to go with him, and those that do not, he will get rid of at their own risk. Ah! we shall see terrible things—dreadful—and my poor Blanka! Coachman, drive home, I am cold."

I thought of those words, "I am cold," when the Count Batthyany was sentenced to the gallows and then pardoned to powder and lead, although the sad presentiment of the countess was for her beloved niece only, who once so remarkably resembled the aunt.

The presentiment was but too true. Blanka Teleki was deeply concerned in the conspiracy of 1848-49. Letters had passed between her and Mazzini. At the uprising of Hungary, she equipped a company of Honveds, and made other great sacrifices. She was arrested and arraigned before court; still she might have been treated with leniency, but the stand she took prevented it. She might have extricated herself, but she scorned to do so, and declared to the judges with unbending pride, that "she would act in such a case

again exactly as she had done." By this means she prevented any possibility of a light sentence. She was condemned to death, but pardoned to life-long imprisonment. After nine years at Kufstein, she was released in 1858. In the deepest incognito she went to Pest to see once again her aunt, the Countess Theresa, and then lived in Dresden until her death in 1860.

After the return from our drive and at dinner the Countess was taciturn, lost in thought, and I feared she would not refer again to the story of her great love and sorrow. But after she had rested, we returned to the home-like room where her relics were.

"It is a pity that you are not musical, that you cannot understand how Beethoven composed nothing that had not moved him inwardly. Pain, amounting to desperation, happiness to the highest degree of ecstasy, proud courage, the greatest humbleness, belief in inspiration and adoration, all these were expressed in the full truth of his creations, and echoed in his thrilling playing.

"Oh! how I understood him, how I felt with him, as I followed the flight of his thoughts! Highly musical Vienna regarded him, however, too long as only a great piano virtuoso, and prized and admired him as such. For his immortal compositions, the publishers paid miserable prices. There was no chance to better his unhappy condition that oppressed him with heaviness, for he had a true knowledge of his high calling and was aware of his own worth. The aristocracy of Vienna was at that time, perhaps, the most musical in all the world. Lichnowsky, Razumowski, my brother and others stood in the closest relations to Beethoven. But to create for him what he needed, that they were unable to do. Besides this he had drained many coffers, and a large part of the art-loving nobility and of society in general, as did the court, favored only Italian music. Beethoven had not at that time composed an opera or a mass. I urged my brother to persuade him to do so. Franz did it; he endeavored to be a help to him in those unhappy relations that embittered his spirit and

clouded his genius. One day he found him in one of those passionate ill-temperers that returned, alas! repeatedly. The world was to him a mirror of lies; all men hypocrites!

"Franz tried to appease him. 'Poor fellow, I wish you had always someone near you, who would calm your spirit and try to reconcile you to mankind, when you rage against it; a sister, like the one heaven has sent me, embodied truth and loyalty, embodied self-sacrificing love. In such a being, one possesses a well of faith and trust, learns to love and respect the world and mankind, for one has no right to affirm that this being is the only one of its kind.' This enthusiasm of my brother who worshiped me, can be readily understood. Franz did not suspect, naturally being so thoughtlessly carried away by his own arguments, how he influenced Beethoven, who was immediately all attention. He wished to hear more of me, during his visits in Montonvasar. Franz had to tell him a number of stories from our childhood. Two of them made a peculiar impression on him. The one my father had preserved by means of a picture for our family. It was more tragic than gay, and took place on the Mediterranean Sea, the large pond in our park, that was named after the various parts of Europe that bordered that sea. I was then eleven years old, and especially afraid of water, and declined a row with my brother Franz, who went with my sister Caroline alone. In a kiosk, where my teacher and I sat, we could see the whole pond. Suddenly she cried out, and rushed after the servants in the garden near by. I looked up, and saw an upturned boat to which my brother clung with one hand, while with the other he held the dress of my sister who was under the water. What I thought I do not know, but in a moment I was down hill and in the water. We all escaped with a fright, and I with a slight fever. In answer to my father's question, if I were not afraid, it is said I replied, 'Oh! no my angel was with me!'"

"The other story was about the piano lesson from which Beethoven rushed in passionate anger, I following with the coat and hat he had left behind. The servant fortunately reached me, not far from the door—but you know the rest.

Beethoven before this, knew nothing of the end of it. It was my brother who committed this indiscretion, and, perhaps, many others too. He could never finish when his sister "Resi" was in question. And Beethoven had heard in other ways of me. Who asks, learns. The people liked me; I had more spare time for them than my sisters, whom the stream of society swept along.

"I doctored a little in Montonvasar and busied myself with the children. Enough, when Beethoven came again to us, he looked at me with quite different eyes. And as he had formerly sought the lonesome ways, buried in his musical thoughts, he now arranged it so as to meet me.

"One evening we sat in the salon. Beethoven was at the piano. There were no other guests than the curate who dined with us every Sunday and remained until evening.

"The moon shone into the room; that was what *he* liked best. Franz, who had seated himself beside me, whispered in my ear, 'Listen! now he will play.' How I listened! His dark face was transfigured; he passed his hands once or twice over the keys. We knew that; I mean Franz and I knew that he used to prelude by such discordance the greatest harmony. Then he struck a few chords in the base, and then played slowly, mysteriously, solemnly that song of Sebastian Bach, the only worldly song which that great master of church music has composed:

*Willst Du Dein Herz mir schenken,
So fang' es heimlich an,
Dass unser Beider Denken
Niemand errathen kann.
Die Liebe muss bei Beiden,
Allzeit verschwiegen sein,
D'rum schliess' die groessten Freuden,
In Deinem Herzen ein.'*

"My mother and the curate had fallen asleep, my brother looked earnestly before him. I was awakened to fullest life by that song, and by this look—

"Next morning we met in the park.

"I am writing an opera now," he said. "I have the principal figure in my mind before me, wherever I go or

stay. I was never at such heights before! All is light, all is clear and open! Before this I was like the stupid boy in the fairy tale who gathered the stones and failed to see the beautiful flowers that blossomed on the road side.'

"So we found each other. But he had to leave immediately. I learned months afterward from the letters to my brother Franz, about him and his life, that the opera grew, was finished, and at last, oh! irony of fate, nameless agony for Beethoven's great soul! that, late in the autumn of 1805, it was given before an audience of French officers in Vienna, who hardly represented intellectual France! The applause was moderate, its success, even in the circles of friends and judges (?) insignificant. They said Beethoven ought to cut out parts of it. But he would hear nothing of it, and wrote desperately to my brother: 'I shall turn ballad-singer, harper, player of a lyre.'

"However he roused himself; his genius inspired him to the first mass. Later, the *Missa Solemnis* was the greatest triumph of his life. His first mass was written for the Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, a great admirer of Italian music, who played the role of patron to Beethoven. It was given in his palace in Eisenstadt in 1807. He expressed himself to Beethoven in the rather rude words: 'What have you written there?' This reception so wounded the master, that he wished to refuse the price of his composition, and ever afterwards disliked to hear anything in connection with the Prince's name.

"The friends of Beethoven, among others the princely patron Lichnowsky, Kinsky and Lobkowitz, from whom for years he received an annuity, were obliged sometimes to stand being turned away from his door. They hardly knew if the 'artist' was in a mood and played alone to himself or whether he really wandered in forest and meadow. Often he sat behind the door 'and sent them to the devil with their grumbling' as he afterwards confessed to them. But often he had really rushed out into the open nature. He wished to be alone, with her, always to have her as his only confidant when his brain teemed with distracting

thoughts. She was his comforter at all times. Often when his friends sought him, where he had taken a house in the country for the summer, he had fled. Thus it was he so often came to Franz Brunswick, in Montonvasar.

"This happened in the spring of 1806. He wished to rest for a few weeks from the terrible strain and nervous excitement of the preceding year 1805, the year of "Fidelio." *Then in May 1806, I became betrothed to him, with the knowledge and consent of my beloved-only brother Franz.*

"The first condition was the greatest secrecy. The second made by Franz, that the marriage should not take place until he had obtained a secure position. Then my sensitively proud mother must be asked for her consent. I hardly dared to think of this step, for her deeply rooted aristocratic pride was her most easily wounded side and the whole social world (only the high nobility was so designated then) would uphold her judgment. Had it not been for the painful consideration for my mother, I would have unhesitatingly followed my betrothed immediately into any position in life. For I was, in the beginning, the impatient one. Beethoven said, "yes," to all these conditions and arrangements, and while he untiringly strove to obtain a sure position for life, tried to comfort and console me. How the long delay tried his heart was known later.

"He hoped for us both; he was full of courage and energy, notwithstanding his hearing grew ever worse and he had to journey repeatedly to a watering-place to strengthen his overstrained nerves. I, too, was blissful in his love. Only the secret from my mother oppressed me like a crime, and like a calumnation against my beloved. I could have said to every one, 'even though I should have to beg, I would be proud to be his wife.'—Later the mood changed with Beethoven. Patience was not part of his nature. How could he have stood in the end this long test in his frame of mind? He soon felt hurt that I ceased to complain, and tried to quiet him. Storms and sunshine changed in his letters, changed in the hours we spent together. Started by his outbursts of temper, awed in my inmost

heart by his deep passionate love, I besought comfort and help from God. That during the four years of our engagement his greatest works were written and silently dedicated to me, was not until long afterwards of comfort to me. In those most terrible days of my life, the eternally long dreary days that followed the hour when—we parted forever—I was comfortless."

In regard to the closer circumstances and immediate cause of the catastrophe, the Countess maintained always a deep silence. But it is probable that Beethoven's sudden and violent request for a speedy marriage led to it. For this purpose, he had, in all secrecy, the necessary family papers sent from Bonn in 1810.

From certain remarks of the Countess, I concluded that after the breaking off of the betrothal, her brother had no intercourse with Beethoven for a long time, which appears to have personally wounded him. There was however a full reconciliation, probably greatly due to the overpowering influence that Beethoven had on his friends through his playing and disposition. This influence also caused the Prince Lichnowski, whom the great master had so often offended, always returned to him.

The reconciliation of Beethoven and the Count Franz Brunswick, and the continuation of the trusted friendship was according to the wish of the Countess Theresa who was again apprized of Beethoven's work and so remained in unbroken connection with his intellectual life.

In the conversation that ensued, this connection was not mentioned.

"Strange said the Countess Theresa, with a weak voice, after a long pause, "that I have to exert myself so to speak of him, of whom I am always thinking.

"It is entirely the unusualness of putting those thoughts into words. Since the death of my brother this part of my life has lain in the silent grave of my heart—this old heart that has treasured up an eternal youth!"

She was silent a long time, then she said, reaching her hand out towards me, "Dear Child, in my age one is terri-

bly governed by the physical nature. I shall soon yield to it, and sleep a little."

Only you must know, before you leave, that *I* did not say the word that parted us—but *he*. I was terribly frightened, grew deathly pale, trembled violently"—

The last words were hardly audible; the Countess Theresa was suddenly unconscious, had sunken back into the pillow of the ottoman and lay in deep slumber. I stole anxiously out and called the maid.

"The Countess has spoken too much; she must remain in bed to-morrow, then she will be herself again."

As I returned the next day to inquire after her, I met the physician whom I knew personally.

"The old affection of the heart will show itself again. I must order perfect rest. The countess belongs to my obedient patients, and you, I am sure, will not try to interfere with my orders."

It lasted a week; I inquired daily after the sick one. But my time in Pest had expired. Events became more threatening. I had to leave for Vienna, without having seen the Countess again. But the doctor himself brought me a letter from her.

"My dear child," she wrote "It is not necessary to write you that you must keep secret what you have seen and heard. Society has for such things only a shrug of the shoulders, and a pitying smile.

"If heaven allows me to live, I shall come more and more to the light. I know now that I was the chief cause. The true great courage that conquers all things, was after all wanting. Leonore puts me to shame. Destroy all the letters from Blanka and also from me if you have any, and this immediately. Bad days (1) are in store for us. Through my niece in Vienna you can always hear of me. (2) God protect you, my dear child."

Yes bad days were in store for us. We hardly need

1) A measure of precaution that was soon necessary.

2) The orphan daughter of the Countess' sister in Russia, who was living in Vienna with a friend.

notice them in this connection. In 1851 after the revolution in Hungary was entirely suppressed. I visited relatives and friends in Buda-Pest. There were the posters still with the names of those condemned to death. My first glance fell upon the names "Andrassy, Batthyany, Teleki."

I did not meet the Countess in Pest. *She was at the same watering-place where Beethoven had gone shortly after his betrothal in 1806, Furen on the Plattensee.* It was here that the letter of July 6th, found among his papers after his death, was written to her. I wrote to her there. She answered with a few lines, and said, "I have seen the room that he had then, you know whom I mean. When I return to Vienna, I will explain to you."

But a long time intervened before I saw her. She did not come to Vienna until May 1857. She gave me again a whole day with her, and I could easily pass hours in conversation with her alone.

She spoke first of the revolution of which she was an adversary, then of her poor Blanka whom she still hoped to see pardoned.

At last of her favorite topic, music. She spoke of schooled and unschooled, melodious and unmelodious voices; and how a pleasant voice touches the heart. I told her on this occasion the story of a musical wonder, which the Countess Banffy Denes had related to her friends. She had adopted one C. Filtsch, the son of a German pastor of Transsylvania, in order to take him to Paris, where he was to be perfected by Liszt. One day, during the lesson, a dog barked. "In which key did the dog bark, Carl?" asked Liszt, and the boy, stopping up his ears, answered, "G-dur, but false." One doubted the story, but found it amusing. I did not know what to make of it.

The Countess Theresa made further remarks about voices. She spoke long and beautifully about the sounds in nature. A high musical talent she considered the greatest gift of the Creator, bestowed on a chosen few, who could always and everywhere hear these tones.

"The great musician," she said, "knows at last these voices by heart like one of you a poem. How were it otherwise possible that Beethoven would have rendered the murmuring of leaves, the sobbing of the wind, the sweetest songs of birds, and the rush of the storm in water and air, with such comprehensive truth after he had entirely lost his hearing?"

So the countess returned once more to the great master. I grew uneasy as she began, and she noticed it and smiled.

"Do not be frightened. It can hurt me no longer. In these last years I have suffered so much with others, and felt with my country in its unhappiness, brought on by itself, so keenly, that there was no time to lose myself in my own life, and have become calm about it. I have sewed my jewels—you know the immortelles from the letters I returned to him—into a small white silken pillow. This pillow will be placed under my head when they lay me in my last resting place. No one will suspect what is in it. I regard it as a wise ordinance of God in Beethoven's life that we separated. What would have become of his genius, what, too, of my love, if I had been afraid of him? As it was, we remained each other's greatest treasure forever. We never met again, but my brother saw him shortly before his death, which he seemed to foreshadow.

"Will you—remember me to your sister?" he asked, and added, pressing the hand of the friend, with tears in his eyes. "She was too good for me."

"Among his things, after his death, they found a picture—nobody knows that it was mine—and also the *first* letter written in July 1806, after our betrothal. He had kept this one. And I? I copied that one before I returned the letters from him. I have read it so often that I know it by heart like a poem—and was it not a beautiful poem?"

"Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven are like Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, benefactors, philanthropists of mankind.

"He who has heard the "Missa Solemnis" of Beethoven unconsciously folds the hands and feels his heart elevated to the greatest heights. I say only in all humbleness, 'The

man loved you, and thank God for it !' Amen child ! We shall never speak of it again. I am nearing my eightieth year. Those I loved most have gone before me. I count daily the loved ones who await me there—."

* *
*

The Countess Theresa died in 1861; near where she lived happiest, and was most dearly beloved, stands her coffin in the cold vault. Has not an invisible hand laid a wreath of immortals there ?

* *
*

THE PICTURE OF THE "IMMORTAL BELOVED."

It was, if I remember rightly, during my last meeting with the Countess Theresa in Vienna, in 1857, that I earnestly begged her to give me her picture. Naturally, I modestly meant only a photograph. She answered gently, yet decidedly, "I shall never have another taken." I was silent. But the conversation that ensued turned of its own accord upon the likeness which she had sent Beethoven with the inscription, after their betrothal. The countess well knew that this picture was discovered among the poor effects of the master. But what had become of it later she did not know. A short time ago I had more information concerning it. A special Providence had watched it. It was in the possession of a family of artists whose worship of Beethoven is traditional. And how this happened is so remarkable that I return to it.

Beethoven kept the picture of his betrothed, which he had retained after the mutual return of the letters, carefully concealed. For after the breaking off of the engagement both parties concerned and the confidants maintained the deepest silence.

By this it is explained that the picture, with the letter of July 6th to his betrothed was found, after Beethoven's death, *in a chest*. This circumstance was related to me by Baron Spaun, who had found Beethoven once talking to himself

with the picture in his hand, and had hurriedly withdrawn. He had recognized the picture again among Beethoven's effects.

Until 1864, the picture was in the house of the widow of Beethoven's brother, among the few other pictures left by the great composer. It awakened no especial interest, as no one knew who it was. Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, Beethoven's biographer, saw it there repeatedly and drew his conclusions from it. A short time ago, after my first publication of the "Immortal Beloved," which stated that the picture was that of Countess Theresa Brunswick, there appeared a notice in the newspapers from the Imperial Hofkapellmeister Joseph Hellmesberger, in Vienna, saying that the picture was in his possession, and that he purposed making it accessible to admirers of Beethoven.

A few weeks afterward I went there to see the picture of my motherly friend. The owner received me most kindly, and gave me information concerning his connection with the Beethoven family. The admiration of Beethoven had descended from Hellmesberger's father, who was himself a known musician and contemporary of the great composer, to son and grandson. At the age of fourteen, the son was a splendid violinist. One day, Mayseder, then one of the celebrated musicians of Vienna, came to his father and said, "Let your son go with me. There is a Count Brunswick and his sister here who are very musical, and they wish to play trios from Beethoven." Mayseder's request was granted, and thus it happened that Joseph Hellmesberger became acquainted with the brother and sister, who had gone for a short time to Vienna, and lived in the Himmelsportgasse. He was greatly praised on account of his playing, and had occasion to admire the beautiful piano-playing of the Countess Theresa, to whom as a pupil of Beethoven, he looked up with great respect. It was the B-dur trio in which the young artist took part. Count Franz Brunswick played the 'cello, of which he was master.

Joseph Hellmesberger, senior, never met the countess again. He devoted himself entirely to the study of Beet-

hoven, and at the age of seventeen gave in Vienna the last string quartettes of the great master, which had been neglected before as not being understood.

In later years Hellmesberger became acquainted with the relatives of Beethoven, and stood in close connection with a son of his nephew Carl, (Louis Von Beethoven). A daughter of the latter showed remarkable talent for music, and Hellmesberger sent her to a conservatorium, and took charge of her musical education. But the results he hoped for were not fulfilled.

In the beginning of the sixties, the fear was discussed in musical circles of Vienna, that the remains of Beethoven would suffer the same fate as those of Mozart. They rested as those of Franz Schubert, for more than thirty years, in a plain wooden coffin in a Währinger churchyard. Hellmesberger started the plan that they should be dug up and placed in a metallic coffin. The carrying out of his plan, however, was very nearly wrecked by the cost, which exceeded two thousand guilders. But Hellmesberger did not let the matter rest, and finally completed the sum by giving two concerts of the compositions of Schubert and Beethoven. The reinterment of the remains of the two great composers took place in 1863 in a solemn manner, and the Beethoven family as a token of their gratitude, gave Hellmesberger the picture found among Beethoven's effects, which the master had apparently greatly prized.

More than eighty years had passed over this picture that I saw in the faded gilded wooden frame. On the back of the frame are the words still legible, "To the rare genius, the great master, the good man, from T. B."

The picture was painted by Lampi, who with Henri Ehrlich in the beginning of this century, belonged to the most prominent and favorite *portraiteurs* of Vienna.

It is a portrait, painted almost to the waist. A yellow shawl is thrown over the light-brown wavy hair; a drapery of red rests on the shoulders, and is fastened at the throat. The noble features are thoroughly intellectual, the dark eyes have a mild earnest look. They recalled to

mind the motherly friend whom I had first known as she approached fifty. The Countess Theresa was painted perhaps at the age of twenty-eight. The picture represents her to be younger, however this must have been a good likeness, for she, like her niece, Blanka Teleki, kept in after years her youthful appearance. I parted not without sorrow from the beautiful picture.

MARIAM TENDER.

[When Mariam Tenger wrote the concluding lines to her reminiscence of Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved," she expressed the wish that the portrait of the countess might be kept somewhere so as to be accessible to the admirers of Beethoven. A few months later the Beethoven Society of Bonn acquired the picture, and placed it among the other remembrances of the composer, in the house where he was born. To-day it may be seen, side by side with a portrait of the man to whom she remained so true, and by whom she was so deeply loved.]

(Translated from the German of Mariam Tenger,

by CHAROLINE T. GOODLOE.

SOME PHILADELPHIA COMPOSERS.

The question has often been asked "Why is Philadelphia so far behind New York and Boston in its musical activity?" and the answer always comes promptly, "It is the Quaker influence which has not yet worked itself out," and the typical Philadelphian having thus gracefully shifted the respon-

sibility upon his ancestry, thinks he has done all that is required of him, and continues irresponsible to the charms of Orpheus. But in spite of the fact that the ghosts of dead and gone Quakers will not down—still continuing to flit about with hands upraised against the sin of music, Philadelphia possesses a number of unusually cultured musicians, who have for years devoted their best energies to the cultivation of a love of music among

MR. CHAS. H. JARVIS.

the people. A shining example is Mr. Chas. H. Jarvis, who, as long ago as 1862, started in connection with Mr. Michael H. Cross, classical chamber concerts. In 1866 Mr. Jarvis assumed sole charge, and from that time to the present he has given a series of concerts every winter.

Some idea of their educational as well as their æsthetic value may be gathered from the fact that during this period of almost thirty years, there have been performed at these concerts over eight hundred compositions, including almost entire the works, both concerted and for piano alone, of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and Chopin, besides generous representations of Raff, Rubinstein, Brahms, Saint-Saens, Dvorak and others. In fact, one might say that the complete range of classic and modern musical art has been covered. The public has to thank him, too, for giving them the opportunity of hearing works which they could not have heard otherwise, such as Hummel's beautiful Septette. The programmes have at all times been adequately interpreted, generally by local talent, including Mr. Jarvis himself, whose mastery of the classical field in piano playing is phenomenal, Mr. Stall and Mr. Van Gelder on the violin, and Mr. Henning on the 'cello.

In addition to these, he gave in connection with Dr. Clarke, in 1887-'88, a series of admirable historical piano recitals, when over three hundred piano compositions, including every species, from an old-fashioned gigue to a modern fantasia, were given. We have recently had the pleasure of listening to one of Mr. Jarvis' classical concerts, and are free to say that we have never heard a more perfect rendition of Mendelssohn's great sonata in D, for piano and 'cello, than was given by Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Hennin; nor have we heard more delightful piano playing than Mr. Jarvis's in Schumann's celebrated "Etudes Symphoniques." Fine executants are not hard to find, but so thoroughly dignified and musicianly an interpreter of Beethoven's spiritual depths or Schumann's subtleties is rare, and should command wide and hearty appreciation.

Mr. Michael H. Cross is another pillar of the State, who has devoted himself with tireless energy and marked success to the building up and conducting of choruses, a field which, in later years, has been shared with him by Mr. Charles H. Schmitz and Dr. W. W. Gilchrist, while the great Sebastian Bach never had a more ardent lover, nor a more skillful

manipulator of his musical intricacies, than Philadelphia's blind organist, David Wood.

Philadelphia is the home, also, of some of the most talented composers in America. In fact, it has all the materials ready at hand to make of it a musical center of as high a standing as any in the country. All that is lacking is appreciation of and pride in the genius in its midst on the part of its citizens—a lack not altogether confined to the public in Philadelphia. Too often does the native composer find that his country has little else to offer him than a stone.

An excellent move has been made recently in Philadelphia by the formation of a music manuscript society. The society is organized in such a way as to admit to its membership composers, performers and listeners—three factors, all of which are absolutely necessary for the entire glory of music. Every month a concert is given at which are performed only the compositions of the composer members. No better scheme could be invented for encouraging composition, and it has the farther advantage of arousing the public to the fact that there are in very truth composers among them, and that Providence has provided that America is not forever destined to the consumption of imported music alone.

There is, perhaps, no better way of giving the outside world a glimpse into some of the activities of Philadelphia's musicians than by introducing them to the prominent members of the Music Manuscript Society.

The president, Dr. W. W. Gilchrist, to whom is largely due the inception of this interesting organization, is so well known as hardly to need an introduction to the American music loving public. He first attracted general attention in 1881, when he gained the prize of one thousand dollars offered every two years by the Cincinnati Music Festival for the best composition for orchestra, chorus, solo and organ. The composition thus honored over some twenty-five competitors was the "Forty-sixth Psalm," and, as no doubt many will remember, it was performed with brilliant success at the Cincinnati May Festival of May 1882. This is not the

only time that Dr. Gilchrist has come off victorious over all competitors, he having, in 1875, taken two prizes for glees offered by the Abt Society, of Philadelphia, and, in 1881, three offered by the Mendelssohn Club, of New York. Since that time he has spent every moment which could be spared from an arduous professional life in composing. Almost every form of composition has attracted his genius, and one cannot but marvel at the industry which in so few years has accumulated such a mass of work. Among his published

works are the "Forty-Sixth Psalm," already mentioned, "Prayer and Praise," a cantata for chorus, soli and orchestra, which was first sung by the Germantown Choral Society, for which it was written; a number of songs and much church music. Among the most important of his unpublished compositions may be mentioned an "Easter Idyll" (cantata for double choruses, soli, orchestra and organ), quintette,

DR. W. W. GILCHRIST.

for piano and strings; trio, for piano and strings; nonett, for piano and strings, a suite, for piano and orchestra; a symphony in C major, and numerous cantatas for chorus and orchestra; a great deal of church music, and some two hundred or more songs, as well as a good deal of miscellaneous work of various kinds. Many of these unpublished works have been performed, some a number of

times, and, invariably, they impress their hearers with their essential goodness. For Mr. Gilchrist is one who reverences his art; he never descends to an attempt to catch the ear of the public. The public must meet him on his own high plane. Without being qualified to speak in criticism of his entire work, we can yet bear witness to the fact that everything we have heard of his is far above the average of the ordinary American composer, while much of it bears the unmistakable impress of genius. Some one has aptly called him the "Mendelssohn of America," and we do not know of any better way of defining, in a short phrase, the quality of his genius. Not that he is imitative of Mendelssohn, but he stands in much the same relation to the great romantic school of writers—in fine, he is a classicist touched by the revivifying finger of Romanticism.

In the role of conductor, Dr. Gilchrist has also gained much distinction, his management of masses of voices unaccompanied showing especial skill. It would be hard to find more perfect choral singing, with a nicer attention to light and shade, than one is treated to at a performance, for instance, of the Mendelssohn Club, which claims to be, and probably is, the best society of its kind in America. He shared with Mr. Charles H. Schmitz the conductorship of the May Music Festival, in Philadelphia, in 1883, one of the few times when Philadelphia blazed out into a star of the first magnitude in the musical sky. He eventually became sole conductor of the Festival chorus, which soon quieted down into a regular oratorio society and has now, we believe, been dispersed into primeval nebulae again, for lack of support, be it said to the everlasting shame of the Quaker ghosts, for it was such a chorus as any city might be proud to possess.

The vice-president of the Music Manuscript Society is the distinguished composer, Dr. H. A. Clarke, who has been for some fifteen years the professor of the theory of music in the University of Pennsylvania. There is probably not a man in the country better qualified for such a position, possessing as he does the most complete mastery of the sub-

ject. Patti, it is said, can sing standing on her head, and we should not be surprised at Dr. Clarke's writing offhand on the blackboard in his lecture room a fugue ornamented with every variety of double counterpoint in the same awkward position. His success in teaching is rapidly gaining for him the reputation of being the most learned harmonist in America. This success is mainly due to his greatly simplified method of teaching. He has given up entirely that

cumbersome relic of barbarity, the figured bass. To take the place of this, he has formulated rules, comparatively few and simple, by means of which the student is at once initiated into the inmost mystery of chord formation, and in a short time is thus enabled to write correctly and understandingly progressions of chords including modulations into the most remote keys. Once mas-

DR. H. A. CLARKE.

ter of chord progressions and the student is in a fair way toward composition in the harmonic style, while his further contrapuntal studies are illuminated by his already thorough grasp of harmony.

Though founded upon a theory of harmony promulgated by an English writer, Day, the original conception has been enlarged by Dr. Clarke, while its practical application is entirely original. Like all new methods, it has had to run

the gauntlet of adverse criticism from those whose faith was pinned to the time honored methods of the German fathers, but gradually it has won its way until even the Richter worshipers are constrained to admit its good points, while the successes in composition of his pupils, foremost among whom is Dr. Gilchrist, furnish ample proof of its practical value in supplying genius with its necessary tools.

The compositions by which Dr. Clarke has become most widely known to the public are his music to the Greek play of the "Acharmans," and the oratorio of "Jerusalem." The "Acharmans" was performed twice in Philadelphia, in 1886, May 14 and 15, by the students of the University of Pennsylvania. The music met with the most enthusiastic encomiums not only from musicians but from Greek scholars, who could not sufficiently praise the perfect adaptation of the music to the difficult and varying Greek metres of Aristophanes. The performance was in every way a notable one. It was the first time, we believe, that a revival of a Greek comedy had been attempted, and the brilliant success of the experiment should certainly inspire others to emulate it. A few weeks later the play was given in New York where the music again received the warmest praise.

The Oratorio of "Jerusalem" was performed in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia Chorus under the leadership of Dr. Gilchrist in April 1891, with great success, and was pronounced by the most competent musical critics to be the finest oratorio in classic form since Mendelssohn's "Elijah". An excellent idea of the contents of this beautiful composition may be obtained from a description of it which appeared in a musical journal of the time, and from which we quote.

"The oratorio opens quietly and impressively with a few chords for full orchestra, followed by a short bass recitative, when the violins come in with a rushing accompaniment in the midst of which the full chorus bursts forth in long sustained notes, with the words "Great is the Lord." In the whole of this chorus the voice parts are comparatively simple, while the orchestration is very full and effective.

After this chorus comes another recitative for bass, followed by a lovely aria, descriptive of the beauty of the situation of Zion: quiet and melodious all through, it works up into a climax at the end, which is capped by the exultant march chorus, "Walk about Zion." There is almost a barbaric grandeur about this chorus, with its trumpet blasts and its steady march rhythm; its very exultation seems a forecast of the desolation which is shortly to follow. In the next number, a sextette, Dr. Clarke has shown the enviable capability of being profoundly contrapuntal at the same time that he is interesting. The turning point is reached at the conclusion of this chorus; the alto in a mournful recitative announces, "But Israel forgot God their Savior." Then after an agitated introduction by the orchestra the soprano sings a wonderfully dramatic solo to the words beginning "Hear, O Heaven," which leads directly into a furious chorus in fugue form, "Behold, I Bring Evil upon Jerusalem." The way in which the theme is managed in this chorus shows great facility in contrapuntal writing. After the theme has gone through all possible variations in imitation and inversion, toward the end it is heard in augmentation in one voice at a time, while the other voices are rushing on with the theme in its original form. The effect of the whole chorus is of relentless power unmixed with pity. The dramatic interest increases from here to the end of the part. The fierce anger of the Lord is shown in a bass solo with a peculiarly effective accompaniment, the most striking point of which is, that nearly all through it is heard a low roll on the kettle drum, breaking into crescendo passages, in which wood instruments play ascending chromatic scales. The chorus, "By the Waters of Babylon," following this solo, is perhaps the most beautiful one in the first part. The melancholy theme which is given to the voices is made more so by the sobbing of the orchestra. But the very depths of woe are reached in a soprano solo with accompaniment for male voices in which the words "We are Brought very Low" are joined to a musical phrase as simple and as expressive as the words. This is another turning point. The tenor

announces in a recitative the mercifulness of God, and follows it with an exquisite solo to the words "Who is a God like unto Thee?"

The character of the music in the second part is quite different from most of that in the first part; a God of power has given place to a God of love; material grandeur to spiritual grandeur, a change which the music subtilely but distinctly emphasizes. The interest increases from the beginning until the perfection of spiritual beauty is reached in the unaccompanied quartette, "Eye has not Seen, Ear Hath not Heard." This is followed by the final chorus and tenor solo, "The New Jerusalem Descends," which is a fitting and dignified close, with no trace of the almost barbaric splendor of the choruses near the beginning; growing gradually more quiet toward the end, it finally dies away pianissimo; the chorus, unaccompanied, sing the words, "Even so, Come Lord Jesus," to the simplest major chords, and softly the full orchestra plays the closing chords. The effect of this quiet ending, so different from the time-honored fugue with which the oratorio of the past has usually ended, is very fine. The God of Love has been made manifest, and only Music's most simple means can give adequate expression to the idea."

Besides these two works, Dr. Clarke has published a number of songs and church music, but like most composers in this benighted land, where the lack of copyright has worked so disastrously against them, the bulk of his compositions are unpublished.

Among the most important of these are several cantatas, with orchestral accompaniment, chorus for male voices, two sonatas for piano and violin and many songs, etc.

Aside from his compositions Dr. Clarke is the author of several instruction books for the piano, one for the organ, two on harmony, and in the purely literary field he has done much translating into English verse of German poetry, including a rendering into blank verse of the well-known German drama "Harold," by Ernst Von Wildenbruch. Another literary essay of his is an entertaining little book called

“The Scratch Club.”

Though not so prolific a writer as Dr. Gilchrist, Dr. Clarke never fails when he does write to produce work of the highest order. Without being a follower of the modern school in composition, he is yet not so devoted to “Aristotle’s checks” that “Ovid is an outcast quite forgot,” or in other words the classic school has not laid such hold of him that he does not at times and for his own purposes indulge in thoroughly Wagnerian harmonies. Every means which knowledge can supply is at his command for the expressing and embellishing of his musical ideas, but he never mistakes the means for the end, and as so many, even of the greatest modern composers do, modulations, harmonies, counterpoints, are subservient to the central idea of the composition and the result is that Dr. Clarke’s work possesses that organic unity which always marks the truest art.

During this season, these two men have been exerting their influence for the best educational results. Dr. Gilchrist has been doing excellent work in his music school recently founded, which we hear is receiving many more applications than it can accommodate, and Dr. Clarke has been lecturing in the University Extension courses on the “Art of Music Historically and Theoretically Considered.” “The Object of this course,” says the circular, “is to give some account, historically and constructively, of the art of music, that may serve as a guide and introduction to a more extended course of study for those who wish to pursue it, and also, as an explanation to the Amateur of the processes by which musical compositions are made, and by which the art has grown from its original simplicity to its present complex forms.”

It is, we believe, the first time that such a course has been given in connection with extension work. There certainly ought to be a large field for courses of this kind, for if there is anything that the public at large needs to be informed about, it is that there are other phases of music than mere performance, that music is an art with a surpassingly interesting history of development, and that in order

to become possessed of a truly appreciative attitude toward it, it is worth while to know something of the various stages through which it has passed in its long march towards its present perfection. Indeed, the man or woman of the present who desires to be cultured should no more omit music from his education than did the Greeks of Plato's time. He need not play, he need not compose, any more than he need be a novelist, a scientist or painter; but to be thoroughly cul-

tured, he must be conversant with the historical development of music as he must be with that of literature, of science and of painting.

Another distinguished officer of the Music Manuscript Society is Mr. Richard Zeckwer. Although he was born in Stendal (Prussia) he has become so thoroughly identified with the best musical influences in Philadelphia that he is to all intents

MR. RICHARD ZECKWER.

and purposes a most satisfactory American.

He has been for about twenty years the director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, which has on an average eleven hundred pupils yearly. For this position he was eminently qualified, having been a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory and University, with Richter, Hauptmann, Moscheles, Papperitz and Reinecke for teachers.

He has also been frequently heard as a lecturer at the

National Teacher's Music Association and elsewhere, some of the interesting topics he has lectured upon being "The Pedals of the Piano," "The Physiology of the Hand," "Sound considered from an acoustical standpoint" (delivered before the Academy of Natural Sciences), "The Limits of Hearing," "Organ Pipes and their Acoustical Properties." It will be seen from these titles that Mr. Zeckwer is especially interested in acoustical problems, and in the pursuance of this particular branch of science he has become the enviable possessor of the finest collection of acoustical apparatus in this country.

As a composer he has done much excellent work. He has written and published a number of piano pieces, including an *Impromptu de Concert*, *Nocturne*, *Album Leaf*, six *Phantasie* pieces, and numerous others, and songs, the distinguishing characteristic of which is a certain fascinating Schumanesque quality. His more ambitious work is no less interesting, including two overtures for orchestra, "Bride of Messina" and "Festival Overture," both of which have been performed a number of times with gratifying success. Among his unpublished works are several piano sonatas, two string quartettes, and a violin sonata which was played this winter at the Music Manuscript Society, and received the warmest praise from his fellow composers.

With all his musical activity Mr. Zeckwer still finds time to indulge in hobbies, such as collecting coins, and photography, and perhaps we might include among his hobbies an inventive faculty, for he has patented a useful species of metronome, and an apparatus for measuring the muscular strength of the fingers, and last but not least he is, we have heard, the inventor of the operation to liberate the ring finger in pianists.

There are a number of other musicians in the Manuscript Society who, though perhaps more widely known in other directions, are doing most excellent work in composing. Among those who have had compositions performed at the manuscript concerts since its foundation last year may be mentioned Michael H. Cross, two *Romanzas* for violin and

piano, a piano trio, and songs; Massah Warner, a number of songs; Chas. H. Jarvis, Nocturnes for piano; David Wood, an anthem with organ accompaniment. These last mentioned, with Drs. Clarke and Gilchrist, form what might be called the elder group of Philadelphia composers, to which should be added the names of two amateur devotees of the art, F. T. S. Darley, and S. Decatur Smith. The first has come before the public both in opera and oratorio and

S. Decatur Smith is widely-known as a writer of charming songs.

Not least among the younger composers must be counted Miss Helen A. Clarke, the highly-gifted daughter of Dr. Clarke, who as a literateur is well and most pleasantly known to the readers of *Music* by her charming essays upon "Music in the Poets," her sonnets, and her songs. Miss Clarke laid the foundations for musical work

MISS HELEN A. CLARKE.

very young, and besides finding time to distinguish herself in a literary way, and to found with another young woman, Miss Charlotte Porter, the monthly magazine *Poet-Lore*, devoted to the cultivation of poetry and letters, she has written quite a number of ambitious musical works. A sonata of hers for piano and 'cello was played with success by the Manuscript Society last winter, and among her other compositions are the following: Children's Operetta, Piano Suite, Cavatina for Violin and Piano, Musical Settings to Words of

Shakespeare and Browning, etc. and various miscellaneous songs and piano pieces.

The magazine *Poet-Lore*, between which and Music, as between two innocent orphans from Mr. Howells' "Altruria," there exists a sentiment of distinguished consideration, has lately been removed to Boston, so *Poet-Lore* is now a child of the Hub, and published from 196 Summer street. Should literature not demand too much of her time, Miss Clarke will be able to develop her talent for musical composition to a distinguished degree, and her name is already to be added with distinction to the long list of American women, who are making themselves memorable as composers and forces in the literary world.

Within the last few years the ranks of the Manuscript Society have been increased by the addition of composers from other lands. Among these are Martinus Van Gelder, who writes extremely well for the violin, and who recently played a fine violin sonata at the Manuscript Society; A. W. Borst, who among other things has written a popular cantata to the words of "John Gilpin." Lastly there are M. Liefson, Gustav Hille and Hermann Mohr—all of them composers of unusual talent, wearing the enviable decoration of an European reputation.

There are besides younger men and also women among the aborigines, who are trying their wings in musical flights. E. G. McCollin though not a professional, has already a reputation as a song writer, also Frank Kaufmann and others.

Such musical ferment as is every where discernable in America seems to indicate that we are on the brink of a veritable musical Renaissance. We have been under foreign tutelage long enough now to have learned something and there is no reason why we should not contribute our share to the building of the indestructible palace of musical Art—only let the public abet and not discourage every earnest effort of our native composers, and our chamber in the palace will soon be furnished forth in a befitting manner.

A NATIVE PHILADELPHIAN.

LISZT APPROACHING "THE ALTENBURG," WEIMAR. 1853.

The Princess Wittgenstein occupied the upper floors. Liszt's private room was at the extreme right hand corner in the picture, and the class-room in the front corner of the ground floor.—From a painting owned by Dr. William Mason.


FRANZ LISZT, PIANIST, COMPOSER AND MASTER

PREFATORY NOTE.—I do not know whether the following essay upon the relation of Franz Liszt to music of his time needs any word of apology. Originally written for a general periodical (which it missed) it contains a few particulars which a public of pianists and teachers would not need. I have decided, however, to produce it just as it stands, under the impression that most readers will find it new. If I were to modify it all, it would be in respect to the proper rank of the Liszt compositions, which most good judges would place lower than is done here. So good an authority, however, as Camille Saint-Saens, in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1893, pays many honors to his great memory.—W. S. B. M.

The death of Liszt at Bayreuth, on the morning of July 30, 1886, removed from earth the last of that remarkable galaxy of geniuses, produced by the first few years of this century. The list contained the names of Berlioz, 1803, Chopin and Mendelssohn, 1809, Schumann, 1810, Liszt, 1811 and Wagner 1813. These were of nearly equal importance in their several ways, although all of them were small as compared with Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven, their immediate predecessors in the world of art. It is true that the term "small" seems somewhat out of place when applied to a genius like Wagner, who was of such consequence in his own estimation that the offer to create a new world for his occupancy would have been "accepted in the same spirit in which it had been made." Our ancestors, of the first half of the century, would also have thought it strange to apply such a term to a master like Mendelssohn, who filled the whole world with his fame, and who at that time quite overshadowed all the other names upon the list given above. But in truth the five composers of this group were all of them explorers of the various side issues and suggestions of Beethoven and of the masters before him. To say this of them is by no means to deny them the possession of original genius, or to belittle or in any way to undervalue the results of their labors. Be-

cause they went out from various suggestions of Beethoven and other masters who had preceded them in the ascent of Parnassus, it does not at all follow that the new men arrived at nothing new, or at nothing of the very highest worth in the domain of musical values. Quite the contrary, the work of each one of these men was of such importance that the world of music would have been something very different from what we know it, if any one of them had failed to produce the masterworks by which he is best known. The relation of Liszt will be more easily understood if we first attend briefly to the offices respectively performed for music by the other composers of the galaxy to which he belonged.

Mendelssohn was the most agreeable personality among them, and his talent also came soonest to recognition. He took the lead in the "modern romantic," as it is called, his overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream" having been brought out with great applause in 1827, the year that Beethoven died. This beautiful masterpiece struck the keynote of the new dispensation—the desire, namely, of representing by means of music poetic images and scenes not properly to be "represented" by any combination of sounds, but to be definitely suggested to the mind through the action of verbal concepts. The quest of the modern romantic was not wholly a false one, nor was it new. From the very beginning of musical activity the effort to make music represent something not within its obvious boundaries, has given rise to a great variety of creations of unconventional freshness. Nor to philosophy does the search appear hopeless. Without delaying in the out-laying provinces of conscious thought, music is taken directly into the inner part of the mind, acting upon the feelings without the intervention of sensible images. Now it happens that all works of art seek to reach the feelings, and to move upon them. A poem fails of its intended office so long as it fails of moving upon the feelings; the same is true of a work of fiction, or any other mental production of an artistic kind. A priori it is not inconceivable that by means




of music a composer might be able to address himself to the inner consciousness so forcibly that the impressions would be re-echoed back, among the chambers of the understanding, until images were awakened therein of the kind which existing in his mind had given rise to the musical combinations in question. To do this is the problem of the "romantic" in its philosophical aspect. Mendelssohn was immediately fortunate in doing what he set out to do. Aided solely by the title, his hearers had no difficulty in recognizing in his music the fairy step of Titania, the bray of Bottom, and a variety of unspecified particulars of less unmistakable individuality. Mendelssohn was also fortunate in associating music with words, particularly with words of a certain nun-like elevation and purity, like the airs "Jerusalem," "O Rest in the Lord," etc, where the sentiment and the music exactly suit each other. This vein and that of a certain fairy-like scherzo were his peculiar domain, in which hardly any one has been able to approach him.

Berlioz had the misfortune to be born a Frenchman, where at that time there was too little understanding and appreciation for the masterworks of the German school to afford him the necessary background of knowledge and sound judgment. Hence he came into a world of privation and neglect, scarcely able by means of his delightfully clever feuilletons and sketches to keep the breath of life within his body. This neglect, however, did not prevent him from exploring and greatly enlarging the domain of the orchestra. As a brilliant colorist, and as a painter of the bizarre, the piquante, the uncanny and the strange, no composer is to be mentioned alongside of him. In point of chronology the activity of Berlioz was contemporaneous with that of Wagner, the "Tannhaeuser" and "Damnation of Faust" having been composed in the same year. Nor yet was Berlioz the first comer in the field which he cultivated with such distinguished success, Meyerbeer, not to mention Beethoven, having preceeded him with so much blowing of trumpets, critical and otherwise, that he could not have remained ignorant of their work, however much he had desired to do so.

The primary operation of the genius of Chopin was in the department of the pianoforte, which he very greatly enlarged in directions immediately in making it the instrument of the social circle to a degree previously unknown. Chopin's influence was due to three sources. His Slave personality gave his music a new favor, and a highbred air which was immediately recognized and appreciated in Paris, and in fact everywhere else. Then as a performer he exhibited a style and a mastery wholly new, the strangest circumstance of which was its precocity; for at the age of twenty-one Chopin had not only established his reputation as one of the greatest pianists ever heard, but he had also written the two concertos and the famous "Studies," opus 10, which still stand as the sheet anchor of the virtuoso pianist. The playing and the compositions of Chopin were invaluable aids towards making the pianoforte an expressive instrument, and a poetic one as well. His Nocturnes, so dreamy, so full of sentiment, so occasionally morbid with a truly Byronic flavor, opened a new world to musical amateurs. The same was true in a different way of his heroic and romantic Polonaises. These and others of his compositions still stand as models, although at the time of their production they were unsparingly condemned by the critics for their want of "Form"—as it pleased these gentlemen to express it. By operating so exclusively in the province of the piano, Chopin not only reached the public of the more cultivated amateurs, but also made his influence felt among all the composers, nearly all of whom have been pianists before they were composers.

The career of Wagner is too well-known to require going over again at this time, except to remark how completely it complements the careers of the other composers of the epoch. Wagner was a composer of operas and practically of nothing else. He made up his mind in the beginning of his career that there was nothing more to be done in the direction of the Beethoven symphonies, nor yet in any direction of purely instrumental music appealing to musical appreciation as such. Besides he had a heredity



for the stage, which also was intensified by his early life. His mother was an actress, also was his step-father. The boy played among the stage-carpenter's shavings and from earliest childhood was familiar with the mystic precincts of the mimic world. It may well enough have been that the knowledge of the better reward paid by the stage than by any other form of musical activity had its part in deciding the career of the ambitious young Wagner. At all events, he entered upon his studies with such effect that we find him at the age of twenty conductor of opera in the provincial city of Riga, whence he presently went to Magdeburg. He went to Paris, where he met Berlioz and Meyerbeer, and there he wrote his "Flying Dutchman" and then "Rienzi" and "Tannhaeuser," the second deliberately upon so grand a scale as to shut it out from all stages but the largest. In our present knowledge of French music and French art and disposition, it seems absurd to have written such a work as "Tannhaeuser" with any expectation of its pleasing the French people; but no doubt Wagner found this out for himself before he was done with it.

Schumann was a man of as great or even greater originality than either of the others, and for that reason perhaps he came to his recognition later, and at first in a limited circle. Dr. Wm. Mason relates that when he went to Leipsic in 1849 he had heard nothing of Schumann, though the symphonies of Beethoven were familiar to him in the minutiae of their instrumentation. Almost immediately upon his arrival at Leipsic he heard a symphony of Schumann. It was like opening a new world to him. The vigor and the real musical quality appealed to him irresistibly. The next day he hurried to the music store of Breitkopf & Haertel and bought the score and orchestral parts of the Symphony No. 1, in B flat major and had it sent to Boston as a present to the "Musical Fund Orchestra" of that city. The society gave the symphony one or two rehearsals with the result that it was "laid on the shelf." They took it up again, however, a year later and it was then performed in

public, gaining a certain amount of appreciation. When Mr. Mason returned home in 1854, he was a thorough believer in Schumann and used Schumann's compositions both in his public concerts and in his teaching. There was at the time so little knowledge of Schumann's pianoforte works that when Mr. Mason called at Breusing's music store and inquired for Schumann's pianoforte pieces he was informed that there was no demand for them, therefore what they had in stock were in a bundle in the basement of the store. Mr. Mason made his selection from these and at once made his pupils acquainted with them.

Now Schumann's influence upon the course of musical things in general has been, and is in three different lines: His piano playing is no less original than that of Chopin. The peculiarity of Schumann was his use of a variety of what is called the *staccato* touch, somewhat as Mr. Joseffy now does. The breaks between the touches Schumann concealed as Joseffy does—by use of pedal. A double gain results from this method of playing, wherever it is available; first, the touch elicits a brighter tone, and second the pedal allows the tones to blend by bringing in the aid of sympathetic resonance. The music is thus surrounded by a sort of halo, which it is the player's business to see does not grow too large. A halo that does not fit is one of the most distressing pieces of apparel on record. Schumann's second great claim upon posterity rests upon his new mode of thematic development, and especially upon his freer handling of the harmonic part of the fabric. In this regard he was little if any less original than Wagner. His example seems to be increasing at present in operative force upon the work of the new composers. His third great merit was the importance he gave the romantic element through the suggestiveness of fanciful titles, and an exuberance of musical fantasy in working them out.

As may well be supposed, the relation of such a genius as Liszt to the pianoforte, his peculiar specialty, is the most conspicuous feature of his life. As a player he set all Europe in astonishment. His concerts were the rage. Noth-

ing like *his* playing had ever been heard before. What, for instance could have been more different than the playing of a Mozart and a Liszt? Not that these two came near each other in point of succession; far from it. Mozart died in 1795; Liszt appeared in concert in 1819 and was kissed by Beethoven. Between the two came those famous players, Clementi, Pleyel, Dussek, and Hummel. Clementi and Dussek did great things in the way of enlarging the domain of pianoforte execution, and the piano-makers had done still more. Beethoven, also, had written his later and more exacting works—his own comment upon the way that the instrument should be played. Thalberg, born in 1814, appeared just before Liszt. His playing, so smooth, so ambi-dexterous, so song-like, his runs so limpid and so delicate, the perfect aplomb with which he carried two melodies at the same time, or surrounded a melody with an embroidery of accompaniment, was rendered even more fascinating by the perfect art which so effectually concealed the difficulties of the strange and beautiful effects. What wonder that the unaccustomed observers were for a long time in doubt as to which one of these two giants of the piano was destined to be recognized as its Messiah? Against this calm of Thalberg, this finished and reposeful art, Liszt offered the most astonishing brilliancy and sensationalism. Everything that Thalberg did, he also did, but with a very different effect, due in part to the different temperament of the great Hungarian, and in part to the different technical means by which he obtained his effects. Liszt was the apostle of the staccato. The style of touch used so effectively by Schumann. Liszt also used and carried to a much greater extent, particularly in the line of the sensational. The common impression that Liszt's playing was louder than any one's else is wrong—at least in so far as the playing of his later years, is concerned, and equally wrong in regard to the playing of his earlier years, if we may trust the evidence of the dynamic marking of the earlier pieces. In no other publications of the time will there be found so many "pp"'s "ppp"'s as in these operatic fantasias of Liszt. The

same conclusion follows from the astonishing effects he was said to produce—everyone of which would have ceased to be an *effect* unless prefaced by much pianissimo playing. The bravoura effects of Liszt were in part due to his command of unusual power when he chose to exert it, but quite as much to his rapidity of mental combination and his consequent ability to invent sequences upon the spur of the moment, too intricate for the hearers to analyze, and consequently too difficult for them to understand. In these “Cadenzas,” as they are called, Liszt grouped the elements out of which they were composed in larger groups than usual with players of that day, the consequence being that the performance became a question of the automatic obedience of the fingers to sequences of motions ordered in gross. This larger grouping of the notes was peculiar to the playing of Liszt, and for quite a long time remained his own secret. The next following generation, however, mastered the secret, and Liszt’s effects were *his* no longer, except in so far as his powers of rapid music-thinking and his genius for poetic insight remained his peculiar gift, coloring and ennobling his playing beyond the reach of imitation. No other artist ever held such a peculiar relation to an art during two generations of men as Liszt has done. His own playing, as already said, turned over a new leaf; his works afforded the means whereby students could study his effects at their leisure.

But he had yet other means of influencing the young artists who were coming upon the stage. Liszt’s mastery of the piano was so unquestioned that even if he had set up a school and adopted the usual means of attracting pupils, his mastery could hardly have been called in question, even by the most envious. But he happened to be gifted with a rare stock of kindly vanity and good humor. His temporal affairs have always been provided for without the aid of much labor on his own part. Above all he was no teacher in the usual sense of the term. To him nothing appeared less difficult than playing the pianoforte. As for technic in the sense of a system of exercises calculated to develop the fingers systematically, he had nothing of the

sort. His personality attracted to him all the young musicians of the world. In the earlier days it was rather difficult to obtain the honor of playing to Liszt more than once; later he held his levees to which it was not at all difficult for players of any considerable promise to get invited. Thus the privilege of writing themselves "Pupils of Liszt" became indefinitely extended. At first, however, it was the exclusive opportunity of the specially-gifted. Dr. Wm. Mason was one of those who went to Liszt in the early days at Weimar. When he left America he went directly there, but Liszt would have none of him. After one year under Moscheles at Leipzig, he tried again to study with Liszt; but with the same want of success. Then he went for a year to Dreyschock at Prague. The next year, as Mason was passing through Weimar, he called upon Liszt, who again declined to take him as a pupil. However, Liszt invited him up to the house to try a new piano, and was so much pleased by his improvising and by one of his compositions which he was playing, while Liszt was shaving himself in the next room, that when they parted, Liszt said "You had better tell them to send you up a good piano from Leipzig, and when you are settled, send me word, and I will tell you when you can come." The first lesson under this regime took place one evening not long after, and lasted from about 7 to 11 P. M. The "other boys," consisting of Buelow, Klindworth, Raff, Pruckner, and three or four others, sat round and enjoyed the fun of seeing a fellow-being mercilessly skinned. It was at once the merit and the demerit of these lessons with Liszt that they had no system. Their merit, because nothing could have been better calculated to break up the pedantic habit of mind, engendered by conservatory instruction, than these free and easy lessons, where none but artistic considerations had any weight. Their demerit, because when Liszt once made up his mind that a pupil was conceited and had not the root of the matter in him, he ceased to give himself any farther trouble about him; if a young man continued faithful, Liszt used him as a sort of a peg to hang all sorts of sarcastic jokes

upon, and in fact there are more than two or three individuals now posing in this country as "pupils of Liszt" who are well-known in professional circles to have held just this sort of a pupilage. The "advertisement" was just as good. To such pupils as those who were there with Mason, the opportunity was the very best possible. Think what it must have been to such a genius as Tausig to have had the opportunity of talking over with Liszt all sorts of artistic questions, and playing for him, and of having his interpretations criticised or praised, according to an artistic insight which was rarely at fault, and in the light of a genius for the pianoforte itself like that of Paganini for the violin. Not all these pupils were genii of a high order, though all had talents of exceptional kind. Raff, for instance, was a most indefatigable worker. He wrote incessantly, and at that time, even, had a genius for orchestral effects. Mason goes so far as to assert that when Liszt was writing his "Preludes," Raff put him up to a number of effects which he would not otherwise have thought of. The chances are, however, that the true account of the relation would be that Liszt had in his mind effects which at the time he did not know enough of practical orchestration to realize; Raff, being in this department more experienced, helped him out by suggesting the means by which they could be realized. It lends color to this view of the case, that no sooner would Liszt have finished an important division than he would take the earliest opportunity of having the theatre orchestra, then under his direction, play it over for him not so much to hear *how it sounded*, as to hear whether it sounded as he had *thought it*. Later there is no doubt but what Liszt fully mastered all the intricacies of orchestral writing.

Liszt's genius for comprehending the writing of others was the most remarkable on record. Wonderful stories are told of him, not alone as related to his appreciation of works of real genius, like those of Wagner, for here we can understand how he would be aided by the interior light of his own original genius; but in the case of badly written works, if there was anywhere in them a spark of genius, Liszt would

catch it at a glance. A Chicago teacher, Mr. Fred. W. Root, having gone to Liszt in Rome by appointment, found him busy with a young man who had brought him the score of a new pianoforte concerto. The work was written in a crabbed hand, and was scored for all the instruments that the young man knew of. Liszt played it at sight, put in the main ideas of the instrumentation, revised the passages as he went along, continually suggesting ways in which they might have been made more effective, and commented on the instrumentation etc.—the whole as if he had known the concerto months, instead of reading it then and there for the first time. Root said that if any one had told him of such a thing without his seeing it for himself, he could not have believed it. Sherwood, the pianist, also tells a story in regard to having once played for a lesson Haendel's famous "Fire" fugue, in E minor; he had practiced it for a long time, and thought that he played it pretty well. When he had finished, Liszt said: "This is the way the fugue ought to go," whereupon he sat down and played it about twice as fast. Sherwood said he worked at that fugue for six weeks longer before he was able to play it in the tempo that Liszt took it. When the incident was mentioned to Liebling, another of the "Liszt pupils" he said, "It is lucky that Sherwood never played the fugue to Liszt the second time, for if he had Liszt would have played it just twice as fast again." He could always do a thing of that sort.

Liszt's insight into the newer and deeper kind of music, as well as his willingness to aid a young and unknown composer was shown to good advantage when he took up the young Wagner and brought out "Lohengrin" and "The Flying Dutchman" at the Ducal theatre in 1850, their first production. The Liszt coterie at that time took hold of the music of the future in earnest. Pamphlets, broadsides, and oral discourse combined to keep the ball rolling. Nothing better for Wagner's interests could have been devised. "Lohengrin" made its way forthwith, until it is now the most popular opera in the world. The same that Liszt had done for Wagner he also did for Berlioz. He brought out

several of his works at Weimar, at a time when as yet the great Frenchman had not had a friendly lift from any quarter. That the after-effect was not so great as in the case of Wagner was not the fault of Liszt, but of the superior correspondence of Wagner to his environment. Wagner's music not only had novelty of a rare and imposing sort, but it also went down into the deeper relations of German inner consciousness and heredity. Wagner relates himself to all the composers before him, even back to Palestrina. Indeed, he rather prided himself upon bringing back again something out of Palestrina's timeless music.

As a composer Liszt is entitled to a rank which as yet it has not pleased the critics to assign him. Nothing is more uncertain than impromptu criticism upon works of original genius, and the more original they happen to be, the more difficult it becomes to criticize them justly. The impression that any work of art makes upon an observer depends quite as much upon the state of the observer as upon the quality of the work.

If we take Liszt's compositions as the transcript of his complex and interesting personality, the reaction between one of the most peculiar mental organizations and a highly stimulating environment, we shall come as near to understanding them as it is reasonable to hope, before they have had a longer time to explain themselves and to "pick up" their public, for this is what every work of art and every literary masterwork has to do. Liszt, personally, was a queer compound of sentiment, of quick and far-reaching perception, sagacious intuitions and mediæval mysticism. In one moment a cynic, in the next he could be a saint with wings well sprouted. A man of the world in so far as it regarded the ability to appreciate and enter into the literature and politics of the day, he was, nevertheless, unworldly and idealistic to a degree. *Facile princeps* in almost any society, and scarcely less in that of the ladies than in that of scholars and priests or poets, he was, at most times, as unassuming as a child. Mme. Julia Rive-King once said a "good thing" concerning him. When asked if Liszt's

brilliant career had not spoiled him, she answered, "Liszt is not conceited *like other musicians*." The epigram was too good to be lost. In his earlier years of success as a virtuoso there is no evidence that Liszt's ideals were any higher than those of other virtuosos the world over. To make a sensation, to be the rage, to acquire a fortune, to cut a grand figure—what should a wonder-youth of eighteen or twenty seek more? No doubt the very brilliancy of his success made it pall upon him sooner. At all events, from the beginning of the Weimar life in 1847, there are traces of the deeper aspirations and higher ideals which must have actuated the composition of the serious works of his later period. There is one character as a composer which it can hardly be amiss to attribute to him; he is always the rhapsodist. Whatever he may be engaged upon ostensibly, it turns out in the end a rhapsody. The strange rhythms of the Slavs, and other half-wild tribes of northern Europe, here meet and intermingle with the delicacy of a poet and the fanciful touches of a Parisian woman. Improvisation is the impression which these works leave upon every hearer, and this, indeed, is the chief claim upon lasting popularity. The classical musician may declaim against these far-fetched and brilliant effects, and may go farther and point out their lack of unity according to classical models; but when all is done, the fact remains that our concert programs would be a vast deal tamer without these works of the great pianist just dead. There are men enough who can write according to *rule*—what the world wants is the man who can write according to *feeling*. This is what Liszt did; and this is what gives his works a hold upon the present generation; nor is there any reason to think that his popularity may be less lasting than that of Paganini, who at one time stood to Liszt as a model, and whose compositions, scarcely less valuable technically than Bach's, remain invaluable concert numbers.

If Liszt had placed orchestral composers under no other obligation than that of freeing them from their allegiance to the sonata form, he would in this one point have rendered

them an invaluable service. None but geniuses of the highest order know how great is the burden of musical orthodoxy. Because Mozart and Beethoven wrote all their important compositions in the form of the "sonata-piece," obtaining their unity through the observance of a certain set of canons or devices, it does not at all follow that subsequent composers to the end of time must go on writing sonatas, or striving to write them, with ideas original and valuable in their way, but as unsuitable for use in a sonata as possible to conceive. Schumann was all his life a martyr to the sonata form. In his small pieces, where he could write as the fancy took him, without being guyed by the critics, he was free and interesting; in his symphonies he is also interesting, but the sense of freedom is wanting. The music goes beyond the limits of the classical repose without really coming into the liberty of the new school—which, indeed, could not be realized within the classical limits. Mendelssohn wrote what the ladies may well enough be permitted to call "sweet, pretty pieces," under the name symphonies, but it is in the "Songs without Words," and the other fancy pieces that the Mendelssohnian flavor is at its best. These are what have kept their composer's fame alive, and these are what it will more and more depend upon. Chopin, also, was hampered by a supposed obligation to write at least a few "sonatas," or else give over claims to a high place among composers; these are the poorest of his works, and their poverty, so easily recognized by critics experienced in considering the relative value of sonatas, for a long time prevented his other works from being adequately recognized. The critics knew no canons of criticism for Scherzos, Polonaises, and the like; hence they lumped them all in with the bad sonatas. It was Liszt's merit to have broken this chain, once for all. Henceforth it is not necessary for every young composer to put his ideas in the form of sonatas in order to have their value seriously weighed. The world has not gone by the symphonies of the great classical masters, but there is reason to hope that it *has* gone by the disposition to look with technical contempt upon

all new music not in the same form.

To speak of Liszt's compositions in detail would take us too far, nor is it yet time. It must be enough at present to recognize the precious fact that he placed the musical world under a weight of obligation not second to that of any composer of the past half century. The number of these works is so great, and they are in such a variety of forms, very many of the most important being as yet wholly unknown to the public in this country, that it must be a long time before the necessary number of hearings can be had to determine their permanent value with any degree of confidence. At present the pianoforte studies, the transcriptions and the rhapsodies form a volume of value so highly recognized that any composer might be proud to rest his claims upon these alone; not stopping to reckon the universally popular masterpieces, the "Tasso," "Preludes," "Festklaenge," "Mazeppa," and other symphonic poems. In their execution these latter are not imitations of classical or even of romantic models. They are out of whole cloth. The instrumentation is rich, vigorous, dainty, glittering and original. These with the transcriptions of the Schubert and other classical works, go along with Liszt's entire influence, which might be summed up in this: That he did everything one man could do to make music free—the spontaneous expression of imagination. It would not be easy to overrate Liszt's importance in this respect; what he wrote as music, what he wrote and talked about music, and especially what he encouraged and supported other men in writing, have made the musical world extremely different from what it otherwise would have been. It is not impossible that if Italian inertia had been something less than the three centuries of Roman rest outside the march of the world's progress had left it, he might even have effected a reform in the music of the church, of which he was so loyal a son. It would indeed have been a queer chapter in the accidents of progress if the venerable Latin of the liturgy had taken on a new life through the modern music of this Hungarian Paladin. But it was not to be.

Almost all the portraits of Liszt give a wrong impression of his face. They make him too stern. I was not one of

those privileged to know him personally, and therefore am unable to speak of the mobility of his expressive features day by day. But the first impression that his face made upon me, as I looked upon it at Bayreuth in 1884, was that of kindness. A more benevolent and kindly face I have never seen. Before, I had wondered how his admirers could endure his sternness; when I *saw* the face

FRANZ LISZT.

I no longer wondered at the greatness of their love and veneration. A second time, and repeatedly, I saw Liszt when he was attending the performances of the "Nibelung's Ring" at Munich, in August 1884. The venerable face, the long white hair, the imposing presence, and the feeble step and bowed form made up an ensemble one could never forget. I saw then that he could not be long for this world.

There was more in the triumph of Liszt in London last May than appeared upon the surface. It was his first visit to England in more than forty years. He had had warm friends in England all that time, and many English pupils had been among the "elect" of his immediate circle; but in forty-five years Liszt had not once crossed the Channel. The reason, no doubt, is to be found in his poor reception at his former visit in 1840, whereat he was so much chagrined that he bore the managers losses out of his own purse.

The reason of this failure at a time when all Europe was at the feet of the young virtuoso is worth telling. Mr. Ferdinand Dulcken is responsible for it. It seems that Mme. Dulcken, the mother of Ferdinand, was at that time at the height of her fame, and a protege and friend as well as the music-teacher of Queen Victoria. According to her custom, the queen ordered Mme. Dulcken to prepare a concert at the palace upon a certain evening, in which she desired the services of the leading opera artists then in London, and with them the famous pianist, the young Mr. Liszt. When the evening came, Mme. Dulcken took dinner with the queen, and after the guests were assembled it was upon her arm that the Queen made her entrance. As they walked across the room the queen observed that they were being stared at unmercifully by a very tall and apparently important young man. "Who is that horrid fellow?" asked the queen. "It is Mr. Liszt, the famous pianist," said the lady; "Shall I present him?" "No," said the Queen, with a shrug.

Liszt almost immediately saw that he had made a mistake, and it is quite likely that the knowledge was of poor service to his playing when presently he took his place and gave Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," with his own arabesques and cadenzas. At the end everybody waited for the royal family to applaud. Prince Albert broke the silence in his hearty German way, with the comment, "That's much too fast." There was no applause,

LISZT AS ABBE.

neither there nor anywhere else in London. The English had "seen a light" concerning the piano playing of the great master whose greatness was beyond their ability to see and recognize over the heads of the royal family. This

Herrn
William Mason,
Pianist und Komponist
Huz}

Gechter, Freund

Meinen besten Dank für
das vortreffliche Harmonium,
welches mir „The Mason-
& Hamlin Organ Company“
als Geschenk verschickt,
füge ich insbesondere meine
persönlichste Erinnerung
an Sie bei. Zu ihrer
Studienzeit, vor 25 Jahren
in Weimar, glänzten Sie
schon als Virtuos, und
überwachten mich mehrmals

auf das Angenehme, durch
Ihr Talent. Es freut mich
sich dasselbe befestigt
hat, und Ihnen den Ruf
eines ausgezeichneten Künstlers
sichert.

In alter, bekannter
Gedinnung, verbleibt Ihnen
Freundschaftlich

F. Liszt

2^{ten} März, 77 -
Buda-Pest.

(TRANSLATION.)

Honored Friend:

My best thanks for the exquisite Harmonium which the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company has kindly sent me. To this I wish to add my friendly recollections of yourself. Already in your student days at Weimar, twenty-five years ago, you excelled as virtuoso, and often surprised me most agreeably and convincingly by your talent. It is a particular gratification to me that your continued development has secured for you the reputation of a distinguished artist. With the old well-known feelings, I remain cordially,

F. LISZT.

March 2, '77, Buda-Pest.

was in the background of the receptions in London and at Windsor during this latest visit.

The preceding observations have intentionally ignored the many romantic episodes of Liszt's personal history. These will be forthcoming, no doubt, from many quarters. Their strangeness and the piquancy of some of them will almost necessarily tend to withhold from this great master the meed of admiration that is his due. At the very least they will divert attention from his great qualities as an imaginative, a sympathetic and a wonderfully gifted tone-poet. The term is his, if I mistake not; none could possibly fit him better. In his death the world loses the presence of one of the most romantic figures known to musical history. May he rest in peace !

1886.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

MUSIC LESSONS: A CHAT.

BY MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

Music teachers are without question comical people. They are always complaining either that they have so *many* or so *few* lessons to give. But, properly considered, both these complaints are really well grounded. The misfortune, however, of those who are overwhelmed with lessons must not always be deemed so very great. For although they may complain that in consequence of so much lesson-giving they find no time for practicing or composing, yet I know many cases where a minus introduced in the instructing by no means resulted in a corresponding plus on the other side of the equation of their professional activity. A man is only too fond of persuading himself that it is the force of circumstances which prevents the full development of his abilities. Every orchestra counts among its members men who know they could do something better than blow the horn or scratch the fiddle, if they only were not obliged to earn that cursed bit of pay. I well remember a highly characteristic remark of such a thwarted genius which I once heard in Bayreuth at the close of the first Nibelung-cyclus in 1876.

On the way home from the "Goetterdaemmerung" I was joined by an insignificant member of the orchestra who, after he had walked quite a way by my side silent and meditative, finally introduced a long musico-æsthetical dissertation with the words, "Well, you see, Herr Moszkowski, a man must have time if he wants to compose a work like the 'Nibelung-ring.'"

Yes a man *must* have time, and a bit of the right mood as well, I fancy, if anything is to come of the composing; and the complaint that one often loses both through so much

instructing, is by no means ungrounded. Abominable feeling, when one is sitting at his desk in the most inspired mood for composing, and the door-bell announces the arrival of a pupil! The calendar points to Monday, the clock to eleven. It is consequently Miss S. who will to-day play me the "Berceuse" of Chopin. She will probably use terrible fingerings and will very sure play the trill on the fifth page all wrong. In the meantime I shall forget what is now sweeping before me in vague contours.

"Good morning, Herr Moszkowski."

"Good morning, my dear Miss S. Please step into the piano room. I am at your service directly."

But no! The ten minute reprieve has brought me no further. From the next room I hear some passages from the "Berceuse" lightly tried over—the pedal held down through six harmonies—and I enter the piano room.

"All ready, Miss S. Please begin—"

I have really given only one lesson, and that has lasted, in fact, but fifty minutes, yet the composing mood is gone just the same and who knows when it will return.

To be sure it is not always as I have just described. If it were, I should be obliged to consider myself a musician utterly unfitted to impart instruction—a view which I do not think I have any cause to hold. During the twenty-two years of my pedagogical activity I have had really a large number of pupils whom I remember with pleasure, and even with pride, and on the other hand, I am persuaded that many of them have retained a feeling of friendship and some of gratitude towards me.

I began teaching early. When I was sixteen I gave my first piano lessons, their price ranging from a Mark (twenty-five cents) to a Mark and a half. What a joy was that when I came home with the first self-earned dollar in my pocket! Not long afterwards I received a position in the Kullak Academy of Music, and here came about the comical situation that every pupil in my class exceeded me in age. So, of course, first of all, I was bound to inspire respect, and to this end was terribly cross. But the method led to a very

different result; my pupils would by no means put up with such treatment from a green young piano pounder, and

Once in the lovely month of May,
That time for gladness only,
My pupils gay, all on a day,
Skipped out and left me lonely.

So making a virtue of necessity I accustomed myself to a different style of procedure, and soon began to win in popularity. And, although I was entirely lacking in teaching experience, yet by dint of conscientiousness and interest I attained such good results from my pupils that I soon had as many as I could accept. Once in a while I had also composition lessons to give, and yet this occurred so rarely that I believe I can remember almost every pupil I ever had in that branch. It is really not clear to me why I, whose works have at least had a great circulation, have been so seldom called upon for composition lessons. If, however, I express my surprise at this, I am far from wishing to complain of it, for composition teaching is—at least for me—a very taxing occupation.

If I were to reduce my teaching experience to statistics, I should say that out of every twenty piano playing individuals who have come to me for lessons, nineteen have been ladies, and that of these nineteen, sixteen have been Americans. Really it looks almost as American here with us now as if we lived not in Berlin but in Bayreuth. (1) There are really, among the Americans, fairly many musically-gifted natures, and one characteristic may be ascribed to almost all of them, namely, great industry. Truly this industry appears once in a while in a very comical form. The American music pupil expects to find salvation in studying with as many different teachers as possible. And as in his travels

1) Those who have never been to Bayreuth may not appreciate the force of this allusion, but it is a fact that Americans have always formed the great majority of the foreign festival guests, and at times well nigh the whole number. This last year, however, the French were very strongly represented, and the Americans, at least upon the day when I was there, were by no means in preponderance.

O. W. P.

the American misses the truest enjoyment through seeing *too much*, so in music he fails of the best results through too much dallying with different methods. It actually happened to me once that an American lady, passing through Berlin, requested me to give her *one* lesson; and as I, utterly taken aback, asked the reason for her strange request, she answered that she unfortunately had no time for a stay in Berlin, but would like to at least *get my method*.

Another characteristic American trait is the passion to learn *new* methods and systems. I have often noticed that musical charlatans have succeeded in getting an immediate afflux of American pupils, by the propounding of totally unheard-of and incomprehensible principles of instruction. And what is offered in America itself in the way of improving on methods, is positively incredible. There new harmony system are gotten out almost daily, new courses in composition, and above all highly ingenious apparatuses for the lightning development of pianoforte technic, which offer every conceivable advantage, and are warranted to make a Rubenstein out of every thumper. The inventors of these lovely things remind me forcibly of the *professeurs de jeu* whom one so often meets in the playing-rooms of Monte Carlo. These also possess an "infallible method to win at roulette," but notably never have a nickel in their own pockets.

If this type of foreign pupils sometimes makes an amusing impression, I must say of another type—a domestic one—that it invariably bores me most dreadfully. I refer to the talentless daughter of some rich man—the youthful feminine flower of Berlin Nabobry—who holds herself wonderfully gifted. Of course, she only plays for her own amusement (the "her own" cannot be too strongly accented) and generally describes the "Mathew Passion" of Bach or the last Sonata of Beethoven as "just too sweet." She is enraged over abbreviations in the "Goetterdaemmerung," and with touching modesty confesses that she first came to understand the "Ninth Symphony" *perfectly* through Bulow. This being, fairly sublimating in music can, however, only with the greatest difficulty be made to see a differ-

ence between 3-4 and 6-8 time, and to teach her a sonata of Mozart or a prelude of Bach is absolutely impossible.

A much less provoking type and one far more agreeable for the teacher is represented by the wealthy lady who only takes lessons in order to be able to chat about music, and to give her teacher invitations to dinners and balls. This class of pupils is to our young concert-players by no means disagreeable.

A very large and distinct place among music pupils is taken by the children. But, as will be readily understood, these can hardly be classified with respect to any one trait. In the earlier part of my teaching career I sometimes had the task of supporting tender youth in its first steps over the ivory. This was always a severe ordeal for me, for with children one must have first and foremost extraordinary patience, and that was never my strongest side. I am thinking now of normal children and not of prodigies. These latter, however wearisome they may be to the critic in the concert hall, have always been to me an object of lively interest. Unfortunately they generally have parents or relatives whose avarice often destroys everything. I must also confess that Goethe's words "that which is developing will always be grateful" (1) seldom prove true by these pupils. That doesn't matter. I like the little rascals just the same who haven't yet learned to be afraid, and who confidently go for the hardest pieces with their little fingers. If they later become great artists I bear them no grudge for their ingratitude. That is simply the way of the world and he who would give instruction must make up his mind to swallow a bit of unpleasantness now and then. That is the meaning of the proverb "the happy man gives no lessons" (2).

1) "*Das Werdende wird immer dankbar sein.*"

2) The original proverb runs: "*dem Gluecklichen schlaegt keine Stunde,*" but Herr Moszkowski has quoted it "*Der Glueckliche giebt keine Stunde.*" Of course the pleasantry is unpreservable in the translation.

THE VIOLIN AND ITS ANCESTRY.

(CONCLUDED).

Cremona was at this time a populous city of some four miles in circumference. It was quite an ancient place, the time of its founding being unknown. It flourished before the Christian era, and was for some time the home of Virgil, and is mentioned by him in one of his poems.

Concerning Andrew Amati, the founder of the Cremona school, but little can be said. To quote Mr. Hart, "these men, like their brothers in art, the painters in olden times, began to live when they were dead, and their history thus passed without record." Amati was born about 1520. His instruments do not show an advance on those of Gasparo da Salo, of Brescia, though it is possible that Amati was his pupil.

Andrew had two sons, Anthony and Jerome, of which the latter was by far the more original. These brothers worked together contemporaneously with Da Salo and though their violin labels bear the names of both, the connoisseur can accurately distinguish the works of the one from the other. Jerome's violins show an appreciable advance in grace and beauty of form, as well as in volume of tone.

The highest point of perfection reached by the Amati family was attained by Jerome's son, Nicholas, who lived between 1596 and 1684. Taking the model of the previous Amatis he improved it in proportions, in finish, and in power and intensity of tone. The design he finally adopted after years of experiment, though modified by his successor, Stradivarius, associated beauty and elegance of outline with great sweetness of tone. His materials were chosen with

careful discrimination, and his workmanship showed the master hand.

The culmination of Amati's work was in a large model, which from its superior excellence has been called the "Amati grand." It was on this model that Stradivarius, in all probability a pupil of Amati, reached the apex of the violin maker's art.

Antonius Stradivarius (1644 or '49—1737) is a name before which all true lovers of the violin or its music bow with admiration. In his works the violin took its final shape, and the chief efforts of violin builders of modern times have been to copy his design and to re-discover his secrets. The model to-day is as he left it—as Mr. Payne says, "the most accomplished maker can invent nothing better, and the dullest workman, following his model, can make a tolerable fiddle." Stradivarius found in the "Amati grand" a model, the general principles of which were correct; and taking this design of his teacher as his basis, his own inventive genius and originality found the weak places and made them perfect. In detail these improvements consisted in lowering the arch and flattening the curve; in strengthening the framework, *i. e.*, the corner blocks and ribs; in finding the true inclination of the sound holes; in straightening the scroll, and in fixing the shape of the bridge, this latter improvement alone being of sufficient value to have made him famous.

The thirty years following 1698 was the period most productive of Stradivarius' best instruments. The latter portion of his life showed some deterioration in the quality of his workmanship, but this might be expected, perhaps, in the work of a man who stood at his bench till near four-score years and ten. There still exists one or more of his violins, the labels of which bear the date 1736. Of the hundreds of instruments turned out by Stradivarius in his seventy years of work, only about two hundred are known to exist at this day, while others, perhaps, remain in obscurity. To some of the best of his violins have been given names, such as "Messiah," "Dolphin," "Maid," and "King," and by these names they are known to the violin world.

Stradivarius' instruments were highly appreciated during his lifetime, and many were the orders he executed at good prices for titled heads. This, with his activity and industry, brought him a fortune that made him the envy of his neighbors. His energies were not confined to violins, tenors and basses, but guitars, lutes, lyres and mandolins came from his busy hand; and not only the instruments, but their fittings and cases, were made with the utmost care and artistic skill. Of him Longfellow beautifully says:

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshop made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast:
Exquisite was it in design,
A marvel of the luteist's art,
Perfect in each minutest part:
And in its hollow chamber thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivaled name,
"Antonius Stradivarius."

But there are other makers that demand our attention, and we must leave this, from the violin lover's standpoint, the most attractive of men, simply stopping for a quotation from Dr. Joachim, than whom there is no better authority on this subject. Says he, "None of the celebrated makers exhibit the union of sweetness and power in so pre-eminent a degree as Giuseppe Guarnerius (del Jesu) and Antonius Stradivarius, and I must pronounce for the latter as my chosen favorite. * * * Stradivarius had the more unlimited capacity for expressing the most varied accents of feeling."

Contemporaneous with Stradivarius was a family named Guarnerius, one of whom, Joseph (1683-1745), achieved great fame from the excellence of his instruments. This man, in order to distinguish his works from those of a cousin bearing the same name, generally added to his name on the tickets inserted in his instruments the cross and the let-

ters, "I. H. S." These are supposed to be the initials of some religious society of which he was a member. From this addition to his name he is known as Guarnerius "del Jesu." His grandfather, Andrew, was a pupil of Nicholas Amati, but the instruments of the elder Guarnerius and those of three of his descendants are not particularly noticeable; the fourth, Joseph, "del Jesu," whom I have mentioned above, turned out some violins which were almost the equals of Stradivarius when at his best.

His model was not quite so large nor the middle bouts quite so long as with Stradivarius, but the shape is most elegant and no fault could be found with the wood or varnish. It is even said that some of his best specimens are more pleasing to the eye than those of Stradivarius. But during his later years there was a remarkable change. The wood became defective, the work careless and the varnish poor. The exact cause for this decadence is not known, although a very pretty story is frequently told, which, fortunately for the reputation of Joseph, seems to be founded more on fancy than on fact.

The story runs that he was an impecunious and idle rascal, and that he was imprisoned for some unknown cause; also that the jailer's daughter supplied him with rude tools and material, and bought the varnish from various makers who were in the enjoyment of their liberty. This would have made a pretty good story as it was, but the romancers have added additional details. This fair damsel, so we are told, taking pity on Joseph's condition, took out the completed fiddles and hawked them about, selling them for whatever was offered and buying with the proceeds necessities and comforts for the prisoner, who, it should be added, was a married man. It is best to omit this latter fact in telling the story. It sounds better.

Unfortunately for the story, the archives of Cremona make no record of a prisoner named Guarnerius, and for an idle man he turned out a remarkable number of valuable violins. This tale has obtained so much credence, that the rougher of the "del Jesu" fiddles are called "Prison Josephs."

It must have been a peculiar combination of circumstances that led him to send out inferior violins at this time of life, but the above story is admirably concocted to fill the niche. Another peculiar thing is, that after this poor work he made at least one violin, the excellence of which has hardly been equaled. This is the one played so long and loved so dearly by Paganini, and at his death bequeathed to his native city, Genoa, where it still lies in its glass case. This noble instrument was made in 1743, and its maker died two years afterward.

Stradivarius' best pupil was Charles Bergonzi. He worked during the thirty years following 1720, and for a short time occupied Stradivarius' house, after the death of the latter. But few of his violins are in existence, and these fall short of his great master's model.

These, then, were the names that formed the great quartette of Cremonese makers: Nicholas Amati, Antonius Stradivarius, Joseph Guarnerius, I. H. S., and Charles Bergonzi.

There were several other prominent pupils of Stradivarius, and a host of imitators and self-constituted pupils; but as it is my purpose to mention only the most prominent makers I must recommend those desirous of pursuing further this interesting study, to one of the several exhaustive volumes that are devoted to the subject, wherein even the minor copyist receives ample treatment. English, German and French writers have collected much information on this subject, but it seems to have been neglected by American writers.

Before passing from this branch of the subject, there are two or three German and French instrument makers who demand our attention.

The first is Jacob Stainer, or Steiner, who, though a German by birth, belongs to the Cremonese school, having left Austria to study with Nicholas Amati, in Cremona. After mastering the trade secrets he settled down in his native village of Absam, in the Austrian Tyrol. His life, extending from 1697 to 1788, was not so peaceful and happy as that of Amati or Stradivarius. Though bearing the title

“Violin Maker to the Emperor,” this did not save him from being imprisoned for debt and dying a maniac’s death. His instruments were modeled somewhat differently from the others of the Cremonese school, being deeper in the center and with shorter sound holes. Some had in place of the scroll a neatly carved lion’s head. His works are very rarely met with, but when a genuine Stainer is discovered it is certain to show much elegance of form and beauty of tone.

Passing a great number of German and early French makers, we come to Nicholas Lupot, who worked in Paris the first quarter of the present century. He was a conscientious copyist of Stradivarius, and one of his make was for some years the concert fiddle of Spohr, the virtuoso and composer.

The greatest name among modern violin makers is that of J. K. Vuillaume, whose work for the larger part was done in Paris. Vuillaume came nearer than any other to the discovery of the secrets of the old masters, which were so jealously guarded by them and handed down from one generation to another. In fact, so accurate were some of his “Strad” copies, that the original by its tone could not be distinguished from the copy. Many of the old masters’ works passed through his hands, and by his careful study of them he was able to produce these unprecedented imitations. Paganini, after leaving a Stradivarius with him for repairs, was astonished to receive from him, some time afterwards, an exact copy, which so delighted that greatest of players that he purchased it for 500 francs.

Vuillaume aimed to re-establish violin-making as firmly on an artistic basis as it was in the days of Guarnerius and Stradivarius, and he did much toward reaching this result. His extensive information concerning the old masters, and his personal acquaintance with their works he placed at the disposal of Fétis, who drew largely therefrom for his exhaustive treatise on the violin. Vuillaume was the inventor and improver of several accessories of the violin that added to his already great name. It has been said that to him the

world is indebted more, perhaps, than to any other man since Stradivarius for the advancement and knowledge of all that pertains to this most perfect of musical instruments.

Leaving the biographical part of our subject we will turn to the descriptive, and close with a few statements concerning values, ancient and modern.

While the violin is wonderful in its power of expression, playing as it does over the whole gamut of human emotions, it is equally wonderful as to its mechanical construction. That a hollow box less than fourteen by nine inches in size, and two and a half inches deep, made without a nail or a screw, weighing but nine ounces, with material about as thick as a silver half dollar—that such a shell should support a pressure on the bridge of twenty-six pounds and a tension on the strings of sixty-eight pounds, thus resisting a continuous strain of ninety-four pounds, seems almost incredible. If we include the neck, scroll and fittings the weight is increased to about twenty ounces.

It is not often realized how many parts enter into the make-up of a fiddle. In the complete instrument, there are some seventy pieces, the number varying slightly, dependent on the whim of its builder. Of these thirteen are movable. Experiments have been tried with other materials than wood for violin-making, notably earthenware, metal, papier-mache, and even leather. The success obtained in these directions may easily be imagined.

One proof of the excellency of the old masters' works is that since their day the pitch has been greatly raised, and the strings enlarged in diameter, consequently the tension and pressure have been augmented at least one-third, and still their instruments are adequate to the increased strain placed upon them. This tremendous power of resistance is, however, but one proof of their excellence, for there has been equal increase in the demands made upon the instrument by its *virtuosi* in both technique and emotional expressiveness, and still its capacities have not been exhausted, though Paganini came the nearest to that result.

Our sketch would be incomplete were we to omit a few

words concerning the evolution of the bow. It is with this contrivance that the violin must share its glory, for without the bow it would sink back to the level of the mandolin or guitar.

The most ancient stringed instruments were twanged with a plectrum of quill or wood, following, of course, the plucking with the tips of the fingers. The first step from the plectrum to the bow was the elongation of the former with a roughening of one edge, if it were made of wood, or, if of quill, the strings were excited with the feathery part, this latter method having been used in Hindostan and possibly other oriental countries.

The probabilities are that the bow originated in India, and was carried by the Buddhist monks into China about the beginning of our Christian era. On the other hand, it was taken into Persia, where the conquering Arabs appropriated it later and introduced it into southern Europe. The Hindoo bow was in the shape of its immediate ancestor, the military implement, and was quite an advance over the lengthened wooden plectrum. The Arabs incorporated their idea of the tones produced by the bow in their naming of the *rebab*, this word meaning, "producing melancholy sounds." Their nomenclature, in this case at least, was quite accurate.

In these early crudities the tension was permanent, but both the Arabs and the Japanese introduced arrangements by which the bow could be tightened or loosened at will. The Hindoos were the first to change the almost semi-circular bow to the flattened style, but the Arabs still persist in their more curved model.

Horse-hair seems to be the accepted material for bow stringing the world over. The Asiatics prefer black hair as being coarser and giving a louder tone. For this reason it is banished from our violin bows, but is constantly used in the bass viol bows.

In the *rebec* bow the hair was tied on at each end of the stick, but about 1600 A. D. we find it tied only at the small end and permanently fastened at the larger. During the century that followed the bow was much reduced in size and

weight, and instead of a series of notches on the back of the bow into which a ring attached to the "frog" was caught, thus giving some opportunities to vary the tension, there was invented the screw plan now in use.

Correlli's bow was at least one-fourth shorter than ours, and the stock considerably heavier. Tartini was the first to give the stick any elasticity.

Francis Tourte, of Paris, re-created the bow in the last two decades of the eighteenth century, giving it the present form. For this he is called "the Stradivarius of the bow." This is not a far-fetched term, for in reality he did more for the bow than Stradivarius did for the violin. The latter found the model well settled in general shape and only improved the details, whereas Tourte found crudity and left perfection. Tourte's early experiments were made with wood from the sides of old sugar barrels, being a tropical wood and well seasoned, and for these first bows he received from 20 to 30 cents each. His best bows now bring from \$50 to \$150. As Stradivarius was imitated, so with Tourte, and thousands of spurious bows have been sent abroad bearing Tourte's name, some of them being almost exact copies in every particular.

Vuillaume introduced a peculiar bow made of hollow steel tubing. He was driven to this experiment by the scarcity of the best wood for bow-making, viz: the Pernambuco, Brazil and Snakewoods. These steel bows were used considerably about fifty years ago, De Beriot and Artot being among the virtuosi who made use of them.

For ample illustrations, showing the development of the bow, I must refer my readers to Mr. Heron-Allen's interesting book on the violin.

The prices set on their instruments by the makers themselves, the appreciation in value, and the immense sums now demanded for the works of the old masters, form a most interesting topic, to which, however, we can give but short space.

Stradivarius received for each violin four Louis d'or, and these same instruments to-day would amount to thou-

sands of dollars in value. His violoncellos he sold for a larger sum. Stradivarius' instruments were not appreciated in their earlier days in England, for it is related that a merchant named Cervetto took some "Strad" 'cellos to England and put them on sale, but not being able to get five pounds a piece for them he sent them back to Italy as a bad investment. They would now bring several thousands of dollars each. While his 'cellos were thus lightly valued in England in those days we find a Cremona violin selling in 1662 for \$100. A "Strad" cello which had been played by three generations of the Servais family was offered at 100,000 francs when placed on sale a few years ago in Vienna.

The phrase, "worth its weight in gold," may well be applied to such transactions. On weighing a Stradivarius violin sold in 1756 it was found to have brought \$200 an ounce. The great bass player, Dragonetti, had a celebrated Stradivarius double-bass, which he valued at \$5,000. It would now probably bring three times that amount.

In 1716 Stradivarius made a violin, which in 1760 he sold to a Count Salabue, after whose death in 1824 it was purchased by Tarisio, the peripatetic violin collector. He kept the treasure hidden, but after his death it was ferreted out by Vuillaume who, in turn, on his death, left it to Alard, the violinist, his son-in-law. A few years ago it was sold to a Scotch violin collector for \$10,000.

Madame Norman Neruda gave \$10,000 for one "Strad" which had belonged to Ernst, and Wilhelmi paid \$15,000 for another, for which he was afterward offered \$25,000. Fritz Giese, one of the best 'cellists in this country, has a "Strad" 'cello which he values quite highly.

Stradivarius is not alone in bringing high sums. Amati's and Guarnerius' instruments have had a similar appreciation in value. In 1790, Foster, the English instrument dealer, sold a Nicholas Amati for \$85, and in 1804 another for \$150. These would now bring from \$1,000 to \$1,500 each. In 1827 one of his 'cellos sold for \$1,400, and in 1859 a violin by the brothers Amati brought \$700.

It may be imagined that some of the fiddles of Guarne-

rius "del Jesu" brought him originally but a pittance ; but in 1826 we hear one of his 'cellos bringing \$600. Wieniawski's Guarnerius was sold to Hubey, of Brussels, for \$15,000, and Ferdinand David's favorite instrument, a Guarnerius, was bought by Zajic, of the Strasburg Conservatory, for \$20,000.

Ole Bull was the owner of a rare Gasparo da Salo violin, for which he paid 800 thalers to the heirs of Rhehazek, of Vienna, and who valued it so highly that he refused to sell it during his lifetime at any price. He used it at most of his concerts. At his death it passed into the hands of an American amateur.

Vuillaume charged \$60 for his violins and \$80 for his 'cellos. Of course the prices now set on his instruments are much higher. High-priced instruments are still being made, though they are greatly in the minority. One New York maker values his best violins at \$500 each.

General Morgan Melville, of Cincinnati, related that his father, who, by the way, was an aide-de-camp to La Fayette, gave 1,500 acres of land, then valued at a dollar per acre for a Stainer violin that took his fancy. This was quite a fair price in those days, but the value of the payment would be somewhat enhanced now by the fact that this land is at present covered by the city of Pittsburg. As Stainer rarely received more than six florins for his violins, that violin would have been a good investment could the original purchaser have waited two hundred and twenty-five years to realize on his investment.

The prices above stated may seem, in some cases, to be incredulously large. I give them as related by various authorities, but would not like to personally vouch for their accuracy in every case.

To go to the other extreme in prices, we find commercial violins produced in immense quantities in France and Germany at ridiculously low prices. About the Black Forest, where the material may be had for the taking, and where labor is extremely low, large numbers of such fiddles (for one is tempted to yield to the popular idea and not call them violins) are put upon the market.

Some villages are given over to this fiddle-making. At Markneukirchen, in Saxony, one may purchase fiddles at eighteen cents a piece! And one of the French factories at Mirecourt follows with close competition.

It has long been a source of great satisfaction to certain virtuosi and wealthy amateurs to make collections of old and rare violins. While this keeps these valuable instruments out of use for a time, it certainly acts as a preservative, and future generations get the benefit of what we are deprived of.

Paganini had in his collection, among many other Cremonas, a "Strad," a small Guarnerius, an Amati, a "Strad" bass and the large Guarnerius, which was given to him, and which he loved so much that he gave it to Genoa to keep it sacred from the profaning touch of any succeeding artist. I believe this wish has been followed in every case, with one exception, that of his pupil Sivori.

A good example of the wealthy amateur was Gillott, the millionaire Birmingham (Eng.) pen manufacturer. He had a penchant (no pun intended) for collecting violins and letting them be unused and uncared for. He was not a player himself, and it is a question whether he realized the possibilities of any one of his valuable collections. At his death there was found in one room of his factory over \$200,000 worth of fiddles, and in other rooms many 'cellos and basses. At one time he had about five hundred instruments collected making probably the largest number of valuable Italian instruments ever owned at one time by a single person.

Boston, Mass.

W. FRANCIS GATES.

ORGAN-PLAYING FROM MEMORY.

A SYMPOSIUM.

The time has gone by when a pianist dare present himself before an audience for a recital from notes. The example of Rubinstein, Tausig, Buelow, Paderewski, Joseffy, Liebling, Sherwood, Mme. Rive-King, Miss Aus Der Ohe, Mme. Carreno and many others, some of them mere pupils, combine to show that there is nothing at all of an impossible character in memorizing some hundreds of pieces and playing at a moment's notice. Some who teach much more than they devote themselves to public playing do this. Here in Chicago are Sherwood and Mr. Liebling, either one of whom is able to play at a moment's notice any one of, perhaps, three hundred compositions you may chance to call for. Frequently these artists never refer to the notes of some of these pieces for years together; other pieces may momentarily fade out of consciousness, but a few minutes at the key-board will generally recall them.

But organ-playing without notes is much less common. There are organists, such as the late Arthur Creswold, Frederic Archer, and Harrison Wild, who occasionally play without notes, while the majority of their public appearances are made with notes. It happened a few weeks since that a young Chicago organist played an organ programme from memory, and the critic of the *Tribune* commented upon the fact favorably. This elicited the following letter:

BY MR. CLARENCE EDDY:

“Your issue of to-day contains a report of an organ concert which took place in this city last evening. After mentioning some of the selections contained in the programme, your reporter makes the following assertion:

“All of these were played from memory, and the freedom in expression and increased animation revealed in the player's work by reason of his being unhampered by notes, lent unusual worth to the performance, and demonstrated that organists, like pianists, are heard at their best only when they have memorized the compositions they play.”

“As an organist of considerable experience, and a personal friend of many distinguished players of the organ, whose views on this subject coincide with mine, I take exception to the import of the above statement. In only one particular is the organ like the piano—namely, that the keyboards are similar. The structure of the organ is vastly more complicated than that of the piano, while its scope and tonal resources are incomparable. In order to completely master a large organ one must not only have a perfect command of the manual keyboards, but of the pedals and the vast array of mechanical accessories. He must not only comprehend the instrument as a whole, but thoroughly understand the workings of every detail. It is often necessary to prepare certain combinations of stops long before they are brought into action, and the mind is constantly forced to act far in advance of the fingers and feet.

“Now, to burden the mind with memorizing the notes in addition to these requirements is as harmful as it is useless, and I maintain that organists are heard at their best when they are unhampered by the mental strain attendant upon committing to memory the compositions they play. The ‘increased animation,’ which your reporter discovered last evening, I observed to be rather a frequent hurrying and unsteadiness of the *tempo*, caused by nervousness, which rendered the work of the player indistinct and inaccurate.

“In my opinion greater ‘freedom of expression’ might have been attained if the player had referred occasionally to his notes, while the value of his performance from an artistic standpoint would not have suffered in the least. Among the most noted organists of my time, whom I have known personally and with whose playing I am quite familiar are: August Haupt, Gustav Merkel, A. G. Ritter, W. T. Best,

Alexandre Guilmant, Theodore Dubois, Eugene. Gigout, Charles M. Widor, Dudley Buck, Samuel P. Warren, John K. Paine, Eugene Thayer, Frederic Archer, George E. Whiting and George W. Morgan.

“As a rule all of these artists have been in the habit of playing from notes in public and even their own compositions. Who can say they were at such times not ‘heard at their best?’

“It would be better for critics to confine themselves to a plain statement of facts than to express an opinion at variance with sound judgment based upon a practical knowledge of the subjects they write upon.

BY MR. HARRISON M. WILD :

“In replying to Mr. Clarence Eddy’s letter in your issue of April 3, wherein he seeks to belittle the memorizing of organ music as well as the knowledge of the critic, I desire to acknowledge the questionable taste of taking up the cudgel against a former instructor, at the same time deprecating the motive that will prompt a great artist to take from one over a score of years his junior one word of the praise extended, or to question the desirability of possession on the part of the latter, or any one, of an ability never, to the writer’s knowledge, publicly displayed by the former.

“As for the critic, were he as capable of judging an organ performance as Mr. Eddy, the probability is that Mr. Eddy would find in him a rival organist, better say brother artist, certainly not the critic, an evident thorn in the flesh. The people who read criticisms know that they are but expressions of one man, or a few men. No critic’s criticism tallies with all his readers’ opinions, and the greater the critic, the more heinous becomes the crime of non-agreement. If a critic thinks as we do let us bless him. If he doesn’t, let us curse our bad luck and hope for better luck the following time.

“As to the young artist’s concert, I know it as his first attempt at public playing by memory, and, barring his pardonable nervousness, which resulted in a lack of clearness at

times, more than compensating amends were made by results obtained in other parts of the works, by lightning-like changes of registration, and, greatest of all, by the effect produced upon the audience, as evidenced by its attention and applause and the verbal encomiums afterward by musicians not in any way interested in the welfare of the young musician.

“As to memorizing, we can but look at that from two standpoints: first, the doing away entirely with the music. The mere mechanical portion of an organ performance is so trifling that the mind that can memorize the Bach G minor Fantasia and Fugue, or the Thiele Variations, or the Reubke Sonata, can in a few moments so fix the registration for a strange organ as to leave fantasy free. I make bold to assert that Mr. Eddy could write out within five minutes the registration of the foregoing three numbers for any specification submitted, and, having done it, would not have to think one beat ahead, since at any particular point a change could be thought of and made, when necessary for the effect at that point or further along. If Mr. Eddy will grant the possession of this ability, the remainder of the organ-memorizing is placed upon the plane of piano-memorizing, and who shall say that the piano performance, simple or otherwise, is not more artistic without notes than with them? That such memorizing is physically harmful none but the expert physician or personal experience can determine. That it is for best artistic results, Mr. Eddy will not deny, when he remembers the performances of artists such as Archer, Creswold, Middelschulte, and the like, who were, or are, tried in the fire of public appearance. I know Saint-Saens plays by memory. A pupil of mine, who has studied with Guilmant, says Guilmant has a wonderful memory and plays at a moment's notice any one of a host of pieces. Best told a pupil of mine, when the rumor went the rounds of his failing eyesight, that granting that he could get along without the notes now, since he knew by memory most of the music he would need. Mr. Middelschulte told me that Haupt knew by memory all of Bach's works, and played them without notes.

“But why continue? This surely is sufficient. Can it be said that anyone of the list of great organists given by Mr. Eddy, that for one entire season all performances were by memory? If not, then there was not a sufficient trial, there could have been no freedom acquired in the new medium of expression, and hence an opinion could be of little or no value, or might be summed up in the following words: ‘I find that I am too nervous without the notes to do myself or the composition justice;’ or ‘have not the time to adequately prepare, but must play, and hence must use the notes.’ That others have not memorized and given such memory-performances thorough trials is no sufficient reason why it should not be done in the future, any more than because no one discovered America in the fourteenth century Columbus should not have in the fifteenth.

The second way of memorizing is the partial way, needing but a glimpse here and there at the music. How many possess it? The one who can remove the eyes at any moment for any number of measures, can do without the music, and from personal experience I can say that there is much more trouble in finding one’s place after a piece is memorized than there is in keeping right on by memory.

Now to close by answering the question sure to be put: “You do it with your piano-playing, why don’t you do it with your organ-playing?” If multitudinous duties, teaching and the like, could be laid aside and my income remain the same, I could be found any day between 9 and 5 o’clock upon the Unity church organ bench, and every programme I played would be by memory, to my extreme satisfaction, and to the certain enhancing of all artistic effect to such a degree as to do a great share toward the lifting of that onus which clings to an organ performance in the minds of the majority of the people.”

MR. LOUIS FALK :

“CLARENCE EDDY, Esq.: Your reply in yesterday’s *Tribune* in relation to playing at organ concerts from memory pleased me very much. * * * In regard to memo-

rizing: I question whether playing or singing from memory is under all circumstances the proper way of rendering music in public, for it very frequently leads the performer into faults, such as inaccuracies, interpolations and mannerisms entirely foreign to the sense of the composition. Witness the contortions of many pianists, violinists and singers as living examples of my assertion. Again, why does not Theodore Thomas conduct his matchless concerts from memory? Does not the score, which he is constantly following, detract from his ability to properly direct his orchestra? Has he more work to perform than an organist sitting before the great Auditorium organ? Let us see. The conductor uses his brains and hands with which to guide from fifty to 100 players; the organist uses his brains, hands and feet to master five keyboards, 120 registers, and innumerable combinations; he is required to represent every instrument of a large orchestra, either individually or collectively, in the performance of some pieces. What would become of the player's wits and his accumulative memory in case of the not infrequent mishaps to some parts of the organ during his playing? The chances are that he would wish to have his music before him. We shall probably have the pleasure of listening to many organists of world-wide fame during the coming summer, and I dare say they will, one and all, play with their music before them. Does it follow that masters like Guilmant and Best are incapable of memorizing what they purpose to play? Indeed, it seems to me that if anything, the efficient organist is better equipped and qualified to commit music to memory than any other specialist in music. He is, or ought to be, thoroughly familiar with the theory of music, from the simple chord to the intricacies of the double counterpoint in order to properly assume the duties of his profession, especially in Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches, where improvisation in accompanying plain song is almost imperative. It may, therefore, be understood that the reason why an organist plays with the music before him is because he considers it to his advantage and not because of any defect in his musical training.

MR. WILHELM MIDDLESCHULTE:

At your request I would say in regard to an organist playing from memory: The virtuoso is the interpreter of the idea of the composer; in order to interpret well technical difficulty in performing must not exist for him, then, which is more important, he must be inspired by the idea of the composition so that the playing appears as a new creation and not as a studied piece. If he is able to do this, then he is a true artist, whose noble profession it is to send light into "the depths of the human heart" (Rob. Schumann). Can the virtuoso reproduce the composer's idea better with or without the notes? I am rather inclined to leave this an open question. I should say, in order to play artistically it is not necessary to play without notes. But if the organist prefers to memorize his pieces I think it has its advantage—he bears the composition of great masters like precious jewels always with him, in his head and his mind—they are like dear friends to him—constantly in unity with him they grow on him the more he knows them. In order to keep them constantly in memory it is not necessary to always practice at the instrument—while he is riding on the car or taking a walk, he can play them over in his mind—certainly a pleasure to him. And the more the performer gets familiar with his pieces the more he likes them, he is not afraid that something might happen while he is playing them, for he knows his friends too well. Then, while he is playing, he is his own listener, he not only gives pleasure to others, but the first and best of all to himself. I have a blind friend in Berlin, who studied the organ with me: I found that the ear keeps good control, while the eye has nothing to do. At the same time, I do not deny the difficulty in playing polyphonic music without the notes. August Haupt, my teacher, played once in a concert, where Felix Mendelssohn was present, the F major "Toccata" of Bach by memory; while he was playing the second canon, the wind in the pedal-stops suddenly gave out, which confused him for a moment. Mendelssohn, who no doubt noticed the little mistake, remarked: "The

second canon occurred, compared to the first one, a little short." Haupt told me, that he in his younger years practiced *every morning* before breakfast the six organ sonatas of Seb. Bach, and knew them by memory but never risked playing those difficult trios in public without his notes.

A good result of playing by memory would be that the too much neglected improvisation of organists will take more place, for the musical form of a composition goes into his flesh and blood and will give him power and confidence enough to express his own thoughts in appropriate form without much preparation.—Especially the thorough musician will profit by this method.

THE EDITOR OF MUSIC:

When the ground has been so covered by these eminent gentlemen, it is perhaps unnecessary to add anything; nevertheless as there is a principle involved Music makes bold to put in its oar. The principle of mentally acquiring the subject matter of whatever musical discourse one wishes to address to an audience, is exactly the same as that involved in the reading of an actor or elocutionist. There was a time when actors had to depend upon the prompter; now an actor who does this is recognized as not "letter perfect" in his part, and therefore not arrived at the point where he is ready to begin to "interpret" it. Elocutionists have discovered for themselves that they are much more free and effective in their readings when they have the text securely in their mind, leaving them free to deliver it with all the emphasis and nuance of an original discourse.

Piano recitals would be impossible from notes. There is not an audience in the world that would sit through a recital played from notes. Not even Paderewski could hold his audience, were he hampered in this way. The reason that so many play without notes is that it is less strain. The mind is more free to feel the music. The interpretation comes home to the hearer. One reason for this may be that the player has to be much more master of his discourse than when he can depend upon the notes. He must have studied it more thoroughly. Few players realize how half-hearted

is the quality of mental attention devoted to practice. When a player is trying to memorize he has to pay close attention, and out of this attention grows a finer appreciation of delicate nuances and beauties of the piece.

Now this, which is so demonstrated in the case of the piano, is still more true of the organ, for, as Mr. Eddy says, the organ is a very complicated instrument. Besides using the feet for playing, there are many changes of registration, and not a little adaption and substitution to do in order to realize or represent an effect which the individual organ may not have in its repertory. The player, independent of notes, has time to do this; the player, confined to notes, lets it pass. Moreover, there is the same question of quality of attention. When a man knows a fugue in the sense of knowing all the answers, all the modulations, all the little counter themes, which come in here and there, he is in much better condition to make the hearer realize them also. What kind of work would an actor make of the "To be or not to be" if he had to hold the book in hand while giving it? or of "The quality of mercy is not strained."

The question, why orchestral directors do not direct without notes, may as well be answered here as elsewhere. *They do!* Mr. Nikisch, who is always a fine pianist, often conducts without notes; *always*, when he knows the work sufficiently well. And when he *does* conduct without notes, you will find that he is doing something very different with his men than when he is half the time keeping his place in a score where he has to turn a leaf at a precise moment once in about forty measures. Von Buelow often conducts Beethoven symphonies without notes, and they say that he plays them wonderfully. Mme. Carreno told the present writer that of all the privileges of Europe she prized Buelow's orchestral readings of Beethoven symphonies better than anything else. (But this was before she married D'Albert.)

Hans Richter, I believe, sometimes conducts without notes. All conductors of light opera do so; many conductors of grand opera do so when they have a run of a single

work. Von Buelow has often conducted the "Meistersinger" without notes. Even Mr. Thomas, who belongs to an older school of conductors, sometimes conducts without notes, and it is safe to assume that if he had to begin again his career as leader at the present time, he would acquire the habit, in order to leave his eyes at freedom to control his men.

The perfection of orchestral playing would be where all the players were "letter perfect" in their parts, and played them under the eye of the conductor—such a conductor as Nikisch or Tomlins. I mention these rather than Mr. Thomas, not because I think them greater, but because they belong to a different school—the school of intense interpretation, where all the smaller parts of a piece are fully brought out, without intending to crowd them into the prominence of the grand parts.

In short whether we take memorizing as a convenient method of sifting out the incompetents, or as the easy way for those who thoroughly possess a musical subject, the fact remains that it is the proper thing for all public performers, and for all private performers who care about making a *living* effect.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Not too slow.

When-ev-er a lit-tle child is born, All night a soft wind

rocks the corn, One more but-ter cup wakes to the moon,

Some - where, Some - where. One more rose - bud

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

shy will un-fold, One more grass-blade push thro' the mold,

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

One more bird-song the air will hold, Some-where, Some-where.

This system contains the third line of the song. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

The principal musical events in Chicago since the last issue have been the second recital of Mr. Paderewski, in the Auditorium, the closing concert of the Apollo Club, the work being Dvorak's "Requiem," and the close of the second season of the Chicago orchestra. Besides these, there has been no small bustle of preparation for the grand musical doings of the Fair, the musical congresses to work up, and a variety of smaller but still important concerts by local and visiting artists. Space at present disposal does not permit the attention desirable to all of these, especially to the latter class, and the music of the Fair was sufficiently suggested in the list already published in the April number of *MUSIC*. Since that list was made public the chief additional engagements have been those of Mr. Paderewski for two concerts in the Music Hall, May 2d and 3d, upon which occasions he will play his own concerto, the Schumann concerto and other smaller pieces; and Mr. Clarence Eddy has made progress in his admirable work of arranging organ concerts for those eminent foreign organists, whose fame is world-wide, Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and Mr. Alexander Guilmant, of Paris. Both these gentlemen were desirous of coming to the Fair and of playing here upon the splendid concert organ which is being erected by the enterprising and advanced house of Farrand and Votey, of Detroit. But owing to the impossibility of providing suitable fees from the resources of the Fair, there was a prospect of their not being able to come. Mr. Eddy thereupon threw himself into the breach, and by writing to certain of his innumerable acquaintances in all parts of the country, he has been able to provide both gentlemen with a sufficient number of remunerative concert engagements to ensure their presence here. In doing this generous act Mr. Eddy not only dis-

played his natural amiability of disposition, but also gave effect to the very sensible view that the more good organists were heard in America, the firmer his position as virtuoso would become. Nevertheless this action on his part is one which we rarely see imitated by pianists—although, to be sure, there is perhaps no American pianist so firmly established in an independent position of his own as to be able to turn his influence effectively towards the good fortunes of other artists.

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The arrangements for the Musical Congresses are advancing, but not so rapidly as could have been wished. It is quite easy to make a programme and to have upon it eminent gentlemen who can be relied upon to be present; but when it comes to attempting to bring here masters from foreign countries, and the less heard because more retiring of our own greatest musicians, (such as Dudley Buck or Dr. Wm. Mason, who are rarely heard ten miles from home) the case becomes much more complicated. As announced last month the principal meeting of each day will be devoted to reports of the existing condition of music in the leading countries. Alternates have been provided, mostly resident in this country, whereby the subjects will all be covered. The American College of Musicians and the National Association of Music Teachers have both made strong programmes. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has been invited to read a paper upon music, at the opening session, but unfortunately he was not able to undertake the work. The selection was based upon the excellence of the poem to be expected from such a source and also as a recognition of the distinguished place he has given the art of music in the *Century Magazine*—which contained this year several splendid articles by eminent masters. The programme in detail, in so far as acceptances permit, will be found upon a later page in this issue.

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It will be remembered by those conversant with the subject that the Chicago Orchestra has been established for

three years by the Chicago Orchestral Association, composed of fifty gentlemen who severally pledge the sum of one thousand dollars per year for three years, as a guarantee against loss, for the establishment of a first-class orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. Last year was the first. The entire guarantee fund of the year was absorbed, the total annual expense of maintaining the orchestra being in the neighborhood of \$125,000. This year the account is more favorable. There is a very large deficit, but the attendance has averaged larger, and the scheme of offering associate memberships at \$100 per year, including two of the best seats to each of twenty concerts and twenty matinees, and twenty optional tickets available for any concert, has worked very well. Upon several occasions the house has been crowded. Chiefly upon the Beethoven night, when the Ninth Symphony was given, and at the two concerts when Mr. Paderewski played.

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The repertory of the orchestra for the second year will be found elsewhere. The playing has greatly improved, but it is still an open question whether the technique has reached the finish of the Boston orchestra. It is, perhaps, too soon to expect this. Mr. Thomas has done an immense amount of work to bring the playing down to his idea of refinement. The newspaper criticism have been more lenient than last year--which is as well. To the present writer it would seem as if the real difference between the playing of the Boston orchestra and this was mainly in the matter of directors. Mr. Nikisch is a director of the new school. At times moody, at times full of inspiration, he was first a virtuoso, and all his interpretation takes the form of virtuoso finish and the emphasis of *nuance*. The result often carries the hearer into the wildest enthusiasm; but upon the occasions when the director is not in one of his "rapt" moods, a rather tedious evening comes to pass. Mr. Thomas is a director who believes in the classic repose, and all his interpretations, especially those of Beethoven and other classical masters,

are characterized by a degree of reserve and repose, and a regard for the general good of the work. Still the general verdict of those who have heard both orchestras a sufficient number of times to form a comparison is that the Boston orchestra excels in nicety and fine finish. Upon this point there will be room for further comparison when the Boston orchestra gives its concerts in the Music Hall at the Fair, May 15th and 16th.

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Most singular, considering the universally high place accorded the Boston orchestra during the last two years, comes the news that Mr. Arthur Nikisch has resigned his baton and will return to Europe and undertake the superintendency and direction of the opera at Buda-Pest. The reason assigned for this is mainly the fact that so many people in Boston, and particularly the newspaper critics, are hostile to Mr. Nikisch. While pretty generously admitting the superiority and stirring quality of many of his interpretations, and the further fact that the orchestra has lost little or nothing in finish of technique since the iron rule of Mr. Gericke, there has been, nevertheless, a constant patter of fault-finding. Now comes this opening at Buda-Pest, where there is one of the finest stages in Europe, and a wealthy constituency for opera given upon art planes for Germans. With this will go a fair salary, an honorable position, and the prospect of a pension after a certain number of years' service. It is a great loss to this country to have Mr. Nikisch leave under these conditions.

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And by way of completing the "news," we may as well chronicle the fact that the celebrated Vienna director, Mr. Hans Richter, has accepted the place for one year. As Mr. Richter will conduct several concerts here in July, there will be American opportunity for inspecting his quality before he makes his first appearance in Boston. It is, of course, a pleasure to welcome to America so distinguished a master as Hans Richter, but it is not likely that the most hyper-criti-

cal will be able to find in his interpretations anything materially different to what Thomas, Gerricke and Nikisch have given us. These are great names, all of them, and those who so bravely compare them one with the other would probably find it impossible to distinguish between the work of one or the other if their eyes were blind-folded and they heard an entire concert by each director upon successive evenings—let alone going half around the earth and spanning an interval of months or years between the impressions upon which they have been in the habit of forming their opinions.

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Reference to the newspaper criticisms upon Mr. Nikisch, a proper enough function within bounds, calls attention again to what is certainly true in the department of music, and, to judge from the matter, may also be true in other departments of journalism—namely, that opinions are too often printed from sources incompetent to form such opinions upon just grounds. Men may not need to be able to direct an orchestra before being permitted to certify to a director's ability. It may be so masterly as to demonstrate itself. So also may be the incompetence. But the great majority of distinctions which men are in the habit of making in music are not so easily formed. Here for instance was the last recital of Paderewski, in which he played Beethoven's "Pastorale" sonata—a delightful work, not so very difficult, but fresh, musical, melodious and full of the spirit of the open air, the free heavens and the budding spring-time in a climate where Spring really "buds" instead of mainly lingering in the lap of winter, which is the Chicago way. This beautiful work, as free and spontaneous as any of Beethoven's, Paderewski played in a manner which was perfection itself. Everything was delightful. There was not an emphasis which he did not give; not a bit of melody which did not sing under his fingers. It played and played, just like a symphony, without the slightest pretense of "interpreting" it, but simply to play the music. He sang it, and sang it to perfection. I understand what I am saying.

Thirty years familiarity with this work, many times studying it, and teaching it scores of times entitles me to an opinion. There was nothing I would change. I have never heard a great virtuoso play an easy piece in so truthful a manner, and with so perfect an inner illumination of its meaning. Yet some "Daniel come to judgment" in one of the papers said the next day that Paderewski (in effect) might be well enough for Liszt rhapsodies, but that owing to a total lack of tonal color and a general want of appreciation, he was no man at all to play Beethoven. This, at first, took my breath away; then I remembered that Ruskin says that the things which are generally denied concerning any prominent man are commonly those in which he most excels; and the things which are commonly affirmed of him are generally those which he would not do at all. I do not remember the particular use Ruskin made of this paradox, and it certainly would not do for a general working hypothesis of the universe; but there is something in it, and that something was what bit poor Paderewski. If one considers the number of compositions which a musical critic has to hear in a season and give an opinion concerning them, and then reflects upon the length of time it would take him to have mastered those works to such a degree as to be able to recall them after months of forgetfulness, and to pass upon the details of a performance heard without looking up the work or following the performance with notes, he will see, I should suppose, either that miracles still occur, or else that a great deal of the musical criticism one reads must be rather wanting in foundation.

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One of the most remarkable performances of Paderewski this time was his interpretation of Liszt's arrangement of the "Midsummer-night's Dream" music. This occupies itself mainly with the wedding march through the first half. Then there is a cadenza made from the motives of the fairy music which opens the overture, and then two pages of the fairy music itself, written in thirds, with the hands inter-

locking. This fairy music was intended for the violins, and when done by them is excessively delicate and fairy-like. But upon the piano it is not so easy. It is very difficult to bring in the hands alternately in double notes with the same kind of fairy lightness that the violins get so easily upon their instruments. This impossibility was exactly what Paderewski accomplished, the fairy step being perfectly preserved, and the effect was charming to the last degree. Then the first part, also, which most players only just manage to play, he gave with that sweet and charming musical quality which appeared as if it might have an unlimited credit upon the twin banks of technique and musical susceptibility to draw upon. It was perfect, and nothing of his has shown his phenomenal powers in so bright a light except his performance of the Liszt version of the "*La ci darem la Mano*," where amid even greater difficulties of performance the same sweet musical quality came out, as reposeful as if nothing else occupied his attention.

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Thalberg had this element of repose. His melodies sang themselves as if he had nothing else to do, just as Paderewski's do; but then (and here I become critical) Thalberg had not the faculty of tone color to the extent that Paderewski has it, or approaching it. Moreover the pianos of that day did not permit it.

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At the other extremity of the line from the playing of Paderewski stands the Dvorak "*Requiem*," with which the Chicago Apollo Club finished its twenty-first season. I do not find it convenient here to enter into an extended review of this great work—for such it certainly is. But it is a greatness which is somewhat like Peter Cartwright's sanctification, which, he told the bishop, was "in spots." There are great moments in the work, and there is elevated and serious purpose all through it. But it is not quite all off from one piece. The principles of construction differ, and the conception differs in different numbers. Much of the work

might be characterized as "impressionist," by which is meant that the composer undertakes to interpret the text from line to line—lingering and repeating whenever he desires to make the impression more marked. But in other places he takes a broader view and develops a swinging music-piece which carries one along without tarrying upon the details, exactly as many of the old master works do. Occasionally a vein of realism enters, as when certain voices are repeating the text in a sort of muttering monotone, as constantly occurs at the solemn moments in a catholic congregation where everybody not alone participates in a solemn function but also utters *sotto voce* his own prayers.

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From a composer's point of view, Dvorak has imitated Wagner. The work opens with the leading motive, a very vague phrase, which reminds one of something in "Parsifal"—though it may be the instrumentation, or the sustained and church-like effect. Then the voices enter with the phrase "*Requiem eternam dona eis Domine*," the soprano very low, in the immediate vicinity of middle C, the alto still lower, and the men's voices divided into four parts covering the octave below middle C. The effect is grave and serious. The voice parts have nothing as yet to do with the orchestral motive which opened the work. The whole movement is masterly. Voices and instruments are consummately managed for reproducing the inner spirit of the text. Nowhere sensational, contrast is well preserved, and at times the writing is very clever, as at the words *Et lux perpetua*. Not until near the end of the movement does the chorus get the opening motive, and then it comes to the word "Kyrie" which must therefore be understood as the composers interpretation of the motive. The second movement is a sort of continuation of the first. A solo voice opens with the motive already mentioned to the words *Requiem aeternam*, and later all the female chorus sings with the soprano obligato. The real intention of this short movement is seen at the words "*In memoria aeternam*," given by the solo voice. It is a sort of intermezzo, to pre-

pare for the next following, the "*Dies Irae*." Just before this, however, the male voices close the first movement with a deep choral "*requiem aeternam*."

The "*Dies Irae*," with its suggestion of judgment-day terrors, has always been an inviting subject for composers able to handle an orchestra freely, as Dvorak can. This one is written in 6-4 measure, but sung in double time, *tempo di marcia*. In No. 3 the emphasis is put upon *Quanto tremor*, but the orchestra furnishes the trembling, the voices mainly explaining. No. 4 brings the "*Tuba mirum*." This opens with a prelude based upon the opening motive already mentioned, and the movement proper has in it nothing appropriate to the *tuba* until quite well advanced. Indeed, the real business of the "act," if one may so call it, does not open until after an intermezzo upon the text *Liber scriptus proferetur* for solo voices. Later the full movement is resumed, and the terrors of the apochryphal judgment day are by no means wanting. There are two other movements which are constructed upon rhythmic motives with a long swing, *a la presto*, and are therefore in effect instrumental. They are the "*Confutatis maledictis*" and the tearing fugue "*Quam olim Abraham*." Nearly or quite throughout all other parts of the work the impressionist treatment prevails, and the work in this respect more resembles a succession of very short movements, each mainly complete in itself, than a complete and organic whole. Nevertheless, this brevity of passages is still consistent with the constant recurrence of the leading motive and certain other notable germinal ideas. Throughout, the work is graphic, and purely conceived, as if from the inner meaning of the text, rather than predominantly from the merely external elements which too often color the treatment of this venerable and sublime hymn.

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From a vocal point of view the work is admirably written, in so far as regards the effect of voices so-and-so conducted. But as far as the convenience of the singers is concerned the work is by no means easy, for the voice parts

are written with enharmonic changes, as freely as if singers were able to grasp a pitch as certainly as instrumentalists. This and the intimate interdependence of voices and orchestra will limit the usefulness of the work to those occasions when all these elements in a high grade can be combined.

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The solo voices have a rather hard time of it, for the same reason. Upon this occasion the soprano was taken by Mrs. Agnes Thompson, who undertook the role upon the failure of the singer engaged for it. Mrs. Thompson sang admirably, but not with quite so much voice as would have suited the vast space to be filled. The alto role fell to the able voice and person of Mrs. Katherine L. Fisk, who sang it beautifully, and as usual pleased the eye no less than the ear. The tenor was Mr. Chas. Knorr, and the bass Mr. J. Elsworth Holmes. Both these gentlemen acquitted themselves admirably. The chorus singing was much better than had been feared from the difficulty of the work. On the whole it was a strong performance.

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This concert by no means finishes the work of the club for the season, since in May the same singers will have to sing several of the choral works of the Fair, and later they will sing the "Messiah" and the Bach "Passion" by themselves. This will make up a very remarkable season of hard work on the part of the singers, and one, too, which must necessarily remain among their most treasured experiences. All the labor of preparing this vast amount of choral music falls upon Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins, who has been so overdone as to be quite ill at not infrequent intervals throughout the winter. This, however, has not prevented his keeping the training of the club at its usual high standard, and, perhaps, carrying it still farther than formerly. Should he carry out his intention of taking a vacation at the close of the Fair, the club would find it almost impossible to secure a leader capable of continuing the work in the same spirit.

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The young Miss Castellano has given two more concerts in Chicago, with programmes much like those of last month, and with favorable notices from nearly all sources. Mr. Emil Liebling goes so far as to assert that her technique is better than that of Paderewski. This is a very handsome compliment, which would be worth much money to Miss Castellano if the public could be brought to realize its justice. She has great talent.

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The young violinist Henri Marteau appeared in a violin recital before the Amateur Musical Club, April 21. The program opened with the Mendelssohn violin concerto, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Seeboeck, played delightfully. Later the programme included, besides several popular and virtuoso pieces, the great Bach "Chaconne." This enormously difficult work was played beautifully as to its technique, but greater breadth of interpretation would have been advantageous. Mr. Marteau's tone is sweet and pure, his intonation true, his technique masterly, and he is in all respects an artist. In the Bach "Chaconne" his tone was less pure than in the other numbers, a fact explainable on the ground of greater absorption in the mechanical difficulties to be overcome. His polyphonic playing was very good indeed.

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Speaking of violinists recalls the veteran Remenyi, who is having a very successful tour throughout the country. In most of his public concerts before audiences of lyceum caliber, Remenyi confines himself to popular selections, which by long experience he knows will please. In private, however, there are few players in the world more familiar with the great works for this instrument. At a private occasion lately he played the Bach "Chaconne" in a wonderfully broad and inspiring manner, and with a mastery of its manifold difficulties which would afford genuine surprise to many critics who occupy themselves with the impression that the "old man" is no fiddler. Bach and polyphonic playing have been his hobbies for years, and when he inter-

pretends the "Chaconne" or the G minor fugue (also from the violin sonatas) he is an altogether different man from the amiable old popularist who with half-closed eyes revels in the sweetness of the Chopin E flat nocturne, upon the public platform. Upon the occasion referred to, he also played one of Paganini's Caprices in a magnificent manner. Few have not heard his taking transcription of the Dead March from Handel's "Saul." With organ accompaniment it is enormously impressive.

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Remenyi is also a collector, and besides some seventy violins of every kind, including his famous "Princess" Amati, a great viola by Gaspar da Salo, and the like, he has more than fifty thousand dollars worth of all sorts of curios from every part of the earth. In South Africa, for instance, he picked up many rare things. One of these is the ivory arm ring of a Zulu chief. This ring the Zulu never parts with but with his life. It is made of a section of tusk, slipped on the arm past the elbow. Other collectors have one of these; Remenyi has a dozen. Whether he acquired them all in the regulation manner by depriving the owners of their lives, history does not tell.

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This is as hard to find out as the other fact as to the manner in which he acquired the great Stradivarius fiddle in South Africa, the "Titan," one of the most glorious instruments now upon the concert stage. He got it. But *how* he got it one always fails to discover. "It is too long a story. Some other day I will tell you"—this is as far as his best friends have ever got.

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Remenyi has two children, twins, a son and a daughter. The latter has a voice, and her father looks eagerly forward to the time when he will have a young prima donna of his own. The son is with Edison.

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There was talk at one time of the Remenyi collection being

upon exhibition at the Fair, but for some reason it fell through.

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MUSIC regrets having fallen short of its duty in not keeping track of the splendid series of recitals given by the great American pianist, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood. Never has he played better than this season, and never have his recitals been attended by larger and more appreciative audiences. He has given a magnificent list of works. As already mentioned he has also been permitted to play with the Chicago orchestra this year upon one occasion. This, considering the fact that he is the best American concert pianist now upon the stage (excepting possibly Mme. Rive-King) and a resident of Chicago, is a little strange. American pianists and Chicago pianists stand a rather poor show with our orchestra.

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Perhaps if the truth were known they owe something of the small number of their appearances to their voluntarily making agreement with piano makers to play instruments for money, without reference to the merit of the instruments. It has happened this season that one of our local pianists, most highly esteemed personally and professionally, upon appearing with the Chicago orchestra, got no notices at all in the daily papers, or at most mere mention because in the opinion of the critics his instrument was too poor to afford his abilities a fair chance. And as the counting-room had prohibited their finding fault with pianos made by advertisers, they chose the rather unamiable course of ignoring a really creditable appearance. For the same reason many local recitals are ignored. This is rather a nice question which MUSIC does not undertake to settle upon its merits. But it is just possible that in the long run it would be profitable for a pianist to preserve his independence and appear upon whatever instrument seemed to him to afford his playing the best chance to please the manager and the audience.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

“PEACE, LIKE A RIVER.” Words by Rev. H. G. Jackson: music by Nellie Whipple Fawcett. Chicago, Lyon & Healy.

“A DREAM OF REST.” By Nellie Whipple Fawcett. Lyon & Healy.

“SUNSET AND TWILIGHT.” Soprano and quartette, with alto solo. Nellie Whipple Fawcett. Lyon & Healy.

The foregoing three new compositions are interesting in several ways. In the first place, they are the work of an amateur, and such things throw a great deal of light upon the unconscious musical cerebration of the “average” American. For all well-taught compositions by our young composers are worthless for purposes of scientific induction, because the first thing the teacher of composition does is to make the pupil self-conscious, and the studies usually stop long before the other end of the course has been reached in the attainment of self-conscious freedom, in which the imagination has play, yet always under due control of the musical reason. The first composition on the above list is likely to be heard of later. Without being at all original, it has easy sequence, and that art of tittillating the musical palate, which contains the germ of popularity. It is above the common run of the old popular music, such as the Moody and Sankey and the “Silvery Waves,” having in it a higher perception. And it has the same sweet goodness, which will appeal to many to whom Beethoven and Bach are worse than caviare.

The second number is based upon a familiar motive, and is by far too long spun out, and nowhere relieved by new matter. Only a peculiarly meditative amateur could be pleased by it. The third, again, is better, and will be found useful for church service. All these are sentimental to a degree, and all show familiarity with the key-board, and a love of key-changes, which are generally pleasing in themselves as here made. There is a very large public for this kind of music.

“OBSERVATIONS OF A MUSICIAN.” Louis Lombard. 32mo. paper, pp. 114. Limited Edition. Utica, N. Y. 1893.

In this neat little volume are brought together twenty-five essays upon musical subjects. They are all short, all well written, and generally distinguished by good sense. It is, therefore, just such a volume as a reader will like to have handy, or take with him in the

pocket. in order, by its agreeable aid, to while away a spare half hour.

"*Annuario Del Reale Conservatorio di Musica di Milano.*" 1891-92.
Octavo paper, pp. 96.

Copies of the annual catalogue of the Royal Conservatory of Milan, for the years 1889 to the present, show it to be in a prosperous condition. The total number of pupils is about 190. The attainments, shown by the performances at the annual commencement, are of a much higher character than generally prevail in American schools—a fact due most likely to the higher standard of entrance. Many original works, in ambitious forms, by pupils, graduates, are given. When it is considered that the graduates of this school include such masters as Sig. Tebaldini, of Venice, Mascagni, and the greater number of the young Italians, it is evident that we are here dealing with a metropolitan school. As for the standard of piano playing under Martucci, the Signorina Castellano has shown how high it is. The Annual contains an installment of the catalogue of the library. The list here reaches to number 4463, and the name Hummel. In this proportion the total number of works included should be about 10,000. Naturally, Italian masters are well represented.

"IN ARCADY": FOUR PASTORAL SCENES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.
By Ethelbert Nevin. Op. 16: \$1.25. 1892. The Boston Music Company.

1. "A SHEPHERD'S TALE." Key of E flat, a la Scotch. Beginning thus:

Allegretto semplice. ETHELBERT NEVIN, Op. 16, No. 1

PIANO. *mf più marcato*

dolce.

2. "SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR." Key of G flat. Allegro. After a short introduction (first line below) the principal subject enters (second line of music). Sprightly and well treated.

Allegro con moto. ETHELBERT NEVIN, Op. 16, N^o 3

PIANO.

3. "LULLABYE." Key of G major. After a short introduction the subject comes as in second line of music below. It is relieved by the key of G minor and a second subject. Simple and pleasing.

Semplice. ETHELBERT NEVIN, Op. 16, N^o 3

PIANO.

4. "TOURNAMENT." (A la Polonaise.) After a brilliant introduction, which unfortunately is all the music the engraver has favored us with, a spirited polonaise enters, in the key of A major. Later a second subject in D flat affords an agreeable relief of lyric kind.

Allegro energico **ETHELBERT NEVIN, Op. 16, No. 4**

PIANO.

sempre f *brillante*

"AFRICA" FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA. Par Camille Saint-Saens.
 A curious study in barbaric rhythms and quasi false scales, the local coloring for which the composer probably picked up during one of his not infrequent trips to Tangiers and Morocco. The opening subject is this:

Edition A
 pour Piano seul
 PAR L'AUTEUR

© SAINT-SAËNS
 Op. 80

Molto Allegro

PIANO

It is worked up to quite a height of power and fantasy, before being relieved by a second subject. This after some miscellaneous rumbling in the way of low passage work, is in the key of E flat, quite simple in manner.

Very soon, however, this is relieved in turn by the re-entrance of the first subject, which is very brilliantly treated with interlocking work, etc. There is also a middle part, after which the first subject comes back again with an entirely different treatment, a la Liszt in the fairy music of the "Midsummernight's Dream" music.

It is altogether likely that the barbaric element in the music is still more emphasized by the orchestration, of which, however, there is no hint in the piano copy.

SOME NEW MUSIC FROM THE O. DITSON COMPANY.

"Misery," says Trinculo. "makes strange bedfellows." Is this the reason for the queer fellowships one finds in a package of new music, fresh from the publisher? We have a case in hand.

"SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP." A song by Clayton Jones.

It has violin obligato. The text locates it. "Sleep, baby, sleep. what ails my dear, what ails my darling thus to cry?" The music is equally poetical. The second stanza of the text is of a more "sacred" character—perhaps for Sunday crying:

"When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight,
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight."

The punctuation is peculiar, but pathos and piety overrule punctuation at times.

"FEDORA WALTZES." For mandolin, with guitar accompaniment.
To fill a long-felt want.

"CŒUR DE LION MARCH." For pianoforte, by Harry L. Harts.
In 6-8 time, with a hop, skip and jump.

Verily, there's much in a name. "Why leap ye so, Oh, ye mighty hills, and wherefore do ye jump?" asked a poet of old.

"WAITING FOR THE FOOTFALL." Song for mezzo-soprano, by Anna Harris Smith.

A well-written ballad of waiting in the "gloaming" for a "foot-fall in the west," etc., etc.

"A DREAM OF OTHER DAYS." Song by T. H. Howe. Sentimental and pleasing.

"SECOND BATTERY MARCH." For Guitar. By Walter Vreeland.

What can be more awe-inspiring than a march upon the guitar, and what more military? Leaving the conundrum for answer later let us pass.

"THE CAMBRIDGE PATROL." By W. F. Lewis. □ For two banjos.

Now, again, we must tread softly, for we are on cultured ground.

"FANTASIE ESPAGNOLE." For two mandolins and guitar. B. Lewis.

The first piece in the collection, from which this is taken, is by Brahms. Again the philosophy of our late departed and bewildered Trinculo.

"DOT LONG-HANDLED DIPPER." A parody on the "Old Oaken Bucket."

"AN AUTUMN SONG." By Homer N. Bartlett.

Pleasingly written, much of the time the melody itself forming the lowest voice of the accompaniment—if this is not an Irish manner of saying it.

"REMEMBER ME." Song by Faustina Hasse Hodges. A sentimental song not badly done.

"NIGGER ON A FENCE," (Harvard collection.) For two banjos.

Again the air of culture. A poetic conception, pleasingly realized. Leading naturally to that part of the musical congresses which will treat of the value of music as mental discipline.

"HARVARD BANJO CLUB SCOTTISCH." For two banjos. Designed for those who desire the latest thing in classics.

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH." Song for baritone. By George B. Nevin. A bass song rather than baritone.

"TIARA LANCERS." By T. H. Rollison. Dancing music applied to the pianoforte by hand rather than by an automatic roller.

There are those who pass their lives in doing up parcels like the above: in entering and re-entering the titles—in speculating upon the various mysteries involved: but they do not live in Chicago.

Diploma of honor. "None mentioned without being recommended for purchase."

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

THE MATTER WITH THE PIANO TRADE.

The piano trade presents an interesting lot of phenomena. from whatever point of view one studies it. One of its aspects is that of vast and ever-increasing prosperity. This is the impression one gets who notices the constant additions being made to the number of piano manufactories, and the enlargements being made to factories which were only yesterday supposed large enough for many years. Moreover, in spite of the vast output, the greater number of the low-priced makes appear to have ample market for all they can make ! Surely this is prosperity.

There is another side to this picture. There are in the piano-making world some five, six, or other very small number of firms which by universal consent of the trade stand at the head. Their instruments, or at least the instruments of some of them, represent the most perfect achievement of piano-making art in its existing state. The names of Steinway, Weber, Chickering, Decker, and others, immediately occur in this connection ; and nine times out of ten your interlocutor will add the well-known names of Henry F. Miller's Sons, Mason & Hamlin, and Knabe. All of these, except Mason & Hamlin, who have taken up piano-making within a few years, are old established houses. Several of them have been reputed rich, and all of them have been accustomed to expend very large sums in advertising. Yet several of these houses are now owned by capitalists who have acquired a controlling interest after the original proprietors or their successors have died or failed, and this, where there has been a supposed success. No one of these leading houses is at present enlarging its business. The great and world-renowned house of Steinway & Sons probably employs no more men to-day than it did twenty years ago; perhaps not quite so many. No more pianos are sold in a year. All the world acknowledges the great beauty of their instruments, and more admirers rank them above all others than can be said of any other one house. Yet with all this growth of taste, wealth, and the habit of music, there is not one more Steinway piano sold in the United States to-day than there was in 1880. It is the same with Decker, and but for Lyon & Healy would be the same with Knabe. Weber is in the same lot, as also is Chickering. Now this stagnation of the leading houses in a business generally regarded as prosperous, is true of no

other business than piano-making. It is a very serious fact, and one that should be looked in the face.

It is not a sufficient explanation of this situation to charge it to the absurd effort to keep up a system of fictitious prices, and to vary from them by all sorts of catch-as-catch-can discounts. While it is true that some of the great makers play into the hands of the cheap makers by still printing a set of fancy "list" prices, from which anybody can get about half off, while the close buyer gets, perhaps, half off that, this is not true of the trade as a whole. The greatest sticklers for a high price, and very properly so, (both for merit and for the vast cost of developing the trade mark) is the house of Steinway. Yet there are many Steinway agencies where in place of a list running from \$750 to \$1300 for uprights, we find card prices ranging from \$550 to \$800—which is a very different thing. Almost every purchaser knows that he can buy a Steinway or Chickering piano at about a third more than he would have to pay for one made by an ordinary maker.

So serious is the condition of the trade that the sentiment regarding the great houses has changed perceptibly within a very few years. Ten years ago the prevailing sentiment was one of fear and envy. Now the general sentiment is that unless these great houses, with their unrivalled artistic and personal prestige, are able to keep up the prices, there is nothing to hinder all the smaller makers going to the dogs together. Hence we no longer find opposing agents occupying themselves with trying to prove, for instance, that their own pianos are "just as good as Steinway," or that the Steinway prices are a "swindle"; on the contrary, all cheerfully admit that the piano is a good one, and that a high price ought to be charged for it. It is their only chance to come in later with a word for another instrument having along with many and great excellencies a lower price.

What kind of pianos do people generally buy? Amid the whole lot of pianos sold every year, what kind of instrument is it that the average purchasers get? This is a question which is worth looking at. There are about four grades of piano—or to take the biblical method, we might make two—the sheep and the goats. The sheep are those which are worth a price; the goats are the evil and vile pianos which are worth nothing for musical purposes. Of the good pianos there are about three grades: The "commercial" pianos, which are just as good as can be made with machinery and low-priced labor, without high-priced supervision, to sell at a low price. Many of these instruments are very good indeed, considering the cost. Like cheap garments they will at least cover up the musical nakedness for a while. The next grade includes the medium pianos, where a little better kind of labor is employed, a higher kind of supervision, and a little better grade of material. Some of the instruments in this class are very respectable, and answer a very good purpose. Then at the top are the really artistic pianos, which cost more to make than the jobber pays for the next grade below.

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Better material, or more carefully selected material, higher priced labor and more of it, and the best supervision that can be had. This is the way a first-class piano is made. Now taking the country through, it is probable that out of one hundred instruments sold, there are about forty of the snide grade, forty of the commercial, fifteen of the medium, and only five of the highest. Very likely the above is too favorable a view. It might better be out of one thousand instruments, four hundred of the snides, four hundred of the commercial, one hundred of the better commercials, fifty of the mediums, and only forty of the highest.

This is not the worst of it. All the snides and a very large proportion of the commercial pianos are sold to the customer for something much better than they really are--*i. e.*, under false pretences. There is no doubt of this fact. Nine people out of ten who buy a piano may not be able to determine tone when they hear it; but they honestly mean to get *musical* instruments, and not snide boxes, or pianos which are just as bad as a piano can be and not fall to pieces. They all intend to buy either the better commercial piano or a medium, if not the very best. Probably at least twice as many suppose themselves to be getting as good a piano as actually get one of the best makes. This is what is the matter with the piano trade. The snides are taking the trade which belongs to the good commercial pianos: the commercials are getting that which the mediums ought to have; and the mediums are too often sold in place of the best. If the snides could be killed off, the commercials would take the trade which belongs to them, and so on, all up the line, and the really great makers instead of pulling hard to hold their own, after years of distinction from all sorts of artistic sources, would be the ones to enlarge their factories, take vacation trips to Europe, and all this sort of thing.

Education is what is wanted. Education of the people to ignore the snides: education to discriminate in tone; and education of the dealers to make a set of asking prices affording a fair and honest profit, but no steal. Then treat every customer alike, as impartially as is done in most other lines of merchandising except piano-dealing, and when questions are asked, let them be answered truthfully—and there we are. Quartz diamonds would no longer sell for fine ones.

Another missing link is the recognition of the great principle that pianos are artistic creations and cannot possibly be made of uniform grade. The tone, granted a sound scale, is a question of sounding board and its treatment, and the hammers. Now there are not two sounding boards alike; yet our commercial and medium makers buy them by the gross, treat them all exactly alike, and suppose that they will have attained an equal success. But this is not the case. Even in the commercial pianos some are better than others. A good sounding board gets in, and a fortunate bracing or some other thing chances to give a tone much better than one usually finds in pianos of this grade. But who gets the benefit?

Nobody. The instrument goes off by its style and number, and is just as likely to bring up in a dug-out in Kansas as in a city studio. One of the best Chickering pianos I ever saw was sold to a country customer in Iowa, where it never could be played for anything much above the grade of "Silvery Waves."

The higher we go in the art, the broader the differences become. In the Steinway pianos there are wider differences than in any other I know of. All are good; but now and then one is head and shoulders above its fellows. The chances have favored it. It may come in the plainest case made, or it may come in a fancy wood, but more often the former. But what of it? It goes again as so many chords of piano. Style and number—"a pound of brown sugar—not too wet." This is all wrong. A Stradivarius violin brings a high price. "But," says the customer, "that is because it is old." No, because it is *good*. And also, I grant, because there will never be any more of them.

But there is this difference between pianos and violins. The art of violin-making has been perfected; piano-making has not. "What do I mean?" I mean that one can buy a violin which has been in use more or less for nearly three hundred years, and still sounds not only as well as it ever did, but absolutely better than a new one—and that new one, the very best of the present day. This is because the violin is sufficient for the demands upon it in the way of strain. The piano is not. The pull of the strings is so great, and the pressure upon the sounding board so crushing, that there is not to-day in the world a piano twenty years old which sounds as well as when it was made, or as well as a new one. The piano is like Dives in the New Testament story, it has to take its good things in this life—even in the present day. It has no future. The strain is bound to tell upon it, no matter how solidly or well it is made. Hence there will never from our day be any old pianos, one or two hundred years in use, for which musicians will bid against each other. The first piano ever made by Jonas Chickering will be shown at the Fair. It is sweet in tone, but very small and ineffective. The first Steinway upright piano, made no longer ago than 1860, probably now dignifies a refuse heap. The pianoforte Pegasus plows cabbages in a boarding-school, or is killed for his old iron. There is no blessed hereafter for him.

Sort the prices now. Do not attempt this absurd and foolish pretense that one piano is as good as another. Not by a great deal. When there is a customer, wanting the *best* why should he not pay for it? There are not enough first-class pianos made in any year to supply the legitimate demand of that year. Suppose Steinway should make in one year 2000 pianos. Out of these there should be in one style or another about 100 specimens of wholly indisputable beauty and perfection of tone. Then there will be about 500 more that are distinctly above the average. Then 1000 average; and 400 which distinctly fall below. The current prices would bring for the whole lot, let us say, an average of

\$500, not a high average considering the magnitude of the trade in grands. Now under our system the 100 very best ought to be worth at least triple their current price, and there are customers enough in any year who would willingly, gladly pay, this proportion for them. That gives us for this lot something over \$150,000. Then we have the next best, worth easily double their current price, or at least \$500,000. Then we have 1000 average—\$500,000. And last of all the poor ones, worth say, 25 per cent. less than current rates, or about \$150,000. Total say \$1,300,000 in place of \$1,000,000 under the existing method of selling.

This principle of selecting ought to be carried all the way down the line to the commercial piano and then the customers, being educated to desire good tone, would more and more be willing to pay for it. And when this day comes, it will be a millennium for the good makers, because even music teachers will have learned something about tone and the qualities which make one piano better than another.

W. S. B. M.

EMERSON WARE ROOM.

The Emerson Piano Company is making a very fine display of styles at their splendid new ware-rooms, 218 Wabash Ave. Previous to opening their own ware-rooms, their better styles were not represented in Chicago, their instruments having been handled as an upper medium grade piano. Hence comparatively few customers were aware of the merits of their extra styles, and particularly of their charming small grand, of which several samples are now shown. In elegance of case, thoroughness of workmanship, and in real worth there are very few pianos in the market to be mentioned higher than the Emerson. The company is also fortunate in obtaining a Chicago manager so experienced as Mr. John W. Northrup, who has been long enough with the Kimball Company to understand all the ins and outs of the trade—though, to be sure, the Kimball people usually take the “ins” and leave the “outs” to their competitors. We understand this to be Mr. Northrup’s scheme, also.

MUSIC

JUNE, 1893.

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS.

A STUDY IN MUSICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

I am indebted to a friend of mine whose modesty shrinks from the credit I should like to give him by name, a Cossack by birth, but now a resident of Milwaukee, for opportunities to become acquainted with a considerable number of old folk-songs, not only Cossack but also Great Russian. A few of them are not printed, so far as I know; but most of the Cossack songs are published by Jurgenson, of Moskow, under the title: “100 МАЛОРОССІЙСКІХЪ ПІСЕНЬ” etc.; and of the Great Russian songs, almost all are printed by Rahter, Hamburg, under the title, “*Volksklaenge, Sammlung von Russischen Volks- und Moskauer Zigeuner-Lieder, fuer Pianoforte uebertragen von Nicholas von Wilm.*”

These published songs I went over with my friend, who certified to the correctness of all that he knew. He is not at all a cultivated musician, but sang me the songs as he had heard them in his childhood from peasants, beggars, etc. A few, mostly those not to be found in the printed collections, I took down from his singing and harmonized them simply, seeking to find out the natural harmonies implied in the melodies. These harmonizations I submitted to him, varying the chords sometimes to get his judgment of their

fitness, and finally retaining, in every case, the harmony of which he approved. The published songs, which had been somewhat elaborated, I also harmonized simply, submitting them to my friend's criticism. Those which I took down from his singing, with the harmony I gave them, accompany this paper. I consider his assistance especially valuable because he has had no technical musical training. This fact enabled me to deal with him, *quo ad hoc*, as I would deal with any primitive man.

My interest in these Russian songs arose in large part from the fact that I had been for some years engaged in making a scientific study of music among our North American Indians. I rejoiced in the opportunity to compare the primitive music of other races with that of the aborigines of my own country, and I thought myself exceedingly fortunate in securing the assistance of so able and intelligent a coadjutor as my Russian friend. To his enthusiastic interest, unwearied patience and intelligent criticism I owe very much, and I desire to offer him here my sincere thanks.

I.

The first question about any primitive music is that regarding its origin and function. It is obvious that these Russian songs, like other folk-songs, are not the product of cultivated intelligence. They are based on no *theory* whatever; they are wholly spontaneous; the natural product of the free, untrammelled impulses of human nature. What, then, are the impulses to which the production of these songs are due, and what function do they perform?

The investigator who seeks to divest his mind, for the time being, of all preconceived theory as regards the origin and function of music in general, and to treat the special music under consideration as a separate phenomenon to be studied first by itself and afterwards in its relation to other musical phenomena, will find that the musically uncultivated Russian, like other primitive men, regards his music as the expression of feeling. Whatever philosophical theories may be held by critics and æstheticians, like Dr. Hanslick, for

example. there can be no convincing a Cossack, like my friend, that his natural music is not primarily related to the states and movements of the sensibility. This is obvious, not only from his manner of singing the songs, but also from his talk about them and from his criticism of the playing of them by others and of the harmonization of them by musicians. To him music is the expression of feeling; both of those states of the soul which we sometimes call moods, such as cheerfulness or melancholy, and of those movements of the sensibility which are more properly called emotions, *i. e.*, *out-movings* of the mind toward objects of desire or affection. And he finds in his national folk-songs the expression of those national feelings which are characteristic and habitual, so that they constitute a revelation of national character. To his perception, the difference between the Great Russian and the Little Russian (Cossack) songs are characteristic of different modes of feeling, due to differences of race, and no philosophical argument, however acute or profound, could convince him of the falsity of this perception. He does not argue; he sees and feels.

In this respect he is wholly in agreement with other primitive men, at least so far as I have been able to learn either by personal observation or by the testimony of others. I have, within the past four years, had opportunity to test this matter somewhat thoroughly among our North American Indians, and there the same observation holds good. To the Indian, music is always the expression of feeling, and the songs of different tribes and of different stocks are as characteristic of differences of family and of race as are the songs of the different races of Russia to my Russian friend.

But this is not all. The perception of the musically uncultivated man is completely in agreement with that of the most highly trained musicians as regards the primary relation of music to feeling, its function as the natural means of expressing emotion, and the characteristic types it assumes. I have yet to meet a trained musician who does not perceive in folk-songs precisely the feelings which the primitive

people who produce and sing them regard as their characteristic contents. And the more sensitive the musician is to music in general, the more acute is his perception of the emotional contents of all music, the more is he in accord with the perceptions of the primitive man as regards the significance of primitive music as a spontaneous means of emotional expression.

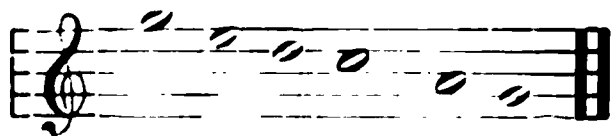
I am forced to believe, therefore, that the function of music is the expression of feeling; not, of course, including the causes and objects of feeling; but the states and movements of the mind in view of those objects. And I do not see why Dr. Hanslick or the late Edmund Gurney should have found difficulty in accepting this view. Their polemics have been mainly directed against a confused sentimental theory of the relation of music to emotion, which makes it capable of depicting the incidents, events or scenes which awaken the emotions. On this ground they are entirely right. There is no musical equivalent for any outward object whatever, and, consequently, no possible succession or combination of musical sounds can convey to us any well-defined ideas of such objects or of the relations of objects. The utmost that music can do is to express so definitely the emotions naturally arising from an event or a series of events that, when we are once given the clue, the feelings expressed may suggest the ideas which awaken the feelings. This has sometimes been very cleverly done, as, for example, in Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton"; and this is the only justification for what is known as "programme music". But while I do not wish to dispute the legitimacy of this special genre, it seems clear that, unless the universal perceptions of all men, savage and civilized, are deceptive, the primary function of music is to express the states and movements of the sensibility. And its origin I believe to be in the natural effort to express emotion through the vocal organs. Happily the luminous treatment of this subject by Mr. Herbert Spencer renders any elaborate argument on this point superfluous (1).

1) See essay on "The Origin and Function of Music," in "Illustrations of Universal Progress."

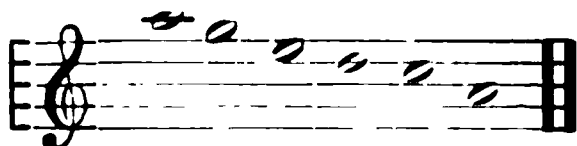
II.

Having satisfied ourselves as to the origin and function of primitive music, thus fathoming its inner meaning, we shall next inquire: what form has this primitive music assumed and why did it take on this particular form?

The first thing which strikes an investigator of this Russian music is the absence of the five-toned scale which is so widely spread among primitive people that we naturally expect to find it here also. The primitive music of the Chinese, Celts, Negroes, North American Indians, and I know not how many other races, is largely made up of a scale of five tones, the common major scale with the fourth and seventh omitted. This seems to be the earlier form in which primitive music manifests itself, the supplying of the two missing intervals being a later development. In my study of Indian music, (mainly that of the Omaha tribe), I have found the five-toned major scale predominant, especially in this form:



The five-toned minor scale also occurs in this form: (1)



In both cases it is the two semi-tone progressions which are omitted. In other Indian songs one or both of these missing tones may be found with other tones omitted. In some of them the full major and also the full minor scale is to be found. In a few, tones occur which are outside the limits of the scale. But the five-toned scale predominates. Why should this be so? What brings about the develop-

1.) See Nos. 12 and 13 of the accompanying songs.

ment of the eight-toned scale from the five-toned one? What brings about the development of the eight-toned scale? What is the secret of the chromatic aberrations?

A prolonged and careful study of many Indian songs and a considerable experience in experimenting with Indians, trying on them the effect of different harmonizations of their songs has led me to think it extremely probable that the solution of this problem is to be found in the constitutional adaptation of the ear and of the nervous apparatus for the perception of the complex nature of sound; *i. e.* in the innate sense of harmony. I was led to this from the starting-point of the fact that, although the Indians never attempt to sing in parts, they are not satisfied without chords when their songs are played on a piano or organ. They also have a decided choice in the matter of harmony, and I have invariably found that their perception of what was natural in the harmonization of their songs coincided with my own. The five-toned scale is made up of the tones of the tonic chord with two bye-tones, one of which belongs to the dominant and the other to the subdominant chord. I strongly suspect that the primitive man, when he selects this series of tones as his means of emotional expression, is simply following the line of least resistance from one tone of the tonic chord to another; that this chord is the fundamental fact of his musical perception, and that it is so because of the complex nature of a single tone, made up of a fundamental and its overtones.

That is to say: harmonic perception is at the bottom of primitive melody, the primitive man utilizing for his melody the successive components of a complex tone, sliding from one tone to another and partially filling up the larger intervals (thirds) with intermediate tones.

But these intermediate tones (the second and sixth of the diatonic scale) imply the Dominant and Subdominant chords; no song based on a five-toned scale can be harmonized in such a way as to satisfy either the savage or civilized man without using these two chords, and these two chords supply

the missing fourth and seventh. The addition of these, therefore, and their employment in primitive songs, would seem to result naturally from a more advanced development of the harmonic sense. My belief in the intimate connection of harmonic perception with primitive melody was also strengthened by my experiments with Indian songs containing tones not belonging to the diatonic scale. The foreign tones belong, at least in the most striking cases, (1) to chords which stand in the relation of major under or over-third to the tonic ; almost as near as the more common fifth relationships. When these third related chords were fitted to the melodic tones belonging to them, they were at once accepted by the Indian ear as well as by my own, as natural and valid. Thus not only were the complete and the incomplete forms of the diatonic scale accounted for as resulting from the innate perception of harmony, but also the aberrations from that scale. (2)

But these Russian songs employ in every case the complete major or minor diatonic scale. Whatever their age, therefore, they probably imply either a stage of development in advance of that in which songs are made up of five tones only, or else a natural musical endowment superior to that of most primitive races. This conclusion is strengthened by the fact, obtained from my friend, that the Russians sometimes improvise parts in their singing, instead of confining themselves to singing in unison, as our Indians do and as other primitive men also do invariably, so far as I have been able to learn. I am as yet without information as to the time when these songs originated and of the degree of civilization attained by the Russian races at that period. My friend thinks the songs are at least four or five hundred years old. I should very much like to know whether these

1) No. 14 of the accompanying songs is an example.

2) A full account of these investigations on Indian music will be found in a monograph on that subject, now on the point of being published by the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard University.

ances produced songs based on five-toned scales at a period anterior to that in which these collections took their origin. But as yet I have found no traces of such songs.

III.

If the above-mentioned conjecture as to the origin of primitive melody be correct, we have accounted for the five-toned major scale and for the eight-toned one as a natural development of it. But the five-toned minor scale and its development into the eight-toned one remains to be explained and accounted for, especially in its "mixed" form, with the leading tone which gives us a major dominant. It is easy to imagine the generation of the sense of a major tonic chord in the mind from a single tone, owing to the presence of the consonant over-tones; and this once given, the component tones of this chord might naturally predominate in the melody, the nearest related harmonies being added later. But the consonant over-tones not only do not suggest the minor chord, they contradict it. How, then, does the primitive man arrive at the sense of a minor tonic? That he does so is evident. The five-toned minor scale, no less than the five-toned major scale, is made up of the tones of the tonic chord, (but this time it is a minor chord), with two notes additional, one of which belongs to the *minor* dominant and the other to the subdominant. The five-toned minor scale, so far as I have been able to observe, is always "pure" and not "mixed" minor; *i. e.* it has a minor and not a major dominant, and the *subdominant*, not the dominant, is the cadence-making chord. How shall we account for this?

Since the over-tones are necessarily present in the initial tone of the song, and since these over-tones make up the major and not the minor tonic, the minor third being a sharp dissonance in the over-tone series, it follows that when the initial tone of a song is conceived as implying a minor tonic, it is so conceived *in spite* of the presence of the over-tones.

This negation of the consonant over-tones, whose influence cannot fail to be felt, must be due to some cause. This may, perhaps, be a necessity of emotional expression which forces the singer to modify the natural consonant harmony in the direction of dissonance, or else there must be some acoustic principle, opposed to the phenomenon of over-tones, strong enough to overbear the over-tone series and make it, for the time being, of no importance. If there be such a principle, capable of accounting for the minor chord as an acoustic consonance, our task is easy. If not, I see no escape from the conclusion that the minor chord must be regarded as an imperfect, disturbed concord.

There are two distinguished theorists, Prof. Arthur von Oettingen, of the University of Dorpat, and Dr. Hugo Riemann, of Wiesbaden, who believe that the minor chord is not only a perfect concord, but that its consonance is accounted for by a principle the exact reverse of the over-tone principle which accounts for the major chord, *viz.*, the principle of under-tones. The under-tone series, according to these theorists, is a series of tones, the exact reciprocals of the over-tones; *i. e.*, while the over-tones stand for the simple multiples of the vibration-number of the tone, (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6), the under-tones stand for simple fractions of the vibration-number of the tone which generates them (1, 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, 1-5, 1-6) (1).

According to this theory the *upper* and not the lower tone of a minor chord is the generating tone on which the unity of the chord is conditioned. The minor chord, no less than the major, is made up of a major third and a perfect fifth; only the minor chord consists of a generating tone with its *under*-third and *under*-fifth, just as a major chord consists of a generating tone with its *over*-third and *over*-fifth.

There is no denying that the minor chord fits into the supposed under-tone series and is explained by it just as per-

1) See Prof. von Oettingen's "*Harmonic-Methode in dualer Entwicklung*" and Dr. Riemann's "*Musikalische Logik*," "*Musikalische Syntax*," "*Skizze einer neueren Methode der Harmonic-Lehre*" and numerous other works.

fectly as the major chord fits into the over-tone series and finds in that series its acoustic explanation. And there is no denying, either, that the doctrine of the dual nature of harmony, as elaborately worked out by the two above-named theorists on the basis of this hypothesis, is a beautiful one. I myself gave in my adhesion to this theory about ten years ago and have advocated it, probably, more strongly than any other English-speaking writer. It is exceedingly plausible and fascinating and intellectually satisfying. Whether it is entirely sound or not, has now become a serious question in my mind, a question which I am not prepared to answer without further investigation.

The weak point of this theory has always been that there is no discoverable actual phenomenon of under-tones corresponding to the over-tones. It may be that we have, in all cases, a sub-conscious perception of the under-tones, just as we have of the over-tones. It may be that, in some way yet unexplained, the tones of the minor chord do blend into perfect unity in the sense of the upper and not of the lower tone. But if we ever do actually hear the under-tones; if they ever occur as objective phenomena, it can only be due, so far as our present knowledge goes, to the phenomenon of sympathetic vibrations. Perhaps they may be actually present and producing sound-waves when the dampers are lifted from the strings of a piano and tones are sounded forcibly and continued long enough to set in sympathetic vibration, all strings producing tones of which the generating tones are components. But even this is difficult to prove by experiment, and if it were proved, it may be doubted whether it would form a sufficient basis for the theory. As for the resultant (Combination) tones, those generated by the major chord and its first six partial tones all belong to the major chord; while those generated by the minor chord and its first six partials belong to the major chord of the tone a major third below. So that the resultant tones give no support to the under-tone theory. If, therefore, the dual nature of harmony is ever to be accepted as proved it must

be after much further investigation of the facts. In the light of our present knowledge, if we assume it to be true, we can only conjecture that it is a subjective fact, a fact of the mind and of the auditory apparatus rather than an objective fact of acoustics.

IV.

The theory that the minor chord is due to our sub-conscious perception of the under-tone series depends primarily on the assumption, that the minor chord is a perfect concord. On this assumption it is only natural that we should seek for some acoustic principle which shall explain it as the over-tones explain the major chord; and further, that finding such a principle in the under-tone hypothesis, we should accept that hypothesis provisionally, even in advance of its complete proof. It is a good working hypothesis.

But *is* the minor chord a perfect concord? It is commonly assumed to be so. Yet it may be possible that certain facts will have to be accounted for otherwise. Why is it, for example, that Indians should prefer to end a minor song with a major chord? Why should a musician like J. S. Bach so often do the same thing? May it not be possible that the major chord is really a more complete concord than the minor chord, and that it makes a more satisfactory point of final repose for that reason? Even if we refer the minor chord to the under-tone series, we have still the over-tones always present as a dissonant, disturbing element, and they are probably always more prominent than the under-tones. This fact alone is enough to suggest that the minor chord is less consonant than the major; and this consideration is strengthened by the presence of the dissonant resultant tones.

But, however, this may be, it is clear that the minor chord is a natural chord and that the minor scale, both five-toned and complete, both in its pure and mixed forms, *i. e.*, both with a minor and a major dominant, is a natural scale. For many primitive races have songs in the minor

mode, and all those whose music I have thus far carefully studied, employ both the pure and mixed forms of the minor scale. The Indians use them somewhat sparingly. The Russian folk-songs are, fully half of them, in the minor mode, and most, if not all of them, imply the major dominant. In whatever way the primitive man arrives at the sense of minor tonality, his five-toned minor song is made up of the minor tonic with the gaps partially filled in by passing tones which imply the two fifth-related chords. Of course, in selecting these tones he must be following the line of least resistance. He is guided by no preconceived theory whatever; his expression of feeling is free and spontaneous. He does not *choose* his tones; he sings the tones which naturally occur to him. There must be some reason in the nature of things why his effort at spontaneous emotional expression should take on the shape of the successive tones of a minor chord with a filling in of tones which imply the dominant and subdominant chords.

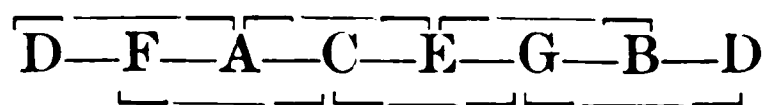
Let us consider the facts a little more closely.

Whatever may be the reason for it, it is clear that the five-toned major scale is easy to sing; it is a melodious succession of tones. But let us carefully note the fact that the five-toned minor scale is not only quite as easy to sing as the major, but *is made up of the very same tones*, and *in the very same order*, differing only in the point of beginning and ending. Let us compare the two as exemplified in the Omaha songs I possess. The two five-toned scales commonly appear in these forms:



Sometimes a major song will begin on C instead of G; sometimes it will even end on C, although this is not common. Thus it only requires a slight modification of point of beginning and ending, with a corresponding change of metrical and rhythmical accents to transform the very same

series of tones which gave us a major song into a minor one. Indeed, I incline to think that the part played here by rhythmical accent is one of prime importance. As everybody knows, it is by means of accents, stress laid on particular tones, that the different elements of the melody receive their relative importance. Tonality evidently does not depend at all on *what* tones are used, but on *how* they are used; on their grouping and relations. But precisely the same is true of the chords implied in melodies. The key of C major and that of A minor (pure) each imply precisely the same set of chords, thus:



i. e., each key has three major and three minor chords, and these chords are identical in the two keys. The major key has its major tonic, dominant and subdominant with their relative minor chords, (C, G and F major and A, E and D minor) grouped about C major as a central point of repose. When these same chords are grouped about A minor as a tonic we have the key of A minor, relative minor to C. We have not changed anything in melody or harmony except that we have shifted our center of gravity, our point of complete repose from C major to its relative minor. This change is, I suspect, dependent on *rhythmical accent*. Grouping of the melodic and harmonic elements of music is simply a matter of relative emphasis, of rhythmical stress. With the primitive as well as with the civilized man, key implies harmony and major and minor chords in relation. If rhythmic stress be laid on a major tonic, the tonality is major; if the rhythmic stress be shifted to a minor chord so that it becomes the point of repose, then the major chords come to occupy the same subordinate position which the minor chords held in the major key, and the tonality becomes minor.

V.

The easy way in which any five-toned song might shift its tonality from major to minor, or the reverse, may be

seen by considering the contents of the two five-toned scales given above. The major scale implies the dominant and subdominant chords; but it actually *embodies* the relative minor chord of the tonic. Similarly, the relative major chord of the tonic is embodied in the minor scale. It only needs a shifting of emphasis from the tone C to the tone A to transform major into minor, or *vice versa*.

What is more, it is often impossible to harmonize satisfactorily major five-toned songs without using one or more of the relative minor chords, or minor songs without using one or more of the relative major chords.

The following scheme of chords illustrates the point I have just made :

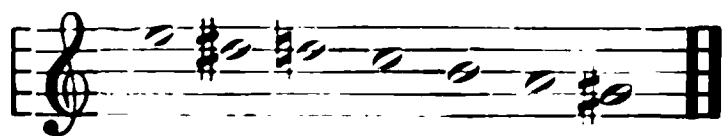
$$D-\overline{A-C-E-G}-D$$

Whether the five-toned scale be major or minor, the F and B must be supplied in order to make the dominant and subdominant chords. But the major tonic and its relative minor are both complete in the major key; and the minor tonic and its relative major are both complete in the minor key. Which shall be principal and which subordinate is simply a question of rhythmic emphasis. Scale, I believe, is a wholly subordinate matter. The central thing in tonality is the tonic chord. This given, all other related chords fall into their natural places, including the major dominant in a minor key, so that the "mixed" form of the minor mode is thus easily accounted for. Melody is, I believe, simply a natural product of the harmonic sense. It always follows the lines of the tonic chord, admitting, as auxiliary, tones belonging to the nearest related chords, as by-tones, accented or unaccented.

At first, the sense of related chords, except, perhaps, of the relative minor chord in a major key, and of the relative major in a minor, is very weak, and this accounts for the five-toned scale in both modes. As the sense of the two fifth-related chords (dominant and subdominant) becomes clearer and more developed, the two missing tones which complete

those chords are supplied, giving us the full scale of eight tones. The demand for an upward leading tone in minor naturally gives us the major dominant. In many primitive songs in minor, we have both the minor and the major dominant. In many primitive songs in minor, we have both the minor and the major dominant. I could even mention Indian songs in major which imply the relative minor chord and its major dominant, *i. e.*, the major chord of the over-third of the major tonic. No. 10 of this collection (measures 10 and 11, first version) exemplifies the same point. No. 3 is an example of a minor song which implies the relative major chord and its dominant seventh (in the ninth measure, when the tone D is used). No. 6, a minor song, also implies the relative major and its dominant (in the ninth full measure).

The dominant seventh chord often occurs as a natural chord in the Indian five-toned songs; so does the sub-dominant with an added sixth and sometimes the diminished seventh chord. That is, examples of songs are to be found where these form the most natural harmony both to the perception of the Indian and of the trained musician. This is also true of these Russian songs. The song No. 11 seems to imply the diminished seventh as a natural harmony to the second note of the melody, there being only two other chords implied in the song, *viz.*, the tonic and the dominant (with and without the seventh). Looked at from the standpoint of harmony, this melody is perfectly intelligible. From the ordinary standpoint, which looks on the *scale* as the foundation of melody, this song (and many similar Hungarian and Gypsy songs) seems very confusing and perplexing, giving this very curious scale:



(I have noted it as A minor instead of B_b minor to make the comparison simpler).

The notion of the subordinate position of the scale is well brought out by Dr. Riemann,(1) who regards it as a mere

1) See especially his "*Neue Schule der Melodik*."

melodic filling up of the tonic chord, that chord being the central fact of tonality. In his view every key consists of all the chords of the chromatic system, the particular key being determined by their grouping about one or another chord as tonic. This view I expounded in my own "New Lessons in Harmony" several years ago. The conviction has gradually been growing in my mind for the past ten years, at least, that music-making is a process of *melodizing harmonies* rather than the reverse. And I believe this to be quite as true of the primitive man as of the cultivated musician.

VI.

If the points involved in the foregoing discussion are entitled to any weight, it is easy to imagine the primitive man, when he has come to the conception of a minor chord, laying special stress on the tone which represents that chord and grouping other tones around it as a tonic. But how he comes, originally, to the conception of a minor chord, is a matter which, it must be confessed, still remains obscure. It would be interesting to know, if that were possible, whether the conception of major precedes that of minor in the genesis of music in the human mind. If this could be shown, we might, perhaps, look for the origin of the conception of minor in the relative minor chord, as a somewhat advanced development of the harmonic sense; or, perhaps, as Mr. Julius Klauser suggests, (1) as a result of combining elements of the tonic and sub-dominant chords in major. If on the other hand, minor is conceived as early in the history of the human mind as major, then I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion that the minor chord is not a derivative, but is conceived, originally, with the same freedom and spontaneity as the major chord. If this be the case, will it do to consider it as a mere modification of the major? Can an imperfect concord possibly stand on the same plane of naturalness and be generated in the human mind with the

1) See "*The Septimate and the Centralization of the Tonal System.*" See the same book for discussion of the relation of accent to harmony.

same freedom and spontaneity as a perfect concord? This seems to me hardly possible. Nor does it seem to me sufficiently convincing to say that the primitive man modifies a major chord into a minor one as the result of an innate demand for a change of emotional expression. If such a need requires that he should change a consonant combination into one more or less dissonant, how does it happen that the discord, or imperfect concord, invariably assumes the form of the minor chord and not of some other combination more or less dissonant? Can one avoid the suggestion that there must be something in the mental constitution, or in the auditory apparatus as correlated with the phenomena of acoustics which determines this result as cogently and as inevitably as the major chord is determined for us? This, again, would throw us back on the hypothesis of Von Oettingen and Riemann, as being the only one yet propounded which would account for such facts.

There are certainly some important facts which point toward the conclusion that minor tonality is at least as old a conception as that of major. Consider the wide distribution of minor songs among races of the most diverse character. Consider also that so far as we have yet been able to discover, the major songs are no older than the minor ones. Indeed, if I mistake not, there are those who see reason to believe that the minor tonality is the older of the two. Consider these very Russian folk-songs which gave occasion for the present discussion; they belong, it is true, to a stage of advancement long beyond the most primitive, but does not the very large proportion of minor songs among them suggest that there must have been some strong natural tendency toward their production; a tendency quite as strong and as natural as that which compelled the production of the major ones?

On the whole, I see no way but to suspend judgment, for the present, on this extremely interesting question. The time may come when we shall know how the primitive man comes to the perception of minor tonality; at present, we can only form conjectures, more or less plausible.

The ethnological characteristics revealed in these Russian folk-songs is another extremely interesting subject, the discussion of which, however, must be reserved to some future opportunity. At some future time, I hope to be able to give attention to comparative race-characteristics, as revealed in primitive folk-music.

JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

NOTES: The songs here printed are characteristic types of the Great Russian and Little Russian or Cossack folk-songs. The meaning of some of them is very well indicated by their titles, but others are expressive of characters and customs so different from our own that it may be well to try to give some brief explanation of them. To this end, I cannot do better than quote from an article written by my Russian friend and published a few months ago in the Milwaukee "Sentinel."

The song No. 6 was sung by the Cossacks in those days when they were still roaming free, like birds, about the steppes. It might be entitled "A Cossack's Wail." Hear how the whole nature of the endless grass-covered plain is reflected in the melody. It rises to boldness and ends in a dirge, and a streak of fatality runs through it all. The song has no end, for those singing it are in the habit of extemporizing the words, repeating the same melody for hours in succession. The whole of the Cossack's life is gone over in the song, sung as he rides slowly through the steppe, his birth "under the white hazel tree by the stream," his inheritance of a flexible, muscular figure and black eyes, but of no luck, his wild life in boyhood, his love affairs, and finally his military career. Here are some of the words:

"Oh, ye jackdaws, black-feathered jackdaws,
Sky-high rise while flying;
Oh, ye good lads, ye brave Cossack lads,
Hasten home to your own.
Gladly sky-high would we be flying,
Had the fog not settled;
Gladly would we to our own hasten,
Would the chief but let us."

No. 7 is a song of love and hatred, a love drama ending in blood. Listen to the passion of the melody, note the triumph of satisfied revenge. Near a hill covered with millet, under a white birch tree in a smiling rye field a young Cossack lies dying, and as he lies there, his face covered with a red handkerchief, three maidens in succession approach the body and lift the handkerchief. One takes to weeping, another seals his lips with a silent kiss, and the third remarks, as she looks into the dead man's face, "Thou should'st not have loved all three of us."

"Came a black-eyed maiden,
Lifted the red cover,
And the pale face seeing,
Tears and cries escaped her.
Came another maiden
Of a different kind,
Looked into the dead face
And a kiss imprinted.
Came along the third one,
Proud in step and fiery;
'Well for thee, my fellow,
Thou should'st have loved but one.'"

No. 8, entitled "A People's Complaint," is a wild street song, full of sombre melancholy and of longing for something indefinable. It is an every day occurrence in any city of Russia to see young men after dark walking through the streets arm in arm, in rows of ten or more, and singing in one voice:

"Oh sing, thou orphan, sing
A song for me of woe,
A bold, vallant song,
A bold, bracing song, etc."

The same tune is kept up all night, the refrain being a weird wail.

So much for the character and contents of those most unlike our own. The naive beauty of the melodies will be apparent to the most superficial observer. They might well be considered under various aspects, all of which would be interesting. But I have to confine my present discussion of them to their bearing on certain psychological problems which have provoked much debate and given rise to much ingenious speculation.

J. C. F.

Adagio.

No. 1. SERENADE.

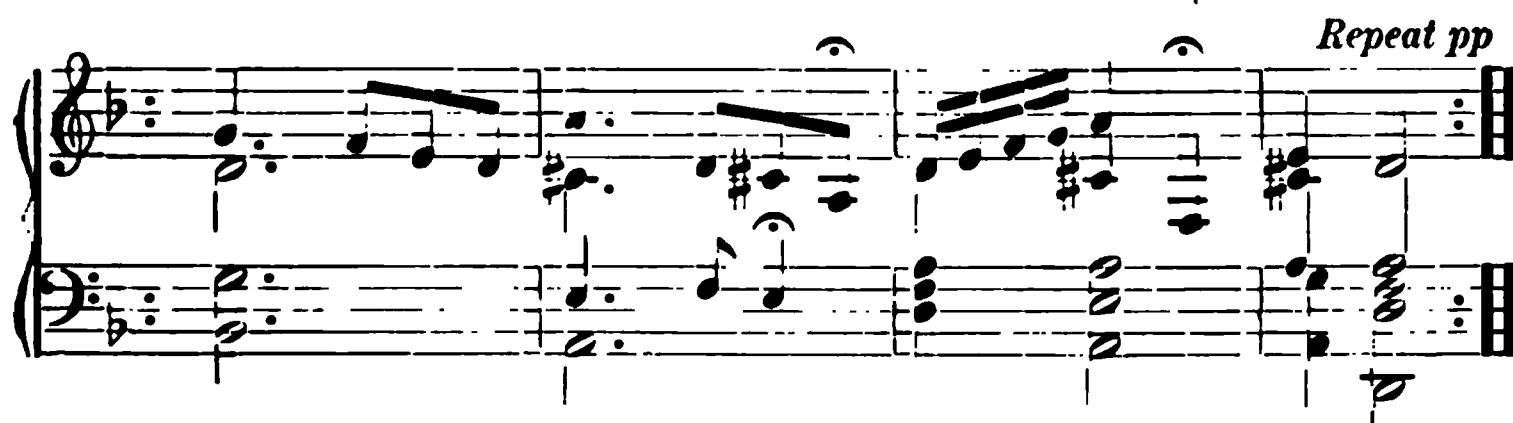
Little Russian. (Cossack)



Adagio.

No. 2. LOVE SONG.

Little Russian.



Allegretto.

No. 3. SERENADE.

Little Russian.



Allegro.

No. 4. COMIC SONG.

Little Russian.

*Andante.*

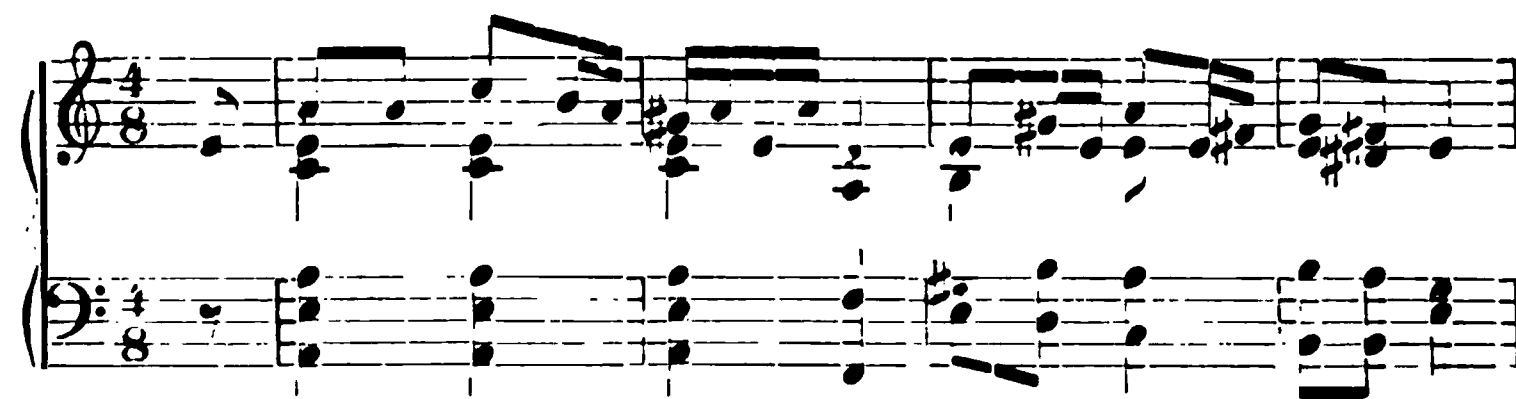
No. 5. LOVE SONG.

Little Russian.

*Andante.*

No. 6.

Little Russian.

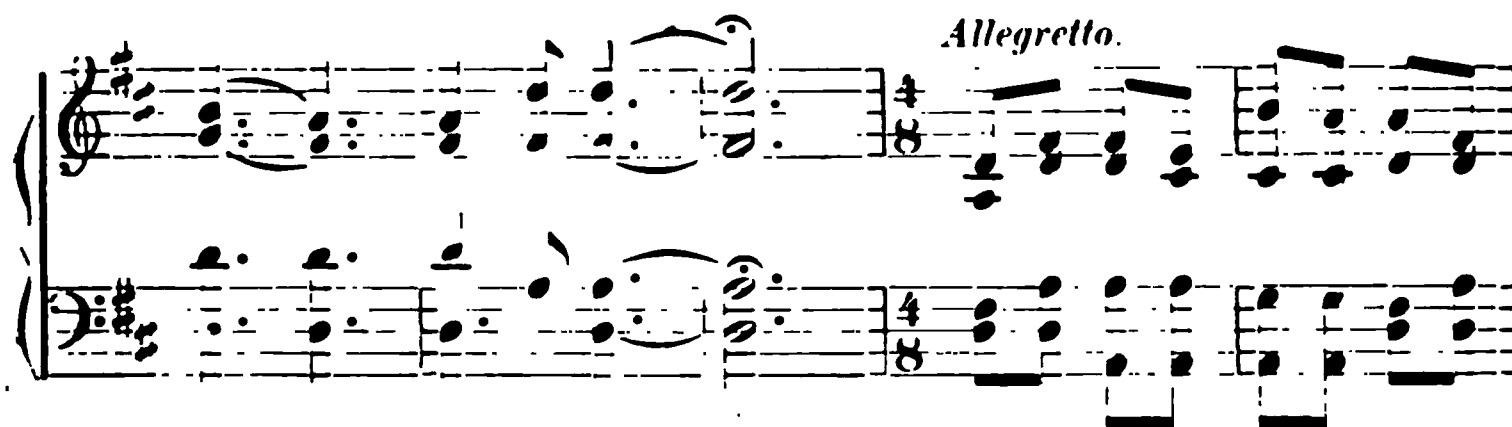
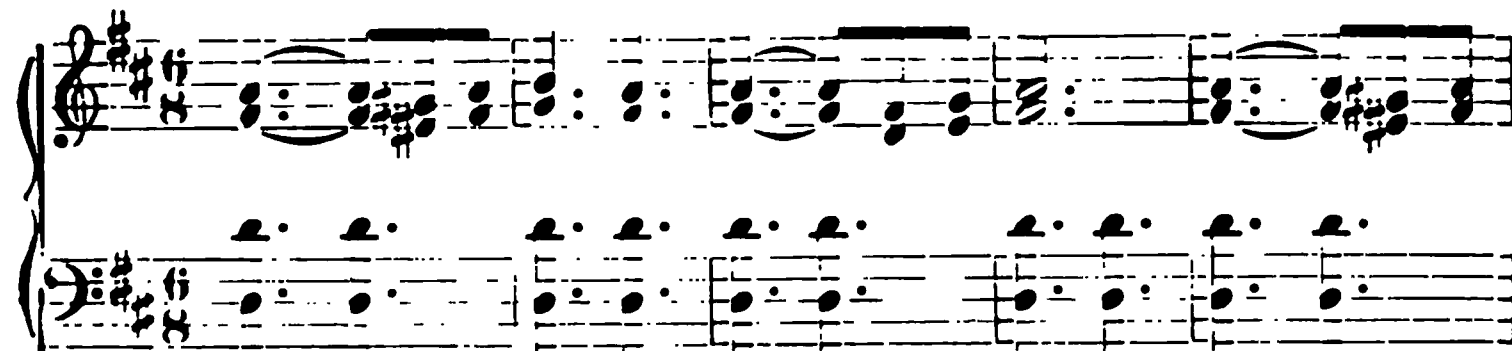




Andante.

No. 7. RURAL SONG.

Little Russian.



No. 8. GREAT RUSSIAN SONG.

Male Chorus. Popular expression of sorrow.





No. 9. HARVEST SONG.

Great Russian.



N. B. Both these songs exist in different versions. The latter is also used as a dance song. The singers sometimes improvise parts to it.

No. 10. SOWING OF THE FLAX. Great Russian.



Another version of the same.

etc.

The remainder is the same as in the first version.

No. 11. MARCHE SLAVE.

No. 12. OMAHA SONG.

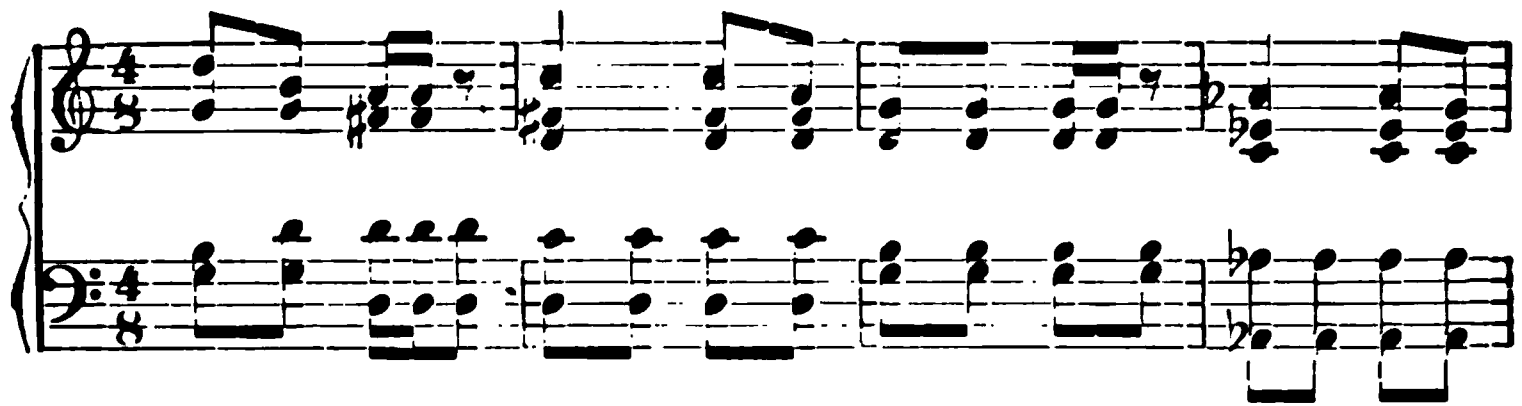


No. 13. OMAHA SONG.





No. 14. OMAHA SONG.



D. C. ad lib.



REPERTORY OF THE SECOND YEAR OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

ANDERSON.	Fantasia for Flute on the Dutch National Hymn.
BACH.	Sonata, F minor, first time (Theodore Thomas). Prelude, Chorale and Fugue. Concerto for two Violins, (first time). Toccata e Fuga. (Tausig.) Piano.
BEETHOVEN.	Symphony No 4, B flat, op. 60. " No. 7, A major, op. 92. " No. 9, D minor, op. 125. Music to Goethe's Egmont, op. 84. Overture, Leonore No. 2. Septett, op. 20, Tema con Var. Scherzo. Finale Polonaise from Serenade, op. 9. Concerto No. 4, G major, op. 58. Piano.
BENOIT.	Charlotte Corday. Overture, Entr'-acte Valse
BERLIOZ.	Symphony Fantastique (first time). Dramatic Symphony. Romeo and Juliet. Queen Mab. Ball Scene. Overture. King Lear. March Marocaine (first time).
BIZET.	Suite No. 1, Carmen.
BRAHMS.	Symphony No. 4, E minor. Festival Overture, Academic, op. 80. Hungarian Dances, Nos. 17-21. Variations on a Theme by Haydn (Chorale St. Antoine). Variations, op. 18. String Orchestra.
CHOPIN.	March Funèbre, (Theodore Thomas). Nocturne, op. 48, No. 1. Piano. Nocturne, op. 37, No. 1. Piano. Valse, op. 34, No 1. Piano.
DELSART.	Fantasia for Violoncello (first time).
DUVIVIER.	Symphonic Poem, The Triumph of Bacchus (first time).
DVORAK.	Symphonic Variations, op. 78. Overture, Husitska. Slavonic Dances, 3d series.
GODARD.	Concerto for Violin, No. 2, G minor, op. 131 (first time).
GOLDMARK.	Overture, Spring, op. 36. Ballet Music, Queen of Sheba.
GOUNOD.	Ballet Music, La Reine de Saba.

GOUNOD.	Aria, "Lend Me Your Aid."
GRIEG.	Suite, Peer Gynt, No. 2, op. 55 (new). Heart Wounds, String Orchestra. Spring, String Orchestra. Et Syn (A Vision). Song.
HAMERICK.	Suite No. 1, op. 22.
LISZT.	Symphonic Poem, Tasso. Mephisto Waltz (Lenau's Faust). Legende, Sermon to the Birds. (Mottl). New. Angelus, String Orchestra (first time). Polonaise, No. 2, for Orchestra. Polonaise, No. 2, Piano. Rhapsody, No. 2. Rhapsody, No. 14. Rhapsody, No. 14. Piano.
MACKENZIE.	Scotch Rhapsody, Burns, No. 2, op. 24.
MACCUNN.	Concert Overture, op. 3, The Land of the Mountain and the Flood (first time).
MASCAGNI	Intermezzo, L'Amico Fritz (new).
MASSENET.	Overture, Phedre.
MENDELSSOHN.	Symphony No. 4, Italian, op. 90. Overture, Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage. Overture, Fingal's Cave.
MEYERBEER.	Ballet Music, Robert le Diable.
MOZART.	Symphony, G minor (Koechel, 550). Symphony, C major (Koechel, 551). Overture, Magic Flute.
MOSZKOWSKI.	Boabdil (new), Vorspiel—Malaguena. Scherzo—Valse—Maurische Fantasie.
PADEREWSKI.	Concerto for Piano, A minor, op. 17 (first time).
PAINE.	Columbus March and Hymn.
RAFF.	Concerto for Piano, C minor, op. 185 (first time).
REINECKE.	Adagio, from Concerto for Harp.
RHEINBERGER.	Wallenstein's Camp, The Capuchin's Sermon.
ROSSINI.	Overture, William Tell.
SAINT-SAENS.	Symphonic Poem, Danse Macabre. Suite Algérienne, op. 60. Concerto for Piano, No. 4, C minor (first time).
X. SCHARWENKA.	Vorspiel, Mataswintha (new). Concerto, for Piano, B minor, op. 32 (first time).
SCHUBERT.	Fantasia, F minor, op. 103 (Mottl), new. Divertissement à la Hongroise. Cavalry March (Liszt). Theme and Var. from D minor Quartette (string orchestra).
SCHUECKER.	Fantasia for Harp.
SCHUMANN.	Symphony No. 1, B flat, op. 38. Overture, Scherzo and Finale, op. 52.

- Manfred.** Entr'acte, Invocation of the Alpen-fay
 Fantasia for Violin op. 131 (first time).
SERVAIS. Fantasia for Violoncello, O Cara Memoria.
J. STRAUSS. Walzer, Seid umschlungen, Millionen.
 " Tout Vienne.
SVENDSON. Violen (The Violet) Song.
TINEL. Fête dans le temple de Jupiter, op. 21 (new).
TSCHAIKOWSKY. Symphony No. 5, E. minor, op. 64.
 Overture to Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.
 Capriccio Italien, op. 45 (first time).
 Marche Slave.
 Suite from Ballet Casse Noisette (new).
 Souvenir de Florence, op. 70, string orchestra,
 (first time.)
VOLKMANN. Serenade, No. 2, F. major, op. 63.
 Concerto for Violoncello, op. 33 (first time).
WAGNER. Eine Faust Overture.
 Flying Dutchman: Overture, Aria: The
 Term's Expired.
 Ballade: Yo Ho!
 Duo: Like a Vision.
 Tannhäuser: Overture, Aria: Dich, theure Halle.
 Bacchanale. Introduction.
 Act III. Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage. Even-
 ing Star.
 Meistersinger: Vorspiel. Act III. Introduc-
 tion. Quintette, Procession of the Guilds.
 Dance of Apprentices. Procession of the
 Meistersingers. Finale, Prize Song.
 Tristan and Isolde. Prelude Act I. Finale,
 Liebestod.
 Walküre. Ride of the Valkyries. Wotan's
 Farewell. Magic Fire Scene. Vorspiel.
 Act I. Siegmund's Love Song.
 Siegfried. Waldweben, Rheinjourney.
 Siegfried Idyl.
 Parsifal. Vorspiel. Good Friday Spell. Fu-
 neral Procession.
 Götterdämmerung.
 Siegfried's Death. Finale, Brünhilde's Im-
 molation.
WEBER. Overture. Der Freischütz.
 Solo for Clarinet, Op. 73. Adagio. Rondo.
 Scena and Aria, Freischütz.
-

Undine.

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE AND FLUTE.

It is considered an impertinence, and rightly, for anyone except the composer to attach a definite idea or story or fancy to a composition, and say "thus and so the composer meant," "or the music expresses this or that." When a composer, however, gives a piece a significant title, he at once challenges our knowledge of facts or our imagination or both, and invites us to interpret his intention by the clue thus given.

The "Undine Sonata," by Carl Reinecke, announces in its title that it was at least inspired by the sad and beautiful tale of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; more than this it would not be safe to declare positively, without consulting Mr. Reinecke, but it is almost conclusively evident from the form and construction of the sonata that it is a transcription of the story, that it is a series of tone-pictures, illustrating the text.

It is very unusual to hear a piece of such power and comprehension for the flute; and, at first thought, it would seem that the violin would be better adapted both to the very light staccato effect, and the legato movements, and low tones sustained through a whole measure; but when we become familiar with the music, we realize that the flute part was written, and should be played by a masterly hand, and that no other instrument could give the strangely weird effect, and the extremely pathetic tones which are required to carry out the idea of the story. In the last movement of the sonata, which, following the fate of Undine, may be called tragic, the piano leads, and the flute is subordinate, as

if the two instruments were expressing the *heaviness* of sorrow, as well as the *frantic grief* of despair. This is of course but surmise; and the full force of the compassion can only be felt by one who has read the story in the German, and who understands it, as the composer has evidently read the meaning of what the preface to the English edition calls the “harmonious union of fiction and fact,” the “exquisite blending of the natural and supernatural.”

Fortunately for the painter or musician, who wishes to find subjects for his art in Fouqué’s “Undine,” the story naturally falls into a series of beautiful pictures, each complete in itself. Sometimes it is the imaginary world invested with the qualities of the real; and sometimes it is the real world peopled with imaginary beings and endowed with supernatural qualities. Now, I doubt if there is a child in America to day, who really believes in fairies; even when our little folks find “fairy-rings” in the grass, or strings of pearls on hedges; when they hear the leaves whispering together, it does not stir hearts with one quick thrill, for they can explain it all, as “natural force,” a “phenomena!”

But they tell us it is not so in Germany! There even the old folks, they say, half believe in the Kobalds and Niebelungs, in Lorelei and Undine—and there is a warm spot in every heart and a place at every fire-side for Fancy’s lovely children.

It is to the faith of an imaginative childhood, transformed and developed into the poetical sentiment of a man, that such stories and such music as Fouqué’s and Reinecke’s “Undine,” must appeal. If all the glamor and rose-tints of fancy have left us, it is not likely we shall be charmed by either; but if the following sketch is received by a hospitable and generous imagination, it will, perhaps, make the music more interesting and more intelligible.

First, as to the nature of an “Undine.” The Latin scholar will of course think of “Unda,” “a wave,” and conclude that “Undine” is a “watersprite;” and he will be right: but etymology gives a colorless picture, compared to the glowing description in Fouqué’s story. The heroine ex-

plains to her husband, "You must know, my own love, that that there are beings in the elements which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which at the same time seldom become visible to you.

"The wonderful salamanders sport and sparkle amid the flames; deep in the earth, the meagre and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest sprites belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers and streams live the wide-spread race of water-spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky appears with the sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty.

"Lofty coral trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among infinitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy.

"Now, the nations that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He then spread to remotest shores the fame of her beauty: and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the names of 'Undines.'

"You, my dear husband, now actually behold an 'Undine' before you."

The opening scene of the story I will also give in the words of the English translation. "Once, on a beautiful evening, it may now be many hundred years ago, there was a worthy old fisherman, who sat before his door, mending his nets. Now, the corner of the world where he dwelt was exceedingly picturesque.

"The green turf on which he had built his cottage ran far out into a great lake; and the strip of verdure appeared to stretch into it as much through love of its clear waters, blue and bright, as the lake, moved by a like impulse strove to fold the meadow, with its waving grass and flowers and cooling shade of the trees in its fond embrace.

"In the foreground of the scene lay a forest of extraordi-

nary wildness, which, owing to its gloom, and its being almost impassable, as well as the fear of the strange creatures to be encountered there, most people avoided entering except in cases of extreme necessity."

The Sonata, like the story, opens with the calm of a summer evening; the lovely lake, the silent forest; the lonely hut of the fisherman and the monotonous beating of the waves on the pebbles of the shore, have a sympathetic counterpart in the whole of the first movement (allegro). The wave-like rhythm, and the peculiar effect in both piano and flute of the skipping of the theme from the tonic to the fifth or fourth, never or seldom touching either a minor or major third, gives the hearer a feeling of something lacking, of an emptiness, or want, which may be an expression of the little Undine's soul-less condition, or it may represent the hollow sound of waves, or again it may be an artistic preparation for the harmony and passion that are to follow.

However this may be, beyond the first movement, it appears as if Reinecke deals very little with the outward circumstances or setting of the story. He does not enter into the fairyland to which Fouqué introduces us, the goblins of the forest or with Kühleborn, Undine's malicious uncle, who sometimes appears like a man and sometimes like the rushing stream that separates the fisherman's hut from the mainland.

With these soul-less beings, indeed, music has little in common; for although the great Wagner considered the "mythos or myth" as the "ideal subject for the poet" and through poetry for the musician, it is because "in it (the mythos) the conventional disappears, and such forms of *human relation* as are only explicable to the abstract reason vanish almost entirely—and there appears instead only the always intelligible, the *purely human*," etc. (The Music of the Future by R. Wagner, translated by E. L. Burlingame).

The human passion and pathos in the old legends is what attracts us, and the superhuman spirits of earth, air and water are only interesting as they influence human beings, or are themselves subject to human feelings or influences.

In the case of the Undine Sonata, the composer seems to

have chosen a wise course, or been impelled by a true insight, when he made the music portray the development of the character of Undine. Other writers and musicians as well as painters, have pictured the progress of a soul from darkness to light, from sin to righteousness, from barbarism to civilization, but no artist has had greater scope or a wider opportunity for a gradual and perfect climax than this affords, a being without soul or conscience, transformed into a tender, patient, pure, and conscientious woman!

The few characters that surround the heroine are the old fisherman and his wife, whose only child was apparently lost in the water many years before the story opens.

The knight, who has been dared by a fair lady in the city beyond the forest, to brave its dangers, and who having successfully overcome the evil guardians of the woods, arrives at the fisherman's hut, just as Undine is growing to a woman's size.

The beautiful girl is fascinated by the knight; she listens entranced to his stories of the great world. He, too, is interested, finds her amusing, and at last loves her.

Yet the new and strange emotions which fill the girl's heart, do not prevent her indulging in the mad pranks and mischievous freaks, which have always caused her good adopted parents so much trouble. When they thwart her least wish she punishes them by disappearing for the whole night, and when the knight does not please her, she retaliates by biting his finger in childish anger. The Intermezzo of the Sonata is a perfect representation of a capricious girl, sweet and bright as the sunlight of an April morning, and as soon overclouded. But the bird is caught; she need not beat her wings against the cage. Love conquers, and she knows a soul has been given to her—that gift of God, most precious, but most fearful.

The timely arrival of a wandering priest enables the Knight Huldbrand and Undine to be married, and it was after the ceremony that the wonderful change first showed itself. The little maiden was “seized with an inward shuddering, and then burst into a passion of tears. They were none of

them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings. and with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed at her in silence. There must be something lonely, but at the same time most awful about a 'soul.' In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious? Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer, "very heavily, for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And alas! till now I have been so merry and light-hearted!" and she burst into another flood of tears, and covered her face with her veil.

But the sunshine of the day after the wedding seems to have dispelled the clouds, and she says to her husband, "I am now possessed of a soul, and *I*, the very soul itself, thank you, dear Huldbrand, with a warmth of heart beyond expression, and never shall I cease to thank you, unless you render my whole future life miserable."

In the sonata, the "Quasi Andante," interrupting the *allegretto-vivace* (intermezzo), most beautifully describes the joy and the sorrow of a soul, first conscious of its existence. It is from the music, indeed, more than from the text, that we learn the sweet allegory of "Undine," the type of every soul that first receives the heaven-sent gift of love. Love to our maker, or love to our brother, or love to our kind, or the love of man and woman, is the source of all *inspiration* worthy of the name, the breath of life in the soul.

The scene of the story changes after the wedding. The knight and his bride leave the quiet retreat and make their home in the city. Undine is so loving and gentle that she wins more and more the love of her husband, and enjoys his perfect trust and confidence.

The "Andante Tranquillo" probably stands for the calm contentment of their lives, unruffled even by the tricks of Undine's relations from the realm of the waters, who startle us in the "Molto Vivace." But, then, we are not used to sea-uncles and river-cousins.

A large city, however, is not paradise, although the

knight's good lady wins many friends by her sweetness. Especially is Bertalda, Huldbrand's former sweetheart, attracted by our forest maiden, and they become fast friends. We discover in the unfolding of the plot that Bertalda is the lost child of the old fisherman, but she refuses to return to her humble parents or to acknowledge them. This false pride enrages the kind friends who have given her a home, and they refuse to support her any longer.

Without a thought of jealousy, Undine invites the homeless girl to accompany her and her husband to the knight's ancestral castle of Ringstittin near the source of the Danube river. But, like the author of the story, let me draw a veil here over tragedy and let the composer tell us the end, in the last movement of the sonata.

We seem to see the gradual withdrawal of the husband's affection, and increased devotion to Bertalda, the meek wife trying to avert the doom that must fall on her and Huldbrand, if the vicious spirits of the water suspect the husband of cruelty; he, on his part, is suspicious of the innocent Undine because of her connection with the supernatural world.

At last, on the river, Huldbrand's dislike and irritation find vent in angry words; the waves rise and roar around the boat with fearful menace, and Undine disappears in the embrace of the angry tide!

She is gone, with all her sweetness and goodness; gone with a human soul to dwell among the soul-less. A fearful doom, yet not more fearful than the remorse of the husband. He, however, manages to stifle his regrets and in course of time marries Bertalda. Yet he is not without fear for the future, for he has had warnings and threatenings from all the unseen powers of brook and lake and sea, telling him that Undine still lives. Some fearful fate seems to draw nearer and nearer. The music grows wilder. The unusual suspensions and anticipations, seldom resolved as we expect, give the hearer a feeling of uneasiness and dread.

The "presto" increases in fury, as if all the spirits of the under-world were let loose.

On the afternoon of his marriage day, as he and Bertalda

stand together at the window, they see some of the servants removing a great stone, that covered the fountain in the castle yard. Undine had had the stone placed there to confine the malicious water-spirits to their own element, and Bertalda's first act of authority was to order its removal, and thus she brought about the catastrophe which the loving Undine had so long striven to avert.

At night, as Huldbrand prepared for bed, alone, with the dim light of a wax candle showing his pale face in the mirror, he heard a light tapping at the door, as Undine used to knock, and a silent white form glided into the room.

"They have opened the fountain," she said, in a low tone, "and you must die!"

He felt in the shock and death pause of his heart, that this must indeed be his doom, but covering his eyes with his hands, he cried, "Do not, in my death hour, do not drive me to distraction with terror. If you have a visage of horror behind that veil, do not lift it! Take my life, but do not let me see you!"

"Alas," replied the wanderer, "will you not look upon me once more? I am as beautiful now, as when you wooed me on the peninsula."

"Oh! would to God it were so," sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you."

"Most willingly do I grant your wish, my dearest love," said she, and as she threw back her veil Undine's dear face met his gaze, smiling with celestial beauty.

Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight stooped to give and receive the embrace. She kissed him with the holy kiss of heaven; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more passionately in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul.

Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill of bliss and agony shot through his heart, until he at last expired, sinking softly from her fair arms, and resting upon the pillow of his couch a corpse.

At the close of the "Presto" comes again the sweet melody of the "Quasi Andante" (varied only in time), which

expressed the first union of the knight with Undine. Now they are again united, “and a little spring of silver brightness was gushing out from the green turf, and it kept swelling and flowing onward with a low murmur, till it almost encircled the mound of the knight’s grave. It then continued its course, and emptied itself into a calm lake, which lay by the side of the consecrated ground.

Even to this day, the inhabitants of the village point out the spring—and they cannot but cherish the belief that it is the poor deserted Undine who thus encircles her beloved in her arms.”

EDITH V. EASTMAN.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

THE dictionary—where *consolation* and in fact *everything* and *nothing* can always be found—may not contain such a word as *tone-space*, still less the simple word *tonia*. The first, however, is only a tinkered-up vehicle at best, but the other is an almost brand-new carriage, it having been running little more than two years; still we are obliged to employ occasionally the compound word or something of the kind, owing to the unfamiliarity with the more concise name of a species of mathematical quantity which, although always practically assumed to exist, has not heretofore been duly recognized and honored, nor even named. This is perhaps no wonder, for the very nature of this species of quantity or magnitude is little enough understood, and the attempt to give it a name may help to bring it into a better light.

Although the words of a language usually come into use by circumstances over which individuals have but little control, the investigators of any department of nature usually find it necessary—and this is their prerogative—to make for themselves a few words, from one to a hundred perhaps. I hope that I shall never make ten; it is bad enough to make one; but the etymology and fitness of the above simple word and of a few others previously unheard of, which I have used or may use in this magazine, will be found, I think, entirely passable, and more simple and manageable than scientific terms usually are; and as for their necessity—well, we would not be willing to die for them just now, but are willing they should live, if they can, after we die.

The word *interval* is one of the redeeming features in our musical terminology; and it may be asked why this word is not sufficient to express that species of quantity which constitutes the difference between tones. It is too general a

term. There are intervals of time, intervals of space, and intervals of—what? Why, musical intervals, intervals between tones, tone intervals, intervals of difference between tones, intervals of tone-space, “the distance from one piano key to another!” (according to Godfrey Weber), and so on. Oh! get us out—sometimes—from all such lumber wagons and into a good coach, and we shall find in *intervals of tonia* smoother and faster traveling, only, of course, it will cost a little something to make the change.

Our English word *tone* (Greek *tonos*, Latin *tonus*) with us signifies first of all a musical sound, that is, a certain pitch of sound resulting from regular synchronous vibrations of a certain rate of velocity; and although we say for convenience, “a good tone,” “a loud tone,” etc., referring to certain properties of tone, the pitch is really the tone itself, without reference to the quality, the power, or any other property. And this is the one sense in which it is here used, but general usage, that good, bad and indifferent monarch of all she surveys, even departs much farther from this our foremost English meaning of the word, and we have “tone,” “whole-tone,” “semi-tone,” etc., as names of *intervals* between tones; and although this is generally conceded to be improper, and although such names of intervals are also very indefinite at best, one can scarcely write on the arithmetic of intonation and be understood, at the present day, without employing at times such words and others which are equally unscientific.

Tonia, with a termination somewhat like that of *area*, the name of another species of quantity, begs for no favors. It has come into being by a most natural right, though what its stars have in store for it, whether it be a flower born to blush unseen, etc., we are happy not to know nor care. It is now merely our own genteel servant, and enjoys an enviable sinecure.

But this or any other name will perish; the truth signified, never. The only absolutely true department of the science of music is the mathematical, that which concerns the very thing in music of which musicians themselves are

apparently the most unappreciative. And yet I believe they have really no ill-will against her royal highness Queen Tonia. There is every probability that they would generally like to become acquainted with her, had it not so long been the fashion to either ignore or make light of the old lady. She is no myth nor goddess, but a real and most firmly established truth belonging eminently to music, a very *sine qua non* in the science thereof.

The logarithmic disquisitions in the February and March numbers, although intended to prepare the way for this personage, may have contained a little too much heavy timber to effect some minds favorably. But did I leave it lying around very loose? and did I not finally remove every splinter and and grain of saw-dust, and, as a parting gift to the reader, leave the essence of the whole musical logarithmic tree nicely put up in a small but musical phial labeled “Table III?”

TABLE III. (again.)

Ratios.	Their relative sizes.
1:2.....	1.
2:3.....	.584,962,500,721 +
4:5.....	.321,928,094,887 “
4:7.....	.807,354,922,057 “

Even the Bible sometimes repeats itself, and I cannot find how to apologize for this repetition of a most exquisite measurement, in Octave decimals, of the three other creative intervals of all music, the Fifth, the Major Third, and the Harmonic Seventh. We can indeed dispense with about half of these 12 decimal figures, as was done in the March article, and still have good science; but I wished to be generous, like the Widow Bedott with her poetry, not however, with her remarkable consciousness of failure in excellence—a modesty peculiar to genius!—but with the thought that even some of those remote figures may possibly be of use to some calculator.

The above two numerical phases of the four chords or intervals in the table furnish easy means of determining the two numerical phases of every other properly musical interval, including the elements of all harmony and all

melody, and including also all the merely theoretical intervals, which, however, are sometimes not so very small matters. There is no prime number larger than 7 in the vibrational ratios belonging legitimately to either musical art or musical science; and where we find higher primes in the approximate ratios of intervals belonging to our tempered scale, those higher primes do not create their musical quality—such as it is—but the much smaller and really musical primes with which the tempered intervals have a speaking communication. But as for the pure and creative intervals of all music, they are all found in one harmonious tetrad, with the Octave added (4:5:6:7:8). Here is the Octave, 4:8, or simply 1:2 (and confound not this accidental number *eight* with the word *octave*, with which it has here nothing to do;) here also is the Fifth, 4:6 or 2:3; the Major Third, 4:5; and the Harmonic Seventh, 4:7 (and the same caution is needed again: this vibrational 7 has nothing to do with the scale name *Seventh*, although the former gives rise to the truly scientific name *Septal*). We never sing (not certainly without great pains), neither do we hardly ever tune, any other intervals but these. What! never sing *scales*? Yes, apparently; but we vocally gauge the various steps *not* by virtue of their own individual and rather complicated vibration ratios, 8:9, 9:10, 15:16, 20:21, 24:25, etc., but by far the more simple and harmonious intervals which—by their differences—make these merely melodic ones. The Fifth (2:3) is so very simple an interval that it will indeed bear doubling (though not tripling) without losing *all* its harmonious quality. Its double ratio is 4:9, or dropping the Octave, 8:9. The same result is obtained by ascending a Fifth and descending a Fourth (3:4), which is nothing but the difference between Octave and Fifth; and it is difficult to say which is the better explanation of the rather unconscious mental process by which we vocally take this melodic step, 8:9. But it is the powerful but small vibration prime number 3, and not the composite 9, which brings us up that step. It is the dominant *of* the dominant chord, which chord we mentally hear more or less, even when it

it does not audibly accompany. But we do not repeat this process, in ascending higher. That was the old Pythagorean error of theory. It would lead us far away from tone relationship, or would, but for the immediate presence of something which bears some resemblance, in pitch, to the double of the step already taken. It happens that the *tonia* from this our first step up the true Major Third, a member of the tonic chord itself, forms another step nearly as large; and its vibration ratio is 9:10, which we find by subtracting 8:9 from 4:5. It is the presence of this simple *Quincal* element (4:5) that enables the voice mentally and unconsciously to *subtract* the pitch gained by the first step and rise by the slightly smaller step in the second instance. With a similar ease we reach the fourth, *not* by any power which anyone possesses of vocally gauging the true size of this semi-tone (15:16), as such, but because the mind is familiar with the two simple and harmonious chord intervals between which this semi-tone is the difference. And so with all other merely melodic intervals. They are easily intoned *differences* between the few harmonious intervals. We are always subtracting them unconsciously with the voice. We also subtract them—and in two ways—at our leisure, by numbers; taking one ratio from another by a process like dividing one fraction by another; or by taking the real measure of one ratio from that of another by the simple process of ordinary subtraction of the decimal fractions of Table III; and by this latter course we always know *how much* *tonia* there is in each interval, and the units (or sub-units) of measurement in this case are tenths, hundredths, thousandths, etc., of the Octave.

It will be seen that I here follow, and will continue do to so, Mr. Ellis's good example of capitalizing the names of all intervals, thus making them proper names in distinction from the same words used in other senses. And this course is particularly advantageous in the case of interval names derived from the diatonic scale, for without such capitalizing we are in danger of getting a third *numerical* way of expression mixed up with the only two which naturally belong

to the subject. But the names Second and Third, etc., will make a little less confusion, at least on paper, if they always appear as proper names; and here I could wish that Mr. Ellis had put enough of his ripe scholarship upon this phase of music to clear it of much else, both of expression and ideas, which is loose, confusing, untrue, and derogatory to science. His life was indeed given to science; but musical science probably claimed but a minor portion of it, and acoustics may have had the major part of the minor portion. But, good mathematician that he was, he has left—especially in his own elaborate Appendix XX of the second edition of his translation of Helmholtz, to which edition he devoted a year of his life—a ponderous mass of truly mathematical results, hopelessly compounded, however, with much moonshine, which will more confuse and discourage than edify ninety-nine students in a hundred. At the same time he has come far short of giving us any essentially complete, unified, and washed picture of musical intonation, such as I am attempting in these necessarily fragmentary magazine articles.

II.

The reader deserves, by this time, to have a far more manageable unit of tonia than a millionth (or a millionth of a millionth) of an Octave. While nothing can fill the place of those superfinely dividing round numbers as a foundation of this branch of knowledge, we all want far better units for gaining a mental view of the field.

Years ago, when I first found the true principles of measuring tonia by the study of logarithms, it was not immediately that I found the best units for that purpose. I first measured the intervals by the Comma as a unit. Now we all know that there are various theoretical intervals in this old muddled-up science which have for ages been called Commas; but what is usually called *the* Comma, and this is what I choose, is the difference between a true Major Third and that false and sharpened one made by four true Fifths, the two resulting Octaves being dropped. It amounts to exactly the same thing as the difference between the

two first scale steps aforesaid. There are other definitions of this Comma, some true and some false, which are found in dictionaries and other such interesting narratives, but never mind them. Its vibrational ratio is found to be 80:81. What is its magnitude? These numbers, of course, do not tell its size with reference to any other interval, although they declare it to be small. But we can compare its size with the Octave (1:2) by dividing the logarithm of 2 by the logarithm of 81 less the logarithm of 80; and the result is $55.79763 - \frac{1}{10}$, or about 55.8 Commas to one Octave. By dividing also the logarithm of 3 less that of 2 by the same divisor, I found the Fifth (2:3) to be equal to 32 (and another interminable decimal) Commas. And so on with the Major Third and Harmonic Seventh; then all other intervals by the easier process of subtraction, etc. All this was a good school for me, and my results were true; but my unit, although the most prominent and best-known among the Commas, was a very inconvenient one on account of the inevitable long decimal fraction remaining in each measurement. I afterwards learned, however, that others had employed the same unit.

But all intervals of the Comma class would be found similarly objectionable, although the Septal comma (63:64) does indeed measure at least the Octave very approximately in a whole number, 44. And even the little Schisma (better spelled probably by Mr. Ellis *Skhisma*), the smallest of the better known Commatic intervals, will not measure the four creative intervals without the same objection as with the other natural Commas, there being $614.2 - \frac{1}{10}$ to the octave. It is the difference between eight-fourths (Octaves dropped) and a true Major Third; or between eight-Fifths (Octaves dropped) and a minor sixth, and is so small as to be on the bounds of imperceptibility, being almost exactly one-eleventh part of the Comma, although by both Webster and Worcester it is defined as "half a comma!"

And we might search, too, among other little vibration ratios, those which do not belong to even the theory of this science, for some desirable unit of tonia, with little better

result. All this might be very discouraging if we knew of no other *end* of the subject at which to begin our search for some convenient and fairly correct unit for this sort of quantity.

The Octave interval itself is the only *natural* interval between tones which can be a profitable grand unit of tonia measurement. All sub-units must be perfect (but necessarily artificial) fractions of this. We cannot define absolutely—only approximately—the vibration ratios of such aliquot parts of the octave; but no matter for that; such ratios do not help our view at all, but rather confuse it.

We begin again, then, with the Octave. We know by experience that this interval, although determined by vibrations simply as 1:2, is very large in comparison with others that belong to music. And yet it does not exist, primarily, by being *made up* of smaller intervals. It is entirely independent of and superior in nature to all such, yet it can be divided into an infinite number of what may be called natural, but curiously unequal parts, some of which are musical, while the infinite remainder of them are unmusical, unless indeed they happen sometimes to approximate in size, either perfectly to the ear or imperfectly, to those really musical.

There is no harm in borrowing the idea of linear space to help us out a little here; and the line may be considered either as horizontal, and thus corresponding with the position of the key-board, or as perpendicular, and thus corresponding with the expressions *high* and *low* in music. And if anyone wishes to liken the interval of the Octave to any *definite* linear space, I know of nothing so advantageous as a foot; for we are all not only very familiar with that measure, but also with inches, which happen thus to exactly represent equal semi-tones, or unces, *unce* being an old word of the same origin as *ounce*, and signifying the twelfth part of anything. The word also admits of a nice and convenient adjective, *uncial*, the original Latin noun being *uncia*.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that there are no other musical intervals than the Octave. We can still conceive of

fractional parts of it, just as the surface of our globe is sliced up, on the map at least, by meridians and parallels, without any regard to the countries, cities, islands, etc., which are scattered over its surface. There could not be a science called geography without some such device. We must also cut the Octave (mentally, of course), into some number of equal parts, and thus find a systematic method of measuring—as approximately as we please—all vibration ratios, especially those which belong to music; and thus, and thus alone, shall we have a well systematized and tangible science of tonia, or toniametry. And we want this in two forms; not merely in the necessarily long and very scientifically exact round numbers or logarithms, but in the best form possible for the mind, and yet reasonably near the truth; and this simple and best unit cannot be chosen without much more and better attention to the whole subject than seems to have been given it in the past.

To find an Octave divisor, either for a complete and practical system of instrumental music, or for the much finer purposes of tonia measurement, there are just three questions to answer concerning each divisor presented as a candidate. First, how nearly does it make an Octave fraction that will coincide with the Fifth? Next, how nearly can it make one that will strike the Major Third? Lastly, is the Harmonic Seventh going to wink when some Octave fraction of that particular denominator passes by it, and how near is it?

Our common uncial system, which is the only really musical and cyclical system possible having any such small Octave divisor as 12, is easily tested by the above triple rule, by reducing the three fractions 7-12ths, 4-12ths and 10-12ths, (calling the two last simply 1-3d and 5-6ths) to decimals, and comparing them respectively with the real measurements of the three intervals in the table.

Besides this our 12-system or short cycle of tones—and this must live forever for about all rapid instrumental music—there are several others having divisors less than 100 which would make a decidedly improved harmony, among which

the best, on the whole, is the 53. The imperfections of this system—which is in use by the writer on a reed instrument—are almost nothing to the ear; but the nice measurements of these minute errors, as well as the much greater ones of the uncial system, can best be shown when we have found and considered the desired unit of tonia.

But no octave divisor of only two figures can form a system of *measurement* near enough to the truth to be very useful in our science. Can we find such a desirable boon in a divisor of *three* figures? Eureka!

The ground has been all plowed, systematically and with facilities, not only to the number 1000 but far beyond it, but only the briefest statements of the result can be here given. Among numbers under 1000, the most exquisite octave divisor for the Fifth is 665; for the Major Third, 643; and for the Harmonic Seventh, 571. But here are three different divisors, and we must have *one* divisor for all three of the creative intervals, and must, therefore, sacrifice a little of the mathematical nicety of these three divisors to get it. Yet the one which has been found to make intervals which coincide most nicely for the three test intervals—without taking one of more than three figures—is still a wonderfully close shave, and it is 612; and it forms a little artificial unit which has been named a *nil*, because it is so near to *nothing*, to the ear. Its vibration ratio—though this is of no importance now—is approximately either 882:883 or 883:884, and is much more approximately $882\frac{1}{2}:883\frac{1}{2}$. But while forgetting these ratio numbers, we will remember that a nil is a 612th of the Octave.

Now, by comparing certain fractions of an Octave having 612 as a denominator (reduced to decimals) with the three decimals in the Table, the nil system is found to possess the following close approximation to the truth:

The Octave is, of course, 612 nils exactly.

The Fifth is 358 and 1-339th (!) of a nil over.

The Major Third is 197 nils wanting 1-50th of a nil.

The Harmonic Seventh is 494 nils wanting 1-10th of a nil.

These minute fractions of a nil, even the more considerable one in the last, are entirely disregarded in this nil system of measurement; and it is to be observed that here the Fifth and Major Third are measured *eight times* nearer the mathematical truth than in Mr. Ellis's system of 1200, or cent system, although the nil divisor is but little more than half as large; and as for the Harmonic Seventh, it is here nearly as true as in his, and will do very well for that element of music which performs the most subordinate office.

This 612, like Mr. Ellis's 1200, is fortunately also a multiple of 12; and, therefore, it measures the intervals of our tempered or uncial scale by the side of the true ones, as follows :

The Octave is 12 unces, or 612 nils, the unce being 51 nils.

The uncial Fifth is 7 unces or 357 nils, and the true is one nil more, or 358 nils.

The uncial Major Third is 4 unces or 204 nils, and the true is 7 nils less, or 197.

The uncial Harmonic Seventh is 10 unces or 510 nils, and the true is 16 nils less, or 494.

In other words, the even chromatic scale, that is, when tuned much more evenly than it is ever likely to be found, especially on a piano, has the Fifth only one nil short—almost perceptibly perfect, and the Major Third and the Harmonic Seventh respectively 7 and 16 nils in excess. These facts can be concisely tabulated thus:

TABLE IV.

<i>Vib. Ratios.</i>	<i>True.</i>	<i>Uncial.</i>
1:2.....	612 nils.....	612 nils, or 12 unces.
2:3.....	358 "	357 " " 7 "
4:5.....	197 "	204 " " 4 "
4:7.....	494 "	510 " " 10 "

To find all other musical intervals we, of course, subtract, etc., as in Table III. The true Minor Third, for example, is 358 nils less 197, and the uncial is 3 unces, or 3 equal semi-tones, as every one knows, four of which make, therefore, an Octave, although four *perfect* Minor

Thirds, or four times 161 nils, is more than an Octave by 32 nils, which is nearly as much as the smallest true chromatic semi-tone measures, namely, 36 nils, this latter being the difference between a true Major and a true Minor Third.

Three Major Thirds, also, which in the uncial scale make exactly an Octave, are here seen to fall short of an Octave by 21 nils, one-third of which each uncial Major Third bears.

The uncial steps of the diatonic scale are, of course, either one or two unces each, or 51 and 102 nils, and, by the by, it may be of use to notice that a nil is thus *about* a hundredth part of a "whole tone."

The three true scale steps usually well known (8:9, 9:10 and 15:16) are 104, 93 and 57 nils; but there are others, even diatonic steps, such as (7:8—the inversion of the Harmonic Seventh—and 20:21). These are 118 and 43 nils. There are also the chromatic semi-tones (14:15, 128:135, and 24:25). These are 61, 47 and 36 nils, etc., etc.

All these intervals and others are, of course, not expected to be intoned always to within a nil, or, in rapid passages, within several nils, by even the best quartets; but it is a fact that good singers often, and without knowing the first thing of this subject, will sing the Quincal *chords* so much more harmoniously than they are in the uncial scale, that those steps and semi-steps result in being much more like this nil measurement of them than twelfths and sixths of an Octave, as they are tuned.

And the Commas? Well, the little Skhisma, which is about a 614th of an Octave, is represented by one nil—and the poor little thing will probably never know the difference between herself and a nil! The same also may be said of the exact amount by which the uncial Fifth is less than the true; it is not mathematically the same as the Skhisma, there being 613.8 — of the former in an Octave. This, also, as has been said, is called one nil, or 612th, and, like its twin sister, the Skhisma, will never know the difference!

The Comma is thus 11 nils, the Pythagorean Comma, 12, the Septal Comma (63:64), 14, and the Diesis, 21, as aforesaid.

It may also be of interest for some to know that, in the 53-division of the Octave, the Fifth is between a 28th and a 29th of a nil (!) short—which merely theoretical allowance is, of course, far too small to be perceived. The Major Third is there, but from $\frac{2}{3}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a nil short (almost imperceptible), and the Harmonic Seventh between 2 and 3 nils in excess, instead of 16, as in the common uncial scale.

In closing, I should add that I have found latterly that Sir John Herschel and others have mentioned the 612-division of the Octave; but have found no evidence that sufficient attention has heretofore been given to the idea to ascertain its great nicety and fitness, beyond any other such number, for the ordinary use of measuring tonia.

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

BOSTON.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, AFTER HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH CLARA WIECK.

SCHUMANN'S music, although now nearly fifty years old, is becoming more modern, more actual every day. It is only fifteen years since it began to be well known, and that people realized its subtle and poetic charm. Doubtless, his delicate creations, the most literary of musical works, will never be understood and fully appreciated, except by the few.

But it must be acknowledged that this year Schumann is very much in vogue. His symphonies are being played at the Conservatoire in Paris, his Mass in the churches, and those exquisite poems entitled "The Life of a Rose" and "Paradise and the Peri," in spite of their German coloring with its vague, diffuse dreaminess, find interpreters and audiences in the fashionable drawing-rooms of to-day.

Schumann, the man, although very popular in Germany, is even less known among us than his works. Everyone knows that he became insane and died young, and all are familiar with the name of his widow, Clara Schumann, the famous pianiste, who is still living, and who has by her marvelous execution made known to Europe the works of her husband. Still less is it known that Schumann has left to his country a whole series of literary productions, masses of clippings from newspapers, criticisms on art, and a correspondence as worthy the attention of the literary and musical public as that of Mendelssohn. Many essays have been written in German on Schumann as a writer. We shall not stop to examine these learned productions, but wish merely, by some facts borrowed from the correspondence of the master himself, to glance at a few years of his youth, to see him as a lover.

Clara Schumann, a few years ago, in publishing her husband's correspondence, (*"Jugendbriefe von Robert Schu-*

mann"), put at the end of the first volume several fragments of letters addressed to her during the period of their engagement. They fill about one hundred pages, but have been selected so discreetly that they afford us no insight into the private life of the master, but we find in some of the loving and artistic effusions, which have been handed over to us, enough to enable us to penetrate into the soul of the musician, and to throw more light upon some of his works. We shall give a few extracts from these letters, not with any attempt at writing a biography, but rather as detached thoughts of Schumann upon his own work and life.

The correspondence we refer to took place in the years 1837 to 1840. Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck then went through an agitated period of their engagement, in fact the only romance of their simple existence. Nothing could be more uneventful than the sentimental part of the lives of these two artists. During his whole life Robert loved but this one woman. He married her, and several children blessed their union. Clara and Robert Schumann represent in Germany one of the traditional types of conjugal love. Their pictures are sold printed together on the same card, and the touching wish expressed by Robert in one of his letters to Clara is fully realized. "The world," he wrote, "will henceforth see in us but one heart and one soul; it will no longer be able to distinguish what comes from you and what comes from me. How happy I am!"

The union was indeed complete between these two beings, and what gives to their correspondence its peculiar interest is that the tie which united them was intellectual and artistic as well as sentimental; and that in the letters of both, music occupies almost as much space as love. It was during his engagement that he composed some of his best works, "The Carnival," "Kinderscenen," "Davidsbundlertänze," some of his "Lieder," and we can follow in his correspondence the growth of his masterpieces, of which Clara was the inspirer and often the severe critic.

The engagement of Robert and Clara was not free from crosses. The father of the young girl, Professor Wieck,

was opposed to the marriage on the ground that the young musicians's future was too uncertain. They were separated for days and months, but the sufferings and inquietudes of absence did not stop Schumann's productions. Ordinarily with brain-workers love and work are at war with each other. He drops his pen to dream of his beloved, and later during the honeymoon all work is abandoned.

With Schumann it was the contrary. He sang his grief and he will sing his joy. His delightful "Lieder," known everywhere, were written during the first year of his married life, and the couple have given to that happy year the name "*Das Lieder Jahr*" (The Year of Songs).

The artistic preoccupation, however, did not entirely dominate the loving thoughts of Schumann, as the passionate strain of his letters will prove. But we shall see that in this particular work of his composition (more sentimental than intellectual), the disquietude, the tenderness, the joy, all the vibrations of his soul, far from being detrimental to the inspiration of the artist, have only helped to spur him on. His music was a direct translation of his loving thought. "The first piece of my fantasie," writes Schumann to his *fiancée*, "is the most passionate thing I have written; it is an anguishing cry for thee." Further we read :

"To-day I am lost in the world of my dreams, and at my piano I am oblivious of everything but thee. It is thee always whom I play, whom I sing and of whom I speak to this old friend of mine."

* * * * *

"I have noticed that my imagination never soars more freely than on the days when my soul is free of desire and of anxiety. During the last few days whilst expecting a letter from you I have composed volumes. They are extraordinary productions—crazy, mad, often times solemn. You will be surprised when you read them for the first time. At this very instant I feel like bursting with music."

* * * * *

"I always feel such beautiful melodies in me. Just

think, since my last letter to you I have written a whole book of new things. I shall call them "Kreisleriana." It is you and the thought of you which from the beginning form the principal theme in them, and I shall dedicate them to you and no other, you will smile so sweetly when you recognize yourself in them! When will the time come when I shall have you near me, sitting beside me at the piano? Then we shall weep like two children. I feel it will be more than I can bear."

Certainly never has a woman been sung with a more refined tenderness or in chaster or more delicate poetry. Clara was the inspirer and the muse. She was also the comrade, the friend with whom one discusses, disputes even, on questions of art.

In a letter to her he says:

"There are stars of thought in your concerto, but it has not produced an impression of completeness. When you are at the piano you are not yourself to me, my judgment is absolutely independent. I wish you would learn how to write a fugue. Do not miss the opportunity if it presents itself. Bach is my daily bread; he fortifies me, he strengthens me and pours new thoughts into me. Beside him we are all children."

In another letter he admonishes the spirited Clara for her too great love and rather wild enthusiasm for romanticism:

"I often think that you do not appreciate fully in music the qualities which are so charming in your own girlish nature. I mean the amiable, natural and artless grace. In music you love thunder and lightning better, and you are always looking for the new and 'never-heard-of,' yet there are sentiments, old and eternal, which will never lose their empire over souls. Romanticism does not consist of strange forms and figures, it exists without them if the musician is a poet. * * * But I shall prove that better to you at the piano in playing you a few of the 'Kinderseenen.'"

These "Kinderseenen," composed in 1838, are often mentioned by Schumann. They were, perhaps, his favorite compositions, the work in which he had best translated the

naïveté and freshness of sentiment which in his other works appear in a more learned and ingenious form.

“ I have composed thirty little pieces, and have picked out about a dozen which I shall call ‘Kinderscenen.’ They will please you, but to play them well, you must completely renounce all virtuosity. When you play ‘The Child who Asks’ and ‘The Poet who Speaks’ reduce the time by half. All these little pieces are like a breath. In composing them I heard the echo of the words you spoke to me one day, ‘You seem to me like a child.’ ”

This sentence of Clara’s describes well the nature of her lover. Although Schumann has manifested originality and boldness in his art one feels in all his letters a sweet trustful soul, a candid spirit, respectful to his parents and masters, docile under social conventions, in fact a modest and scrupulous man.

Schumann was a great admirer of Liszt, and Mendelssohn was a life-long friend.

Schumann was very ambitious, and he hoped to arrive at great success. Even at this early period of his youth, when still obscure, he feels his own value and trusts in the future.

“There is yet much in me. If you remain faithful to me all will come to the light; if not, all will remain buried.

“You fear that few will appreciate my works; be reassured, dear Clara. You will see during your life that my works will be known and spoken off.”

Schumann analyzes his way of conceiving music in a very curious paragraph, somewhat complicated, like his musical form.

“Sometimes you will see me remain grave and silent for days. * * * You must not let it worry you. With me it is generally a forerunner of musical inspiration. Everything that occurs in the world has its influence upon me, literature, politics even. I reflect upon all this in my own way, and it finds utterance in music. This is why some of my works are so hard to comprehend. They were inspired by distant interests. Everything makes an impression

and I am obliged to express it musically. Ordinary modern compositions do not satisfy me. They consist in musical sensations of a lower order and in common-place lyrical expressions. This music is perhaps an instinct of primitive nature ; mine is a work of intelligence and poetry. I do not think of all this whilst I am composing. It comes afterwards. Besides, I cannot speak of music in a calm way, but only in detached sentences. In a word, when you see me thus, silent and serious in the work of composing, do not busy yourself too much about me; it would drive me to despair. I promise you also not to listen at your door. It will be for us a real life of poetry and flowers; we shall play together like angels, and bring joy to mankind.

“ I am looking forward to composing my ‘Quatuor.’ The piano is growing too narrow for me just now, everything I compose is in several parts, often in inversions or inverted rhythms. I am very careful about the melody as you will notice, but it is true that I speak of other melodies than the Italian melody which seems to me decidedly the song of a bird, agreeable to listen to but entirely lacking in thought.”

Schumann's music is indeed very different from these “Song of Birds devoid of Thought.”

One feels that Schumann's music is born of a concentration, an extreme tension: that it sprang from the depths of his being, and that it is marked with his striking personality. In his energetic language he used to say “*Herzblut ist dabei*,”—(heart's blood is in it). A painful infirmity sometimes interfered with Schumann's production. The fingers of one hand were malformed and in addition his hand became diseased, thus rendering the execution of his own music very difficult for him. Clara with her marvelous talent as a pianist was to become his continual and indispensable interpreter, and this united them still more.

“*Sich todt singen*,”—to sing until death, this is truly the motto of Schumann's short existence. Everyone knows that in full maturity, in the midst of a life so full of work and affection, the most cruel of deaths, insanity, struck the unfortunate man. .

And yet there is nothing in his life that was not healthy and normal; no excess of any kind which could explain or excuse in any way the opposition of the horrible disease, nothing, indeed, unless it was this production *a outrance*, the astounding expenditure of mental forces. It is sad to think that, thanks to our miserable human existence, this work of profound poetry, this work which carries the stamp of one of the highest modern musical personalities could not come to light without killing its creator.

LIEUT. E. W. HUBBARD.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

My Dearest Cleo:—

WE are at home at last—that is, we've just commenced housekeeping—and I'm absolutely dying to see you. It seems like a lifetime since the old school-days, and there are so many things I want to tell you, and so many others that I want to *ask* you, I'm sure I could talk a week without stopping,—and if papa could read this he'd say any woman could do that.

I had the awfulest time trying to find where you were, and was quite suprised to find that we are almost neighbors, though we have lost sight of each other so completely since your marriage. I am as anxious as possible to see you, for I am horribly lonely in this big busy city. Of course, we've been everywhere and Carl has played for all the people, both gentle and simple, wherever there was a cracked piano, or a wheezy old organ. It has been such a constant repetition of a little travel and a good deal of concert, I'm heartily glad I'm home. Though we've been in the city six months, and Carl has been giving lessons all the time, we are only just settled in our new house and beginning to housekeep.

I am almost forgetting the one thing I most want to remember. I do *so* want you to come and make me a real visit. Can't you get leave of absence from your lord and master for a few days? You're such old married folks now—five years isn't it? I know he'll be glad to get rid of you for a little while, and if you need a charitable motive to in-

fluence you I have one, *viz.*, I am almost crazy for change ; our life here is so monotonous. But I'll tell you how we spend our time. We breakfast at half past seven. If we happen to become interested in any topic—outside of music—Carl stops in the midst of it, and with a hasty good-bye kiss, (as likely to fall on my nose as my lips) says he must hurry, as he has a lesson to give in just fifteen minutes, bangs the door, and that's the last of him till lunch time. He is barely civil *then*, for of course he must hurry back to give *another* lesson, and only to-day he said he should lunch down town as he used to, for he wastes so much time going and coming.

He occasionally gets home as early as five o'clock, and on Wednesdays has all the afternoon. After our six o'clock dinner he goes to some musicale or concert, and so the whole day is gone. I went with him at first, but I soon get tired of it and now I plead all sorts of excuses, and stay at home by myself. But I hear Carl at the door. I forgot 'twas Wednesday, for he went out after lunch.

Do come soon and prove your friendship for your own,

MILLIE.

"Ah, my little wife, what are you doing indoors this beautiful day? I've come to carry you off; so hurry on your wraps and we'll run away for the whole afternoon."

"Be quiet, just a minute, Carl, till I address this letter. There, that's done. Why, you rude fellow, I didn't think you'd peek to see whom I was writing to."

"Well, I will, so you see you were mistaken. What an unusual name! Mrs. Cleo. Coleman; rather odd that Cleo. isn't it?"

"It doesn't seem so to me, because I'm used to it, I suppose. Short for Cleopatra, you know; and they named her just right; for she's tall and dark and—"

"Oh hush! I'm sure not to like her. You know I like little blue-eyed, fair-haired dimpled darlings like yourself," with a very lover-like kiss.

"There, Carl, you're altogether too demonstrative; see

how utterly you've disarranged these waves, and it takes such a time to do them with a—"

"Spare me, lady mine. I'm a badly cheated specimen of humanity, if you only knew it; for I always supposed all that pretty wave and kink was natural."

"It isn't, and that just shows how stupid you were; though I never imagined how tiresome you could be."

There was a serious ring in the little lady's voice which caused her husband to look at her keenly, and a slight shade passed over the handsome face; but her sunny smile and gay chatter soon chased it away as she hurried from drawer to wardrobe, and rummaged in boxes for small articles which were eventually found in plain sight on the dressing table. Finally, after a great deal of flurry and fuss, she declared herself ready.

"Where are we going?" she asked, while twisting a refractory button half off her glove, "I forgot to ask you before."

"I want you to hear Lehman in 'Fidelio,' for I know you'll like her. She's worth listening to, I assure you, and—why, Millie, what's the matter?"

The young wife had thrown herself into a chair, tearing the button completely off, and looking reproachfully at him, from eyes almost overflowing with tears.

"I can't help, it Carl! I *did* hope you were going to take me to hear something that wasn't music."

"Why, Millie, didn't we go to see 'Lord Chumley' only last week?"

"Yes—but that was only once."

"And 'Romeo and Juliet' the week before?"

"Yes, but we have music *all* the time!" I'd so much rather see 'McCarty's Mishaps.'"

"Millie!"

"There, you needn't look so horror-stricken, for I saw it once at the Arcade Hall at home, 'twas just splendid, and I never laughed so much in my life."

"Don't say anything more. I really cannot take you to see 'McCarty's' or 'McCarthy's Mishaps,' whichever it

may be; but we'll find something to interest you. There's a comedy running at the Opera House and we'll hurry a little, and be able to get good seats yet."

"What a *darling* you are, Carl!"—the blue eyes are all the brighter for the little shower—"I don't mean to be cross; but you know I'm not a musician yet—maybe I will be some time."

Carl kissed her gravely with a little hopeful smile at the last words, and they hastened to make much of the time left them to obtain tickets for the comedy. They were a very handsome couple, and more than one pair of eyes were turned toward them as they took their places at the theatre.

Millie, (really Millicent) was a pure blonde, with the most enviable pink and white complexion and large babyish blue eyes. Strangers considered the eyes her principal charm; but after a short acquaintance one began to feel that they were capable of but two real phases of expression; a brilliant doll-like stare, when their owner chanced to be pleased, and a dull steely glow, when she was displeased. Her hair was a rich golden brown, nearer gold than brown, but looking dark in the shadow. A full pouting mouth and white even teeth completed the list of her charms. Carl, in contrast with his little wife, was tall, with a firm energetic carriage and quick nervous ways. Eyes brown and full of expression. Brown mustache and darker brown hair, which curled in loose rings over his broad low forehead; if the chin seemed a trifle weak, the deficiency was atoned for by the firm lines of the mouth.

Their engagement or what they considered such had been a long one. When about twenty years of age, Carl accepted the position of organist offered him by the Episcopal Society of Elmwolde. He had fallen desperately in love with Millie Town, the prettiest girl in the place, and only daughter of a thriving merchant.

They promised eternal fidelity when Carl went abroad on his twenty-first birthday, though her parents would not hear of any engagement or correspondence.

The ardor of their attachment had greatly diminished by

this time; but both remained true to their promises from lack of any inducement to break them.

Carl immersed in study, and spending every spare minute wandering in forgotten nooks, trying to awaken music in dilapidated old organs, with very little to recommend them, save the legend that they once "had been," did not allow his thoughts to wander to the fair sex, and considering it a settled thing that Millie would be his wife some day, gave himself no further trouble, and I am bound to admit, felt the separation as little as might be.

Millie was spared any temptation to falsity, as no young man of attractive appearance happened to make his way into the precincts of Elmwolde.

On his return to his native city, our student was so fortunate as to obtain most of the pupils of Mr. Crosby, a very successful teacher who was about to retire from active service.

Having known Carl from boyhood, he had predicted a brilliant career for his favorite pupil, and hoping to see the fulfilment of his prophecies, he cheerfully recommended the young musician to his numerous patrons, in this way doing for him what it would have taken years of patient toil to accomplish. The studio was to be placed at his disposal at the end of six months; and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to marry, and go upon a brief tour in the meantime.

It was fortunate for the newly wedded pair that no money difficulty had thus far presented itself, as a small fortune of a few thousand dollars which Carl's father had left him, and which he had scrupled to touch for his own use—keeping it for a "rainy day"—sufficed to pay traveling expenses and purchase a neat little residence near the suburbs of the city. Having fitted the place up prettily, the young husband considered his duty well done, and supposed that life would flow on with reasonable comfort to them both; he being busy with music, she with the home nest.

As he escorted his young wife to the comedy she so

longed to see, he for the first time doubted the wisdom of his choice.

More than once, he now called to mind she had shown signs of serious annoyance at what seemed to him the most trivial causes; but the outbreak of this afternoon was the first of the kind that had occurred; and it gave him a feeling of discomfort to think he might at any time be subjected to a display of temper from the little lady.

Then as he saw how much she was enjoying the farce which was little less than disgusting to him, a more kindly train of thought ensued.

Perhaps he had been thoughtless. She had been taught to expect a certain amount of amusement, and though *his* thoughts were almost always occupied with music, might he not have been unkind to expect her to worship the same god.

And, now that he thought of it, they had never discussed the subject before marriage.

He could remember, when the village organ was his glory, hearing from her lips that "the music was lovely to-day," or some equally discriminating remark, but he had never heard her name any composer, or express any predilection for the music of one, more than another. "How did it happen? I didn't notice it before," he pondered, "though when I think of it, what *did* we talk about?"

Nothing, it now seemed. Their conversations had been made up of shadowy allusions to "angelic eyes," and the "lily and rose" of her cheek; with half-formed catalogues of the most desirable attributes one could name in a possible life-partner.

He remembered sundry hints he had received of her disposition being one of absolute dependence; of how it would be really necessary that her future husband should be one to whom she could resign the guidance of all her life, as she was utterly lacking in self-confidence.

Looking at her now he thought how wholly appropriate all this had sounded. She had always seemed so childish to him, in all his acquaintance with her.

The slight jar of to-day brought to life many a half vanished remembrance of some trifling occurrence of the past few months. How, for, instance, she had haggled with a peddler at Dresden, for a vase upon which she had set her heart, until, utterly ashamed, he had begged her to pay the man his price and say no more about it. She had turned, and, stamping her foot, bade him go along and let her alone as she knew what she was about. Sure enough, she followed him in a few minutes (for he had very obediently let her alone) bearing the vase in triumph, having obtained it at her own figure. It is needless to say, the price she considered reasonable was about twice the amount she would have paid for the same article at any one of the numerous houses where such trifles are to be had. She was thoroughly restored to good humor, and had apparently forgotten her anger. Carl soon forgot it too, never even thinking of this little episode until now.

His eyes being partially opened he was beginning to see several unsuspected bad qualities in the article he was "to have and to hold."

He wound up his sombre musings with the observation, in thought:

"She'll *have* me and *hold* me with a vengeance, and lead me round by her dainty apron string if I'll allow her to, in spite of her baby ways."

A moment later as she clapped her hands and laughed till her eyes sparkled with tears at something comical she was hearing, he took himself seriously to task for thinking it possible there could be any real willfulness in so altogether guileless and charming-looking a woman as his baby-faced wife.

CHAPTER II.

"O man! by man's dread privilege of pain,
Dare not to scorn thine own soul nor thy brother's:
Though thou be more or less than all the others.
Man's life is all too sad for man's disdain."

OWEN MEREDITH.

Some two weeks later, as Carl entered the studio at rather an earlier hour than usual, a cheery voice greeted him.

"Good morning, Carl! You're early to-day." Mr. Crosby, the speaker, was a grand-looking old man with silvery white hair and mustache, and kindly blackeyes that had looked encouragement to more than one aspiring pupil. Though he had virtually abdicated in favor of his young friend, habit was strong; and it was so difficult to accustom himself to doing nothing, he still spent a portion of each day in his old place.

"Yes," answered Carl, I seem to have more energy than usual, and came down to work it off. I do too little in the way of practice now; for, of course, I must devote some time to the little wife."

"I'm anxious to meet that same little lady. I hope you've made a wise choice, my boy, its such an important time in a man's life, and so few realize it."

"True," answered Carl, dreamily.

"How does she like city life?"

"Not too well, I fear; but she's been so lonely; different from one city-bred, you see. She's feeling a little more cheerful this morning though, for she's expecting an old friend to-day, a Mrs. Coleman."

"Dr. Coleman's wife?"

"I can't say. I remember Millie addressed a letter to her, Mrs. Cleo Coleman."

"The same. You've never met her?"

"No."

“She’s a wonderful woman. I’ve known her for five years, and I never think of her without seeing before me Kingsly’s lines :

‘Oh, thou hadst been a wife for Shakspeare’s self
 * * * * ; yet thou art bound,
 Oh, waste of nature! to a craven hound.’

for that’s her case exactly. There are other lines between, but I forget them.”

“Is she unhappily married then?”

“I never realized till this minute that I don’t know anything about it; but I’m just as sure of it as though I’d been told.”

“You know her husband?”

“Yes, he comes to a concert occasionally with her, a great blonde animal who acts like a horse-jockey showing off a favorite filly.”

“He must be a rough sort of fellow then.”

“No, he isn’t. He’s as polished as Satan and as greatly to be distrusted.”

“You rouse my curiosity, Mr. Crosby, this is like a romance in real life.”

“A sorry romance for her. She deserves a better fate, and I’m always indignant when I think of a woman like that, thrown away on such a human machine. I love her——”

Carl looked up so quickly from the invitations he was fitting into envelopes, Mr. Crosby stopped to laugh at him as he resumed:

“Not as *you* would, you stupid boy. I’m an old man, and I love Cleo as a father might a favorite child, and she is as sacred in my eyes; but as a father’s fingers might tingle to horsewhip her cur of a husband, so mine are affected when I hear some one laugh over a fresh conquest he has made, for he is quite a ‘lady’s man.’”

“It’s too bad people can’t be wise in these matters,” said Carl thoughtfully.

“Indeed it is. There’s a woman who would have been an inspiration to a poet, a statesman, an artist,——”

“Or a musician,” mischievously.

“Yes, or a musician; for of all men in the world he has need of a kindred spirit. The man whose soul is filled with divine melodies, whose thoughts are in the clouds half the time, needs a wife who can be more than a mere echo; one who will climb *with* him to the dizzyest heights, that her encouraging words and intelligent sympathy may lift him to the crowning effort which shall render his name immortal. I do not agree with Hawthorne, for *I* think one needs companionship in triumph as well as defeat. He is right, however, when he says, ‘The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease.’ Happiness *is* enervating, beyond a doubt, and nine out of ten of the men who have accomplished anything worth while, were tied to scolding, shrewish women, by whom they were driven to seek refuge in the ideal. This they turn to the advantage of the public when they give their *best* thoughts to their work instead of their wife. The tenth man does better than his fellows, for every noble thought and god-like aspiration is trebled in intensity through the sympathy of a perfect woman; that is, as perfect as we mortals may become.”

“I agree with you there, though I’ve never thought of the matter in that way.”

“*I have*, and there is, no doubt, that quick understanding, and absolute union of thought and aspiration is the real support of the artist of any kind. A woman who is even complaisant enough to sit in perpetual admiration at our feet, will not console us for the thought that her very lack of any real knowledge of our art or profession alone enables her to assume this attitude. Like *with* like should be the rule, that the best that is in us may find utterance!”

“But we are told that only opposites should marry; that for the good of the rising generation——”

“Carl, you know that’s all *bosh*! If you look upon the human family from a mere business standpoint, and consider them only as animals in whom certain traits of physical perfection shall be looked for, it may do; but if you bring common sense to your aid, you’ll soon see that no child can be mentally and morally perfect, who lives in an atmosphere

of wrangling and discord; and no other atmosphere can be expected to surround two people if they are complete opposites in thought, feeling and temperament. No, the man who has a work to do, who is one of the educators of his time, in however insignificant a degree, must choose for a mate a mind, upon an equality with his own, or he will fall so far short of his ideal conceptions, his work will be but half done. I am sure the continual worry consequent upon a daily union with a person of inferior mind must result in the downfall of the greater, not the uplifting of the less. Mill has spoken very sensibly upon this subject, deploring the union of a young man of promise with a woman whose companionship is unstimulating and unimproving, for he says, with truth, that the man but barter the society of his equals for such scant sympathy as he may get, and in the end degenerates instead of advancing. 'If the wife does not push the husband forward, she always holds him back,' is as true as truth itself."

"But how about the wife?" asked Carl, fearing lest Mr. Crosby should notice his uneasiness. A fear he would not allow himself to put into words was tugging at his heart, and he wondered if this would indeed be *his* fate.

"To tell you the truth," Mr. Crosby said, "I haven't as much sympathy for persons of inferior mind. I think their capacities are altogether limited; and as we know they cannot enjoy so keenly, we are sure they do not suffer as intensely."

"Anybody home?" called a loud, cheery voice, whose owner appeared an instant later, a big, smooth-faced man, with the most truthful, honest blue eyes that ever spoke of loving sympathy with his kind. He reminded one of an overgrown boy, and his appetite for bits of society news greatly reminded one of the aforesaid boy's capacity for devouring mince pie and plum-pudding.

"What are you two up to? You look as solemn as church spires," he said, seating himself at one of the piano's and striking two or three chords in quick succession, as though laboring under some feeling of repressed excitement.

“We’re discussing the marriage question,” returned Mr. Crosby, whose affection for the big boy was the subject of frequent disputes among his friends; for Ralph Wilder was too plain-spoken to be popular. “*I* think people of like disposition and tastes should marry.”

“Right, as you always are, Mr. Crosby. You know Dickens declares ‘there is no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose,’ and I think he knew what he was talking about.”

“And *I* have always supposed that opposites were happier in the marriage relation.”

“Very reasonably, Mr. Hausen. Longfellow has voiced your sentiment, I fancy, in his ‘Spanish Student.’ He says:

‘What most I prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect.
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.’

and further on,

‘In that stillness,
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flames.’”

“Yes, that has always seemed to me the proper sphere of woman,” said Carl.

“But it isn’t reasonable, and I don’t believe it ever happens outside poetry. There are plenty of wives of this sort, I’ve no doubt, but in order to fill the bill they must be united to easy-going men who are contented as long as they may eat and sleep. Though I would not place intellect upon a pedestal and worship it devoid of affection, I think a man who intends to *do* anything in the world would be safer in choosing a wife, to select his intellectual equal, in the hope that community of taste and aspiration might give birth to a *lasting* affection. What is your opinion, Ralph?” said Mr. Crosby.

“Though I have cited good authorities for the upholding of each of you, I must give one more quotation on my own account. Emerson says, ‘Is not marriage an open question,

when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in! but I believe Mr. Crosby's view of the case might solve half the riddle, and show why those 'in the institution' wish to get out. *I've* very little faith in this nonsense about 'keeping alight the fire of love' when there's no love even to kindle it with. A man with brains needs something beside an amiable baby-tender for a wife, and a woman with a reasonable share of the same commodity would, I should think, grow very tired of blowing with exhausted breath upon the feeble embers of a flame long since smothered by indifference to her mental or moral excellencies, and appreciation of only the mechanical housewifely accomplishments that serve the one grand object of promoting the bodily comfort of her liege lord. Each two people should be a law unto themselves; for I'll defy anyone to lay down any code of law or any set of rules with which to govern this most tantalizing relation. I think no two couples are alike, so how can they be expected to think and act alike?"

"But don't you know, Ralph, very few of the parties who are unhappily married are capable of being a law unto themselves," said Mr. Crosby.

"Perhaps; I don't pretend to know all about it. My experience proves that people who are *not* married wish they were; and those who *are* wish they weren't. It's a toss-up, in my opinion, which has the most sense."

"You've evidently never suffered from the tender passion," said Carl.

"I'm suffering from it intensely at the present time. There's one woman in this world who is more than an angel in my sight; but I can't have her, for some one else has got her; and I must 'grin and bear it' even if it does break my heart."

Mr. Crosby and Carl both laughed heartily as this natural comedian tried to bring his round face into sad and sober expression, while his eyes twinkled with merriment. When they were quiet again he continued:

"I'm not altogether joking, as you think. I know many good women, excellent wives, mothers and daughters, but there's one woman in the world I'd *die* for, and she's another man's wife."

"Why, Ralph," exclaimed Mr. Crosby, "you astonish me! I believe you're only making game of us now."

"I'm not! I'm in dead earnest. The lady I speak of is a dear friend, but I know her liking for me is that of an elder sister—though she is younger than I—a saint or anything of that sort. Let me but *look* the love I'd give the world to speak, and I should expect her big, black eyes to annihilate my sight. Good-bye, though, I didn't come here to preach," and he was gone.

"A fine fellow," said Mr. Crosby, "and one of the few honest men I've met in my time."

"Honest?" queried Carl, "I'm sure I can see nothing ultra-honest in falling in love with another man's wife."

"You mistake. The honesty lies in keeping the knowledge of it from the woman herself."

"Yes, but he tells it to you and me."

"Because he must tell it to someone; it is a necessity with people of his peculiar make-up. We are differently constituted in such respects. Where you or I would, in all probability, tell the other man's wife we loved her, he prefers to trust to our honor, unbosoms himself to us, and leaves the woman in blissful unconsciousness of his misery, which is the wiser course, I think. A man may love a grand, good woman, but he is surely unworthy her lightest thought, if he would be guilty of a base deed or forget her duty or his own to win her."

Carl worked away without answering, but months afterward, this morning's conversation came back to him with startling vividness. Each piece of furniture, the lilacs and tulips in the vases, the boy-faced man who came and went so quickly, declaring his love as though forced to do it, and the grand old teacher speaking words that were to prove helpful to Carl in the time to come, and weigh heavily on the side of *right* when the one temptation of his life should assail him.

CHAPTER III.

Ros.—"O, how full of briars is this working-day world!"

Cel.—"They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them."

Ros.—"I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart."

As You Like It.

While women and wives were the subjects of conversation at the studio, Millie was endeavoring to make the time pass more quickly as she was impatient to meet her old school friend, Mrs. Coleman, who had promised to call some time during the day. At half past three o'clock, when Millie's patience was nearly exhausted, her carriage stopped before the door. It was opened by Millie herself, who cried, "Oh, Cleo!"

"My *dearest* Millie!"

A real girlish hug followed; then the visiting began.

"You're just the same pretty little Millie," said Mrs. Coleman.

"I don't know; but you're not the same Cleo; you're taller and more queenly than ever."

"You haven't forgotten how to 'look up' to me, I see. Tell me about yourself, though; your marriage; what you wore; the presents you received, and last, but not least, how you like being a matron instead of a maid."

"I'm not sure I like it at all," said Millie, dolefully.

"That's very like you, to answer the last question first. I know you are only making believe, just to appear like 'old married folks.'"

"Think so, if you like. Don't let's sit here, though; come into my room; it's the only place in the house I really like."

"You have a real little bird-cage of a house," said Cleo rising.

"You have said it exactly; it's just like a bird-cage, all

on the outside; and what's worse, I'm just like the bird, for no matter how much I sing, I'd like to get out."

Cleo looked searchingly at her friend as she said:

"I'm surprised, I assure you, and if I thought you were in earnest I should really be grieved. Your house is so pretty and seems just a fit nest for you."

"I suppose I must be out of sorts somehow. You're no doubt happier than I am, and that makes you look at things differently. The house is well enough; kitchen and dining-room downstairs, this parlor, and here," as they entered the back parlor, "is Carl's favorite room; you'd know that by the piano and stacks of music. I tried at first to keep that somewhere near straight; but he always scolded under his breath when the sheet he expected to find on top was at the very bottom of the heap, so I gave it up and let him leave it in as much disorder as he likes. This is my room. There are other sleeping rooms on the next floor; the girl has one of them—we only keep one servant, you know—and isn't this a pleasant nook? Carl would have it all finished in oak to please me. Doesn't that east window look inviting? Those cushions are his idea too, and he likes to lounge there when he allows himself time to rest at all. Sit in *this* chair, Cleo; I bought it for Carl because all the rest are upholstered in blue and that isn't becoming to either of you. Now, you look quite cosy. That garnet plush just suits you."

"Now I'm settled to your satisfaction, tell me how you happened to fall in love with your spouse."

"I don't think I did anything of the kind."

Cleo's eyes grew a shade more thoughtful, as Millie continued:

"I think I married Carl because no one else happened around. Of course, I *did* like him better than anyone I knew."

"You speak as though your liking was a past experience."

"No, I like him well enough, but I'm sick to death of staying here, and having him fly home at intervals when he only stops long enough to eat or dress and hurry away again; or if he does stay in the house ten minutes, he has a

roll of new music to look over and——”

“But surely you are interested in music, Millie?”

“I *hate* it!”

“Millie!”

“I do! I used to like it, but since it comes in the way of everything I want to do, and everywhere I want to go, I can't endure the sound of a piano, or the sight of a piece of music!”

“I cannot sympathize with you there, for music is the best friend I have.”

“Yes?—and I've no doubt your husband hates it.”

Cleo laughed at the sharp retort, so unlike the Millie she had known.

“You are very nearly right, for I must admit he barely endures it.”

“I knew it!” declared Millie, with a wise shake of the head, “and I think every musically inclined individual should be compelled to marry an equally imbecile person—no offense to *you*, Cleo—under penalty of perpetual imprisonment!”

“My dear child, how *could* you marry as you have, with such ideas in your head?”

“They weren't there; they came with experience. I'd no notion I was to be like a piece of furniture set in one of the rooms here to wait his lordship's arrival, and be satisfied if he deigns to give me a word or smile. If I'm absolutely miserable when I've lived in this way only two weeks what'll I be with a whole lifetime of it? It was a little better before Carl took Mr. Crosby's pupils, for then there were no lessons to give.”

Now Millie's tongue was loosened upon the subject of her miseries, she found it difficult to reach a stopping-place. Cleo was puzzled by her friend's behaviour, and said:

“He doesn't dislike to take you with him, surely?”

“Oh no; he urges me to go with him, but I'd sooner stay at home than go to an informal musicale to-night, a recital to-morrow night, a concert next and the Symphony Club after that; and the order of our amusements is very

like that. We go to theatre occasionally, to be sure, but it's almost always something I can't bear."

"I thought you were the same, dear" said Cleo, sadly, "but I find I was mistaken. You are altogether unlike the sunny-tempered Millie I knew."

"I suppose so; but it isn't my fault. Oh, Cleo, I'd give anything if I was at home and happy as I was a year ago! I know you'll think me silly, but I haven't had a soul to tell my troubles to since I left the dear old place. I never had a sorrow in my life that wouldn't disappear if I told it to mother but this misery'll last, no matter how much I tell it."

"And this husband of yours, does he suspect you are unhappy?"

"He's too busy with music to suspect anything of anybody."

"But Millie, how can you expect so much of him, when you must have known what an exacting profession his is?"

"No, I didn't even think of it, for at Elmwolde he wasn't busy; could walk home from church with me every Sunday and always had leisure for an evening call. That's quite different from our present way of getting along."

"My poor, poor child; don't know what to say to you. Maybe if you'd tell your husband how lonely you are, he might arrange to stop at home part of the time, and you could afford to cultivate a liking for music the other part."

"It wouldn't work! If I should even hint at such a plan, Carl would open his big brown eyes, till they'd look me altogether out of countenance and say: 'I must stick to business if I want to succeed, my dear.'"

"I think you must be cross to-day Millie. You'll feel better now, I hope, you've told your troubles to me. Don't you go out at all?"

"Sometimes; but I don't like going out alone. Every time I make a fresh start I come back so blue and lonesome, I'm more unhappy than ever. I want the trees and hills, and the old home. More than *all*, I *do* so want to be myself again."

"My dear, you must stop even *thinking* such nonsense.

You are a *woman* now, not a child. Remember your husband is dependent upon you for encouragement and help. If you haven't found the life of a married woman as pleasant as you had hoped, don't blame your husband, for it will only dishearten him, and both of you will be miserable. You have promised to be all in all to each other till death shall part you; but one must work at something even if they have a lonely wife at home, or she might get uncomfortably hungry some day."

"Yes, of course; but they needn't work night and day surely to earn a living, even at music!"

"It isn't quite so bad as that, I hope, and you must forgive me Millie, if I run the risk of offending you. I think you should try to be interested in all that concerns your husband, if he is a good man; for you must bear with the yoke you have placed about your neck. The more patiently you walk beneath it, the better it will be for all concerned; for the tie which binds your existence to another's is one that is not easy to break; it must remain fast as long as you live."

"You're awfully mistaken there, Cleo, for I've no intention of passing all my life in this stupid fashion!"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that if one makes a mistake they'd better set about rectifying it on the principle of 'better late than never.'"

"I'm sure you're only talking for amusement, so we'll drop this disagreeable subject, and take up something pleasanter. Have you gained any acquaintances since your residence here?"

"Only two or three people at church."

"That's something. What church do you attend?"

"Not any regularly, but I've been twice to the little chapel on the next street. Carl wants me to go to the 'Redeemer's' but I don't care for big places full of strange people. One Sunday morning when he was lazy I dressed and went by myself. They're nice to me and I can almost imagine I'm at home again, so when I go there I'd rather go by myself."

“I should think you'd prefer going, where you might hear a really good discourse, or have you a finished speaker at the chapel?”

“Oh dear no ! but he seems an inoffensive sort of man, and he doesn't worry you with things you can't understand. I'm not at all fond of long harangues upon subjects that are as good as Greek to me. I like to hear a pleasant voice without any ranting or raving ; for it's perfectly dreadful to be brought to the right about by a minister's fist thumping his desk just as you're counting the poppies on the lady's hat in the next row.”

“You're a funny child ! I'm beginning to wonder if you and I like any of the same things,” said Cleo.

“I don't know what *you* fancy,” Millie returned, “but *I* like flowers, sunshine, comfort, company and neighbors who run in and out and tell one what's going on ; and I *hate* all this fudge about *doing* something, and making yourself and everybody else miserable trying to do what you can't! It'll be all the same whether one takes life easy or hard, in a hundred years from now ; so one might as well enjoy it while it lasts.”

“I disagree with you entirely, Millie. I think it's grand to gain a place in the world ! Few women ever find the opportunity to do so, but the next grandest thing is to help some one else to be great ; to bring all one's powers, all one's affections to the glorious task of cheering, sustaining and upholding one who *will* win a name !”

“That's all lost on me, Cleo, though 't would just suit Carl.”

“Who's taking my name in vain ?” inquired the young husband, as he entered the room and looked from one to the other. They both arose, in confusion, but Carl reassured them, declaring he had been in the house less than two minutes, and, he considered it needless to say, had *not* been listening.

Millie introduced her husband and friend after a fashion of her own, saying: “Cleo, this is Carl.”

He bowed gravely over her hand, which she gave him in

a peculiarly sweet and friendly manner; then they stood a moment looking at each other, and passed judgment mentally.

“She looks like a beautiful society woman, accustomed to homage, and with little of the domestic deity about her. What wonderful eyes, dark as midnight, and her rich warm color just suits them. I never saw a less abused looking woman in my life!”——thought Carl. “A splendid face! A man who would leave a lasting footprint upon the earth; but I wish he looked a little less pliable.”

So they thought, in their blindness, little dreaming that the very qualities each considered lacking in the other, were to prove the firmest links in the chain that should bind them together in a life-long friendship.

ERATO.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

AN OLD LADY IN MEXICO.

(CONCLUDED.)

I THINK our last letter left us at Aguas Calientas, just leaving that beautiful and interesting city. Ever since we were disappointed in not stopping at Zacatecas, the question had been as to whether we should go on and thus reach the City of Mexico a day in advance of our time, or should we stop at some other point of interest. Our general manager and conductor, Mr. Manning, however, knew better than to have us ahead of time, and decided to visit Guanajuato. So we changed cars at Salon for Marfil, where we found horse cars, or rather mule cars, waiting for us. We were also happy to find there to welcome us three of the missionaries, who are all doing good work. The ride from Marfil is charming. The mules go at a gallop, the hills rise up high and steep on each side of the road, and the peculiar houses make the trip interesting.

Wherever there is a place big enough, or a niche can be cut in the rock, there a house is built. We were shown one stone church of a beautiful green color, which was said to have cost a quarter of million of dollars, half of which was spent in blasting a place on the hillside for it to rest upon. After two or three miles of this kind of riding we reached the city of Guanajuato. It is a silver mining city among the mountains, and a lovely and bewildering spot it is, a fortified place set upon the heights; of sides so steep that the houses seem to be fastened to the rock, rather than resting upon it. There was a crowd of picturesque people on the street, selling every oddity under the sun. Women squatting on the ground with a piece of course canvas as a table for their wares, and almost every kind of fruit grown there, and all their peculiar cakes spread out on another piece of cloth perhaps a yard square. The balconies of

of many beautiful houses were gay with bright awnings, and marvelous flowers, and the yards filled with japonica, oleander, rose and myriads of other flowering trees.

We all went at once to the house of the Methodist missionary, and were entertained by his intelligent and interesting wife. It is a large stone house with stone floors. They have lived here eight years, and have had no fire except in the kitchen. You would love to see a Mexican kitchen. They are curious enough, but indescribable. We enjoyed our visit there and picked beautiful flowers in the little yard, although this was December. After resting and seeing the school room and points of interest, we decided to visit the cemetery and catacombs. There were but two ways of going. One was to walk up the long and steep hill, the other to ride the little burros. Now, my dear sister, I remembered that you had told me never to ride on horseback again but you know I was not seventy-five years at the time, but lacked ten days of it, and so I knew that it was a proper thing to do. Moreover I had before ridden up steep mountains on horseback. So I stepped on the knee of an old Mexican and sprang to my seat on the back of the poor, sad-looking, patient little burro. Not much of a spring, for they are but little more than three feet tall. They have neither saddle nor bridle, but instead of a saddle a piece of coarse canvas doubled three or four times and tied on with a stout string. When we arrived at the place the great iron gates were thrown open, and leaving our burros with their owners, we entered. There is but little to see. A very high wall is filled with holes for coffins, and for sale or to let. One hundred dollars pays for as many years; two dollars will pay for a last resting-place two years, at the end of which period the occupant is a dried mummy, and they stand him up in a niche in the catacombs. A horrible place to go down into; just piles of human bones and grinning mummies, on all sides. A short stay is all we want here and we go back down the hill, and now we are ready to visit other notable place and have our dinner, and then go back to the railway. We visited the Alhondiga, now a

prison, but once a board of trade building, which was captured by Hidalgo, the patriot priest, during the war for independence. It is an immense stone building. We entered by a great court, where there is a very large fountain playing, and myriads of prisoners walking about and washing clothes. As I did not wish to go up on the top of the building I sat down to wait for the company, and a little child belonging to one of the missionaries was told to remain with me, as I thought in my charge, but what was my pleasure as soon as they were gone to have her say, "You need not be at all afraid, for I have taken charge of a great many ladies here, while their parties went up to have a look at the city and silver mines!"

At half past seven Sunday morning we are at the City of Mexico, and what a reception awaiting us! Not only the thousand or more of men, and numerous bands of music, but a score of lovely women who had been selected by the citizens to meet us at the depot, also to entertain the ladies of our party during our stay in the city. And right royally did they do it. As each lady stepped from the car she was seized by the hand as though she was an old friend, and with the cheerful "I am so glad to see you," presenting an exquisite bunch of flowers, she would hasten to meet another, and as they gave a bunch of flowers to each one to whom they spoke, some of us had our hands full. Each lady and gentleman of our party had been given a printed card showing black figures on white ground, to be pinned on the left side, and we were to take the carriage in waiting the driver of which wore the same number, and he would take us to our hotel, and if we were pleased with the service we could have him at any time during our stay in the city, free of charge, by wearing this number.

At the depot we were given programs for the week. The ladies must be at the reception room each morning at eight o'clock to meet the committee who would tell us what was to be done that day; and each morning as we met we were surprised at the amount of sight-seeing, planned for us. One day, for instance, was art day, and we visited art studios,

and art galleries, and the manufacture of many curious things. The visit to the museum was good, as we saw things that can never be seen anywhere else, things that once belonged to the Aztecs; their Sacrificial Stone, and many curious gods and their wonderful dial, and a host of other things. One morning as we met in the reception room we were told of a day of pleasure that awaited us, and many of us expressed a wish that our husbands might go with us, and so the president said, "We will make a change in our plans, and to-day as the men are all out of the city on an excursion, we will visit the conservatory of music," which proved a great treat. The next morning, as we entered the room, we saw the little bulletins on the wall, and we hastened to read this: "Any gentleman who will give us his name before nine o'clock this morning can accompany the ladies." We had received an invitation to visit the hacienda of a wealthy gentleman and dine with him, about eight miles out from the city. You should have seen the rush, and soon we had over two hundred ladies and gentlemen ready to go.

We were told to be at the Plaza at eleven o'clock. It tires one to think of the amount of work of that committee in engaging horse cars for such a company and such a distance. It was done, however, for in any city of Mexico you can charter one car or any number of cars, for an hour or a day, as you wish, including mules and drivers. We took the cars at the Plaza and were to change to the gondolas when we should reach the Viga canal. As we came in sight of the canal where we were to change, all were excited, fearing there would not be boats enough and so, as the cars stopped, it was one mighty rush for boats nearest, and all got seats that could. They are flat-bottomed boats propelled by a dusky gondolier with a long pole. It was a novel experience. We rode a mile or two and then took cars again, stopping occasionally to look at some fine church or old ruin, and made a short stop at the floating gardens, which are curious. And once the car stopped that we might get a better view of those two wonderful mountains, Popocatepetl, almost eighteen thousand feet in height, and

Ixtaxihuatl, sixteen thousand. They stand out in all their grandeur away from all other mountains, so you see all their beauty and do not feel the awe that comes in the Yosemite or when standing near Sir Donald, one of the Selkirks.

We soon reached the hacienda. The house is of rough stone with stone floors, except in the dining-room; there are also three very fine paintings, and as many mirrors. One of the paintings was a life-size picture of a man on horse-back, horse and man full size. The other pictures were the same size. An open court runs the whole length of the house, and each room, ten or twelve in number, opens from the court. We were expected to enter each room. After passing the dancing-hall, where there was an orchestra, all in readiness for the dancers of our party, we came to a room, I can't tell what it was called, but surely for that day it was a free bar-room, for every kind of liquor was dispensed as free as water, and all could drink as they chose!

We wandered out into the garden, which was simply fairyland. It cannot be described. The water was carried in little irrigating ditches and spouts, in just the quantity for each plant tree or shrub to make the most of itself. All of our flowers and hundreds of tropical varieties that were wonderful were there. One of our common little field daisies, which we so despise here, had grown to the height of four feet, and spread its branches out three feet across, and so covered with the white beauties that no green was visible. Many lofty trees, draped with the beautiful gray moss just enough to break the sun's rays, were among the flowers. If we grew weary and should take one of the chairs sitting near little tables, in a moment a servant would come running with a tray of cake, ices and wine.

Soon we were called to dinner, where one hundred ladies were seated, and such appointments one can not often find. The china was of the best, and the workmanship of the silver was exquisite. The dishes for the first three or four courses were all Mexican. Some of them we liked; others we did not. After the ladies were sufficiently served they gave place to the gentlemen, and wandered out again to see all

those acres of beauty, and then farther out to see the herds come up. We were told that there were seven hundred cattle, besides flocks of sheep, and goats and mules and ponies and burros. When we reached the Plaza, it had been illuminated for our benefit, and was all a blaze of light. Later came dazzling fire-works in all their splendor, and thus ended one of our sight-seeing days.

I had wanted to tell you of our trip to Guadalupe, and of the miraculous picture there. Perhaps you remember the legend. You know a long time ago, a man was told to go on a high hill and gather flowers. He went, but as it was a barren hill, where never a flower grew, he did not provide himself with a receptacle for them. But when he arrived he saw them growing in profusion, and he gathered them in his tellma, a long apron worn by the common Mexicans, and when he returned to the priest and let fall the flowers, behold on the tellman was printed a picture of the Virgin, and no painter has been able to match it. I also wanted to tell you of President Diaz and the most wonderful reception given by him to our party at the castle of Chapultepec. This castle is approached only by a winding road leading up through the immense cypress, draped with that beautiful grey moss. Our troops stormed and took this stronghold in 1847, and what added much to our interest was that we had one of the old soldiers with us to point out points of interest. He was then a private, but now Doctor Plummer, of California. I also wanted to tell you of our ride up the valley of the Laza on the narrow gauge railway. We went up and up until we reached the height of nearly eleven thousand feet, and then the mountain is tunneled. And of the crossing the tropic of Cancer and the pretty, pretty monument placed there to mark the spot. The cars stopped for us to see it, and we realized how far we were from home, and when we passed from the torrid to the temperate zone we felt that we should soon be at home again.

That we arrived home in safety you know and will tell you no more but keep it all until I see you.

DOVER, N. H.

E. S. LATHROP.

DR. MASON ON CHOPIN AND CHOPIN-PLAYING.

THE articles on piano playing which have recently appeared in *The Musical Courier*—particularly the one on Chopin's style, have recalled reminiscences of the writer's early student life in Germany which may be of interest to your readers. Chopin died on October 17, 1849, and I remember well when the news of his death was first received in Leipsic, where I was at that time studying the piano under Moscheles. The playing of Chopin was then fresh before the public, and during one of my lessons Moscheles very naturally referred to and commented on it. He said that Chopin, judging from the distinguishing features of his compositions and from his characteristically delicate and tender style of playing, seemed to have a decided fancy for and desire to imitate the soft and weird breathings of the æolian harp. The pedal point harmonic effects of that instrument are, indeed, suggested by the closing arpeggio of the prelude, Op. 28, No. 23, which is based upon the unresolved chord of the dominant seventh, and by passages near the close of both the berceuse, Op. 57, and the nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1, as well as by many others throughout his compositions. Moscheles furthermore cautioned his pupils against a too close imitation of Chopin as leading away from a habit of breadth and solidity and tending toward effeminacy of style.

A year or so later—1850-51—while continuing my studies in Prague, Alexander Dreyschock, who was then my teacher, told me that he once, in company with Thalberg, attended a concert given by Chopin in Paris. At the conclusion of the concert, and after they had reached the street, Thalberg suddenly began to shout at the top of his voice. Dreyschock wished to know the cause. Thalberg's reply was to this effect: "We have had during the whole evening

such dainty *piano* playing that it would now be refreshing to have some *forte*!" Nothing could have been further from Thalberg's intention than to speak disparagingly of Chopin's playing, and from Dreyschock's further explanation it was evident that they were both of the opinion that while it was full of discrimination and intelligence, its peculiar coloring or bias was more emotional than intellectual, and that its prevailing and distinguishing feature was its zephyr-like and exquisite delicacy. That Chopin, on the other hand, was in favor of the most vigorous and robust playing, when the nature of the piece demanded such expression, is shown by an anecdote which Liszt used to relate, to the effect that on a certain occasion a young pianist, of a remarkably well-developed physical organization, presented himself to Chopin and asked permission to play before him his Polonaise Militaire, in order to receive the benefit of his criticism and advice.

During the performance of the piece the pianist broke two or three strings, and after concluding, he, in some trepidation, earnestly apologized to Chopin for his recklessness. Chopin at once put him at ease by exclaiming: "My dear sir, if I had your strength I would, in the performance of that piece, break every string on the piano!" However, pieces of this character form the exception and not the rule in the mass of Chopin's compositions. Their prevailing characteristic is, as before remarked, one of tenderness and sentiment, sometimes verging on the extreme of sweetness. We cannot agree with those who, in order to counteract this extreme, advocate a remedy in the form of more vigorous and robust playing. A conscientious interpreter will seek to be true to the nature of the piece which he is playing. He will make use of an imploring and a pleading touch, if such be necessary, in order to give a faithful representation of the spirit of the composition. Those who do not like honey are not obliged to eat it, but devoid of its sweetness it would no longer be honey, and they have no right to violate its nature by extracting its sweetness on the ground that it is nauseating to them.

WILLIAM MASON.

THE MUSICIAN'S POET.

SURELY any subject, which contains the words "musician" and "poet," is as trite and hackneyed as can be imagined, yet it is sometimes possible to strike sparks of fire from a worn-out flint, to turn the diamond in a new light, showing a variation of color hitherto unseen, to present to the reader a few ideas, poor, may be, but, perhaps, original.

When I say "the musician's poet," my subject becomes limited to one man, while had I said the "poet's musician," how many men could claim attention. Almost every poet can boast of having inspired *some* musician, but only one can be named who has inspired *every* musician—in Germany, France, Italy and America alike. But one man has ever written verses, *all* of which have vibrated on the musician's lyre.

To whom else can I refer than Heinrich Heine, that gloriously fantastic poet, who gives to our idlest musings an ideal sentiment, who enchants our senses by the perfume of pale blue roses, subtle by its impossible beauty, who leads us into cloud-worlds, where vistas of wavering woodlands open before us, where nymphs and shepherds sit by streams more blue and clear than ours, and where soft Pandean pipes lull us to rest.

It is impossible for the imaginative man to find more fascinating, more suggestive, more cameo-like lyrics than these by this German poet. From his swift-moving pen flows a stream of magic light which, like a ribbon, gleams here and there through the wreath of poems. His glowing thoughts traverse the snow-fields of the arctic realm, the ocean-girt islands of the North Sea, the sunny slopes of Italy, the burning Arabian deserts, and from every land he culls a song-flame. This reveling in the scenes of nature, the rapture for inanimate life does not begin and end itself. Heine is noth-

ing if not human. Every grass-blade, every leaf-bud speaks to him of unutterable secrets of the heart. The life of plants, the flight of birds, the changing seasons have a symbolism in human life too gigantic to be overlooked. Even the irregular and hideous things in nature correspond to human traits and errors. While we admit the gross vices of Heine, the man, we are compelled to admire the nobility of Heine, the poet.

Laying aside those longer poems, which speak of universal truth, we come to those which are imbued with a mediæval mysticism, where the tired soul enters the dim aisles of a cathedral, where purple and crimson light, from stained glass windows, falls athwart the massive pillars, where a vesper hymn rises to heaven, with one female voice soaring above it, borne upwards on the wings of ecstasy. Here come into mind vague speculations on life and death, time and eternity, till the imprisoned spirit wildly beats its bars, stirs to free itself, but falls heavily back, stranded by the retreating waves of emotion.

Passing from these, we find a mass of short verses which imitate the cutting dagger of epigram. Most of these poems, which satirize events and persons of Heine's day, have lost their interest, but the powerful language commands respect.

Last, but not least, we pause before the book of songs, lost in admiration. Heine alone possessed the gift of expressing, in perfect manner, the tender, indefinite soul-yearnings, growing out of nothing, attaining nothing, the airy crossing and re-crossing of the threads of thought and fancy, which make the great web of the ideal, where star-flames blossom, moon-beams quiver and the distant sea murmurs its eternal lullaby. Heine only felt the sweet sadness which a dying bird arouses; the delicate relations between maidenhood and the spring flowers, the ineffable emotions of every lovely thing in existence, which has end and beginning in love. Oblivious love is, to Heine, the resultant of all deep feelings.

With a different spirit the poet sweeps his harp, and the hrobbing tones speak out the passionate desire, the anguish

of betrayed affection, the pangs of jealous love; the pulsations of voluptuous agony. Who but Heine could have penned these lines :

“ When thou shalt lie, my darling low
In the dark ground, where they hide thee,
Then down to thee I will surely go,
And nestle in beside thee.

Up rise the dead; the Judgment Day
To bliss or anguish calls them;
We twain sleep on, as before we slept,
And hear not what befalls them.”

It is evident that the musician would ever turn to such a man, who has expressed every shade of emotion and fancy. A facetious and not too polite critic once dubbed all musicians “harmonious madmen.” Now, this should be resented indignantly, yet it is true that the musician is a peculiarly organized being—emotional, easily excited and depressed, often intolerant and jealous, but just as often sympathetic and warm-hearted. In all these respects the musician finds a responsive chord in Heinrich Heine.

Do not the restless rhythms of Schumann resemble the agitated phrases of many a Heine fantasy? Do not Chopin's nocturnes breathe the same romanticism as many a love ballad by Heine? Do not Beethoven's symphonies, hurling their Titanic harmonies on the air, find a counterpart in those grand odes to the North Sea?

It is stated that Heine's song, “Thou art so like a Flower,” has been set to music a thousand times, yet the charm in it is not yet exhausted. “Thine eyes so blue and tender,” is another favorite lyric. “The old story” has attracted several composers, notably E. Grieg, the Norwegian, whose setting is particularly appropriate. We see little suites of Heine's songs set to music by various composers. We occasionally hear a symphonic poem whose musical phrases portray a story taken from Heine. To sum up everything, it is only necessary to say that *all* musicians have received some inspiration from this gifted poet, that *all* composers have essayed to draw a tone-picture from some one of his little lyrics.

There is another phase to Heine's poetry which attracts the musician. It is their perfect accent and rhythmic measure. Rhythm and accent are the two great pulses of all music and, (as music of necessity depends on perfect equilibrium of sound combined with theoretic equilibrium, as regards number and counter-balancing measures), it is difficult to find poems possessing these metrical requirements.

Heine's songs meet these demands, and even go a step beyond; they often suggest weird rhythms, new arrangement of phrases, and thus the poet becomes the musician's teacher.

To poetry be all praise, yet while I lay my poor wreath upon her shrine, while I recognize her musical truthfulness, while I worship her as an art-divinity, I cannot forget that music is oldest and first of the arts.

In mythic history, did not Orpheus draw forests from their places to follow him and hear his music? Did not the walls of Thebes rise, when Amphion struck his lyre? Did not the sirens charm their victims by their singing? Did not Arion captivate the dolphins, in the era, by his playing on the lute?

In cosmic history, did not the morning stars sing together? Did not the rolling spheres move in celestial harmony? Did not the first ocean surges strike the towering rocks, of those pre-Adamite ages, with thunderous music?

Was not the berth of the God-man the primal source of Christian history, heralded by the song of the angels? Will not the pardoned souls fly upward on the wings of song to disappear in the infinite harmonies of the eternal symphony, in which every creature that has ever lived or ever will live must play his part?

Rightly sang the sublime Shakespeare :

"The man that has no music in himself,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

May 1, 1893.

FRANK E. SAWYER.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE THOMAS IMBROGLIO.

No account of the Fair would be complete without a record of the very noisy and at times threatening storms with which the music department was surrounded during nearly all the month of May. The end is not yet, but the affair is now sufficiently far along for the justice and injustice of the various conflicting positions to be recognized.

The real point at issue was as to the location of the supreme authority of the Fair ; whether in the Commission (the Congressional delegation for bossing the affair), or in the Directory (the local organization which provided the money and built the Fair). The ostensible point at issue was first whether Paderewski should be permitted to play the Steinway piano at the two opening concerts, for which he had volunteered his services without compensation, and in fact paid his own expenses from New York and back, besides postponing his departure for Europe. Later the issue was broadened, or perhaps, to say it better, changed, its new form being the question whether Theodore Thomas was or was not partial to the Steinway, and whether this alleged partiality did not reach a point where his services should be dispensed with, as detrimental to the Fair. The latter was the position reached by a committee of the Commission, under the skillful leading of the disgruntled piano-makers.

The objection to Paderewski or anybody else playing the Steinway piano in Music Hall was based upon the fact that the Steinways, after having accepted their space, had gone out, and carried with them as many as possible of the other piano-makers, in the apparent intention of leaving the piano department of the Fair a collection of second and third rate makers. Under the stress of the Steinway departure certain

promises had been made the Chickerings and other houses that if they would stay in there should be a preference for their instruments in concerts. This promise was made by Director-General Davis, without understanding the practical bearing it would have upon the free engagement of artists for concerts which were to be an exhibit of the art of music and not a display of pianos. Nevertheless it was officially made, *i. e.* supposing that the supreme power in a question that kind of resides in the Director-General.

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For many reasons the music bureau was desirous of carrying out the engagement of Paderewski, both because his popularity was expected to give the concerts a good start, and because the music director has a personal regard for him.

The music director had made the rule, some time previously, that makes of pianos would be ignored in the Music Hall and festival concerts, every artist using his particular piano, and no announcement of its make being permitted upon any official publication or programme, nor any display of name upon the side of the instrument itself. It was thought that in the long run a rule of this kind would work so broadly as to be readily acquiesced in, even by the piano-makers themselves.

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No sooner was the engagement of Paderewski announced than the fun began. The piano-makers, remaining in the Fair, saw that this was their opportunity. Accordingly they rallied in defense of what they put as "the faith of the Fair"—meaning the promises of Director General Davis. The Commissioners arose to the occasion with great alacrity and devoted much time to the matter. The newspapers, also, were full of charges and countercharges. At length, however, Paderewski did play, the Council of Administration having formally authorized him to do so upon his own piano. Of the playing there will be something later.

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Almost immediately two other causes of complaint against Mr. Thomas were trumped up. The three junior harp players in the orchestra were notified by Mr. Schücker, the first harpist, that they should play their own harps, and not the borrowed Lyon & Healy harps which for some time they had been using. This order may or may not have come from Mr. Thomas—there is doubt upon this point. But in any case it had its source in a complication between Schücker and Lyon & Healy, in which the player had demanded an annual sum for playing their harps; this they had refused. Against this decision of Mr. Thomas, if it were his, under ordinary circumstances there would have been nothing said, but in the present condition of affairs it was immediately seen that the harps (which the players had owned for some years) were by Erard, of which several houses, connected with the Steinways, have the American agency. Much, also, was made of the coincidence that upon the day when this order was made public the business manager of the house of Steinway arrived in Chicago. It was therefore another evidence of the music director's subserviency to the house of Steinway.

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Within a day or two more still a third grave case came up. A committee of ladies had called upon Lyon & Healy with reference to securing one of their large three manual organs for the Woman's Building, and being well pleased with the instrument had left, saying that the matter would be referred to Mr. Thomas. A day or two earlier, however, Mr. Mason, of Mason & Rich, proprietors of the Vocalion, had written to Mrs. Potter Palmer, asking the privilege of loaning the Woman's Building a large Vocalion free of expense, during the entire exposition. Mrs. Palmer, knowing nothing of the other action, accepted with thanks—and the Vocalion was ahead. It was represented that this change had been made by Thomas, because the Vocalion is kept by Lyon & Potter, the Steinway agency here. Lyon & Healy took it as a personal slight to their business, and

from this time forwards became active in urging that Thomas be discharged from the musical directorate of the Fair.

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The showing, which was *ex parte*, was so plausible that the committee of the Commissioners made a report that Thomas was in fact so devoted to the Steinway interests that he ought to be discharged, and closed by requesting Director-General Davis to demand his resignation. A letter was accordingly sent to Mr. Thomas a day or two later. In this state the matter is pending at the present writing.

If Mr. Thomas were properly an employe of the Commissioners, his resignation would follow as matter of course. But the music bureau is provided by the money of the Directory, and it is not at all likely that after making this splendid provision for the music of the Fair they will drop the leader when his work has only commenced.

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Besides it is quite certain that all the charges of pecuniary connection or business alliance between Mr. Thomas and the Steinways are not only without foundation, but so false as to be tantamount to a libel upon a high-minded and honorable artist, who moreover is well-known to be habitually disregarding of considerations of a business kind wherever art is concerned.

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In the same connection *The Musical Courier* made other charges against Mr. Thomas based upon the alleged fact that the house of Decker were "bled" to the extent of many thousands of dollars upon the occasion of the first Thomas tour to the Pacific coast, in which Mme. Rivé-King played the Decker piano, and Mr. Charles E. Locke was manager. Upon this point I am in position to say, upon the authority of the gentleman who made the arrangement for use of the Decker piano, that it was made without Thomas' knowledge, and that in fact as the tour cleared a profit of more than \$42,000, the Deckers were not "bled" at all. But if they had, this would have been merely adver-

tising, for what they had desired for many years was to break the monopoly which the Steinways seemed to have in the Thomas concerts and get their own instruments played under these high auspices, where their good qualities would have fair play.

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The censure of Mr. Thomas by the commission naturally excited grave interest among musicians all over the country. Protests were received from quite a number of sources. Several Chicago musicians were concerned in obtaining names to be signed to a card of confidence in Mr. Thomas, expressing the highest possible regard for him. Among the signers of this document were Clarence Eddy, Wm. L. Tomlins, Mr. Calvin B. Cady, Dr. Geo. F. Root, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler, the editor of *MUSIC*, Prof. John K. Paine, Dudley Buck, Harry Rowe Shelly, Albert Ross Parsons, S. B. Mills, Frederic Brandeis, Arthur Foote, George W. Chadwick, E. A. MacDowell, Albert Morris Bagley, Franz Rummell, E. M. Bowman, and several others whose names at this moment escape the memory of the writer. The card was not published, however, by reason of the feeling among the signers that such was Mr. Thomas' eminence and his solid position before the country, that a card of this kind would be wholly unnecessary, and that, in fact, it would be almost an impertinence to publish it. Among those, formulating this view, was Dr. William Mason, who distinctly stated his position to be that of holding Mr. Thomas to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest director now in the world. Mr. Foote, being a younger man, naturally felt still more strong reluctance to do anything which could be construed into patronizing so great a musician. Nevertheless, the matter is a proper one for record. It will be seen that the above list includes some of the best known American names in the musical profession in this country, and the list could have been indefinitely extended by taking a little time to send word to other musicians.

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The unseemly squabble over the music naturally produced an unfavorable effect upon the foreign visitors at the Fair, since from the official position of the commissioners and the entire Philistine quality of their action, the inference was drawn that Mr. Thomas must represent but a small faction of the people of this country, and that our cultivation could only have been skin deep. This suspicion was deepened by the treatment of Mr. Paderewski.

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The treatment of Mr. Paderewski in this affair was a disgrace to America and the city of Chicago. This great artist, the most popular and successful of the present time, had offered to play at the opening concerts out of sheer good nature and an honorable ambition to appear at the opening of so glorious a chapter of musical illustration as Mr. Thomas had unfolded to him in the plans for the exposition. He was to play as guest, without fee, without even traveling expenses. The service was tendered at the end of a long and very arduous season, when the artist needed the rest. It involved a trip from New York here and back, and a delay of his departure to Europe of ten days. The playing had a money value. There were two concerts. The money value of the services, if rendered at the Auditorium, might have been estimated at not less than four or five thousand dollars. For two recitals in the Auditorium this season he had realized a total of fully ten thousand dollars, besides no end of graceful popularity.

But behold! everything has undergone a change. His motives are called in question. It is a question of permitting him to play at all. If he is to play, it is a question whether he will be allowed to use his own piano. "We," the commissioners, may decide that he shall play some other piano—any piano that we happen to select for him. He is charged with being an agent of Steinway—he and Thomas. They are owned body and soul by Steinway. Happy Steinway, if it were true! The newspapers are full of it. Columns—the same matter, dished up over and over again,

until the popular mind perceived that it might, after all, be advertisement, since "news" ceases to be news when it is repeated in every issue of a paper for a week or more.

At last so much doubt exists that it is only by favor that he is heard. The public was not present. The lovely music hall contained only about three hundred people for the opening concert. The hall was cold, damp and disagreeable. But the concert was splendid.

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One of the most curious features of this war upon Thomas is the fact that reputable newspapers can still be found to print such absurd statements as that Mr. Thomas is "no musician." This charge always comes out sooner or later. Even so good and generally well-meaning a writer as Mr. A. J. Goodrich was indiscreet enough to affix his name to this statement in the *Indicator*. A lie will travel so much faster than the truth that there is no use in combating this fool notion, (for such it is); still for the information of some who may have encountered this great fact for the first time, it may be well enough to say that Mr. Theodore Thomas has been under examination by America and the world for more than a quarter of a century. He is strictly self-made, and while other men with better chances have sunk into well-earned obscurity, his name has shown brighter and brighter, and the only thing he has behind him is his record. If anything can be regarded as certain it is that he is, at the present time, second to no other man in the world as an all-around conductor of orchestra. He has shown invincible tact in bringing the public to his plane, and it is entirely true that there is not now nor ever has been an orchestral conductor who could fill a house by so high a class of orchestral music as Theodore Thomas. Moreover, the country contains many hundreds of thousands of music-lovers who are indebted to him for some of the sweetest musical pleasures they have ever known.

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But distinctly upon the question of his musicianship, I would like to ask some of these all-knowing gentlemen a

question. Granted that Theodore Thomas was a really good solo violinist in 1851 when he travelled with Jenny Lind as solo artist, and that for fourteen years in connection with William Mason and others he conducted a series of chamber concerts in New York, in which the most advanced music was played with a finish which up to that time had never been realized in this country; and that later he had founded an orchestra which at once attracted attention by the refinement and finish of its performance, eventually reaching a point where it made itself the standard by which every other orchestra has to be tried, and that in his orchestra, and by means of it, he went on to educate the American public to all the great masters, playing a wider range of orchestral music of all schools than any other conductor in the world had or still has ever played, and has conducted some fifty or sixty great choral festivals in which all the great choral works have been given by vast masses of forces.

QUESTION: If an experience like this will not make a musician, will the gentlemen kindly inform me what would?

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Besides, when you raise the standard of musicianship to a point where Theodore Thomas ceases to be included, pray tell me who *is* there to be mentioned as worthy of this name? Certainly not such men as Seidel and Damrosch or Nikisch—great master as the latter is. If *he* is a musician, why not Thomas?

MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

The astonishing range of the musical performances of the Fair is sufficiently shown in the programmes given elsewhere. The following is a general statement of the kinds of musical exhibition now carried out for a month. First is the music for mere entertainment. Two good military bands, of about forty pieces each, give programmes an hour long three or four times a day, in the different band stands. At least two of these programs are given every day, and upon fête days there are four. One of these bands is the excellent body of musicians led by Mr. Adolph Liesegang. The programmes are popular—of the general caliber of the Gilmore and Sousa programmes.

Then at high noon there are popular orchestral concerts, lasting about an hour and twenty minutes, in festival hall. Quite a number of programmes of this series are given elsewhere. It will be seen that the standard is high, the intention being to give selections of all styles, but with enough good to make them well worthy the attention of every lover of music. The orchestra for these concerts numbers one hundred and fourteen, being the full symphony orchestra of the Fair—which in fact is the Chicago orchestra increased to the standard of numbers maintained by the New York Philharmonic and other first-class orchestras of the world. The playing is very beautiful, and the public is fully appreciating the fact, an attendance of more than two thousand hearers being not unusual. This is perhaps answer enough to the stupid charge which is reiterated so often, that Thomas is not in touch with the masses. Upon this point it is perhaps enough to say that Theodore Thomas is the orchestral conductor in this country who has ever given a series of summer night concerts for five weeks in the same place at actual profit, but this he has done more than ten seasons in Chicago.

The same absence of ground affects the other charge so generally alleged in the newspapers lately, that Mr. Thomas is exclusively German in his taste. The programmes show that all schools are represented in fair proportion to their prominence. It would of course have been pleasant to have seen American names more frequently, but here we must remember that Mr. Thomas holds himself to be responsible to the musical public, and the uneducated public, which has its first taste of the great masters to acquire, no less than to the American composer. Moreover, it will be seen that in this first month there are quite a number of American composers represented. The prominence given to the good French composers, such as Berlioz, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Delibes, Gounod, and the like, will also be noted.

Twice a week, or oftener, at 3 o'clock (for an admission fee of one dollar), there is a symphony concert. This is generally a programme devoted to the works of some one composer, the intention being to show the relation of the composer's important works to each other, or to give enough of the man's work at one setting to enable a listener to feel his style and individuality. Objections to this part of the musical plan have been on the whole more frequent and more foolish than perhaps upon any other. Mr. Thomas thought that having here one of the best orchestras in the world, an orchestra better and more complete than has ever played anywhere in the world for the same length of time consecutively, it was a time to give programmes of great master-works for musical connoisseurs. The idea is certainly a noble one, and it is easy to see that these splendid programmes will be an opportunity to many to be prized for a life-time.

It was unfortunate that an admission fee had to be charged, or if a fee, so large a one as one dollar. The idea was that the demand for place would be too great for the space, and that the easiest way for measuring the interest would be by a fee, which, while considerable, would after all amount to no more than the usual price for a seat at the

theatre. The high character of the programmes, and the reiterated assertion that common persons cannot understand these concerts, together with the high fee, and the other disadvantages have combined to make the attendance at these concerts very insignificant. On the other hand they do not cost the Fair very much, as the musicians and director are employed by the season, and these concerts can be as well given as not. For money-making purposes it would have paid much better to have affixed a fee of twenty-five cents to the popular concerts, leaving the symphony concerts free. This, however, is a matter for the Council of Administration.

Thus we have a regular plan of eight grand orchestral concerts per week, of which six are absolutely free. The band concerts are in the open air, and one may promenade at will. The popular concerts are in festival hall, and one may not come in or go out during the performance of a number, but aside from this attendance is open and free. The symphony concerts need greater quiet and closer attention, hence the fee.

Taking the programmes with the size and character of the orchestra, and Mr. Thomas' firm and experienced hand at the baton, it is easy to see that here is something altogether creditable to the American name—for next to having produced great master-works in music the most creditable thing which can be said of the musical taste of a nation is that it appreciates and loves master-works which other nations have produced.

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Two visiting orchestras have now been heard. The Boston orchestra, unfortunately without Mr. Nikisch, played two concerts. Mr. Franz Kneisel was leader, and in his difficult place he showed no small ability, so that there is a good chance of his distinguishing himself in this line later. The playing of this body of players was truly fine. The strings have a magnificent body of tone, and are beautifully together. Even in pianissimo passages they do not lose the vitality of their tone. The wood wind is not so good as that of the Chicago orchestra. The brass is good. The

playing in pieces requiring nicety and refinement was wonderfully sweet. Thus it was in the "*Rouet d'Omphale*" and in several other pieces. Some of these players have been together for twelve years. This is the secret of the homogenous character of their work.

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The great Hans Richter is not coming to Boston after all, or even to Chicago for the summer. Inducements were made him to remain in Vienna which were sufficient to retain him there. This is bad for America. Mr. Nikisch's successor is still unappointed. •

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The second visiting body was the New York Symphony Orchestra, a body of players controlled by that most interesting and charming of gentlemen, and excellent musician, Mr. Walter Damrosch. The number of players upon the road was about sixty, the first violins numbering ten and the double basses four. The programmes are given elsewhere. The two most grateful features of this concert were in the first program. There was a concerto for violin and orchestra by Bach, the solo part of which was delightfully played by that great artist, Mr. Adolph Brodsky, and Tschaikowski's rather nihilistic fourth symphony in F. Mr. Brodsky is a Russian, whom Mr. Damrosch brought from the concert-meistership of the Leipsic Gewandhaus orchestra to a similar position here about three years ago. He is a large man, who had a splendid reputation as artist before settling down as concert meister. His technique is magnificent, having all the good qualities, and his nature is deep and many-sided, whereby many kinds of music find in him a sympathetic interpreter. His string quartette ought to have been heard here as well as that led by Mr. Kneisel. The second movement of the concerto is a sort of Chaconne, which had some exquisite playing in it. The concerto made a great impression.

The Tschaikowski symphony is very fierce and nihilistic in character, having plenty of brass and percussion. It went

well. The *Chicago Post* nominated Mr. Damrosch to Mr. Thomas' place, which was a great injustice to Mr. Damrosch, since he has too much sense to suppose himself as yet the peer of a master so much older. Mr. Damrosch is a director concerning whom one would like to know more before drawing the line very carefully. In these concerts he was, of course, at his best, playing certain stock pieces, and with only the best of his forces. It is impossible to affirm from this playing that he has in him the particular personal qualities which distinguish a leader. Mr. Thomas' somewhat arbitrary temperament enables him to do things with orchestral players which a gentler man cannot accomplish.

The second concert of Mr. Damrosch illustrated certain peculiarities in making programmes, where he is not so happy as Mr. Thomas--no doubt for want of the same experience. He began with the Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," certainly not a very good number for opening, and at the end after the "Meistersinger" prelude gave the "Love-Death." As the latter is one of the most serious and grave orchestral pieces in the whole repertory it did not make a very good ending after the brilliant "Meistersinger" prelude. Moreover, in the matter of tempos Mr. Damrosch is not so satisfactory as Mr. Thomas. The only improvement over Mr. Thomas' tempos in these concerts was made by the Boston orchestra which begins the overture to "Tannhäuser" perceptibly faster, and thereby produces a better effect. Mr. Kneisel also keeps more even time, which gives more repose. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas brings the work to a better ending. All these, however, are matters in which one should give opinions very cautiously, because impressions are liable to be fallacious.

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The lesson of the visiting orchestras, on the whole, is that the Chicago players are in very good training, and that we have every reason to prize highly this privilege of hearing so wide a range of the greatest music so well done.

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The first programme of orchestral works by American composers was given May 23. The pieces were Mr. Chadwick's second Symphony, a Serenade by Mr. Arthur Foote, for strings, and a Suite, Opus 42, by Mr. E. A. MacDowell. Mr. Thomas, who had come off a sick bed to conduct the Wagner festival the previous day, was not able to be out, and his place was taken by Mr. Arthur Mees, who is serving as assistant conductor and working superintendent of orchestral matters. Mr. Mees is an energetic young American, a sound and thorough musician, an experienced conductor, and one of the most indefatigable students of advanced scores that our country possesses. As a conductor he is strong and energetic rather than reposeful. He seems to be a favorite with the orchestra, a fact due probably to his well-known musicianship, and the certainty with which he gives each man his cue.

Mr. Chadwick's symphony upon the present occasion did not quite bear out the composer's reputation of a man who has something to say. Or more properly, while he evidently had something to say, it by no means appeared that the something to say needed such a deal of noise for saying it. Even the question of time required for the saying was left in some doubt. Many things in the symphony were creditable—perhaps almost all. There were clever bits of writing, and there was an earnestness and manly mood throughout; but after all there was more hard work than the music seemed to warrant. Whether this impression is to be taken as an indication of the critic's inability to understand tone-poetry before it has been explained, or whether it is due to the insufficient rehearsal, inadequate interpretation, or whether again it was really well founded are all available suppositions which the reader may treat optionally. One would need to hear the work again, and perhaps under better circumstances.

Mr. Arthur Foote's Serenade for strings is a very well made work, which is pleasant and interesting to hear. Personally the present writer would except to the Gavotte more than to any other part.

But as already said the work is clever, and well worth hearing. It was conducted by Mr. Foote himself, who showed a clear beat and of course intelligence in his wishes concerning the interpretation.

The Suite by MacDowell is a sort of *genre* piece, calculated to afford play for his genius in orchestral coloring. It is safe to say that America contains no other composer able to wield orchestral colors with equal delicacy and discernment. Least of all the movements the critic liked the "The Shepherdess' Song"—which was not clear. The other numbers were admirable. It is true that all of these tone-pictures were rather extravagant and far fetched. This, however, is not to be taken as evidence of Mr. MacDowell's inability to travel the more serious paths of life. The point in immediate question was imagination and skill of colorist—both of which were conclusively evidenced.

It is notable, as in point of the prevalence of the principle of causality in music as well as in other departments of development, that these three composers are all young men, living in Boston. Mr. Chadwick is probably the youngest of the three. He was a pupil of Mr. B. J. Lang and of Prof. Paine, as also was Mr. Arthur Foote. Well taught, and hearing orchestra oftener in Boston than they would anywhere else in America except in New York, (and oftener now than there) they have enjoyed an environment likely to awaken talent if such there be. Mr. MacDowell has had a different history. Beginning as pianist, his early studies were made under the direction of his mother and of Mme. Carreno; then he went abroad and was pupil of the late Joachim Raff, where his talent was so well improved that he remained teaching for several years at Frankfort, and later at Wiesbaden after Raff died. The Raff fluency Mr. MacDowell seems to have, and a good imagination of his own. No other American writer seems so completely to the manner born as he. Much is to be expected of him.

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The first of the choral concerts was Mendelssohn's "Elijah" sung by the Chicago Apollo Club, with Mme. Nordica, Mrs. Nielsen-Dreier, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, and Mr. Plunket Greene as solo artists. Mr. Thomas being sick Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins directed—a fact considerably to the advantage of the singing, as owing to his having trained the chorus, he is able to get finer effects than any other conductor can do. The performance was given in music hall, which for this occasion showed itself in a more favorable light than previously, the echo being less apparent. The principal objection to the hall as a place to hear a performance of this kind lies against the monstrous columns which take up so much room along the line of the gallery front and obstruct the view of at least four hundred hearers when the hall happens to be full. On this occasion there were towards two thousand people in the audience, or more than 2,500 all together—which is not only the largest audience so far at a pay concert, but the largest thus far collected in music hall.

The performance was very fine indeed. It might have been better with another rehearsal upon the ground, but on the whole the qualities of precision, musical quality of tone and expressive delivery, which distinguish this excellent choir, were present on this occasion, so it is doubtful whether many of the hearers have ever heard the choral part of "Elijah" so well done before. The solos were very strong indeed, the sole exception being Mrs. Nielsen-Dreier, who is amateurish to a degree. Mr. Plunket Greene is one of the most finished oratorio artists ever heard in America. Mme. Nordica made an excellent impression with her strong and magnificent voice. Mr. Whitney Mockridge also pleased very much in "If with all your Hearts."

On the whole this performance must be regarded as having answered the design for which it was given—that namely of affording hearers from the country an opportunity of listening to "Elijah" adequately performed.

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The first appearance of the Columbian chorus of 1,250 voices took place in Festival Hall, May 25, the work being Haydn's "Creation." The solo artists were Mme. Nordica, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, and Mr. Plunkett Greene—a trio in every way superior. The orchestra numbered about eighty-five, and the whole forces were led by Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins. The chorus was spread out so far, in the vast space, and the conditions were so novel that at first the training was not quite so satisfactory as we had hoped. Later, however, in the important choruses the singing was very good indeed, and of course massive. The audience numbered fifteen hundred or more, but the conditions were the reverse of comfortable, since there was a strong north-east wind blowing; the temperature was very low—so low that the breath of the singers showed like steam, which throws perhaps sufficient light upon the comfort of all concerned. The hall will be very enjoyable when the weather moderates, and it is easy to see that later some very fine performances may be expected here. It is to be noticed that this chorus consists mainly of young singers, who do not belong to the Apollo club. Thus the Fair has brought out already more than 1600 singers from Chicago. The nearest choral event in the month will be the Apollo performance of Händel's "Messiah" which will take place June 16th. These are intended to be first-class performances.

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The principal engagement for the month of June are the following:

June 9—Orchestral Concert, Music Hall. Schumann programme. Schumann, born June 8, 1810.

June 12—Max Bendix's String Quartette Recital Hall.

June 13—Max Bendix's String Quartette Recital Hall.

June 14—Händel's "The Messiah," by Chicago Apollo Club, Festival Hall.

June 16—Bach's "St. Mathew Passion," by Chicago Apollo Club, Festival Hall.

June 20—Concert by St. Paul and Minneapolis Choral Associations. S. A. Baldwin, conductor. Music Hall.

June 21, 22, 23—Festival by first section of representative Choral Societies of the Western States. Three concerts in Festival Hall;

massed chorus 1,500; orchestra of 200: organ and eminent soloists

June 21—"Utrecht Jubilate," Händel; "Saint Paul," first part, Mendelssohn.

June 22—"A Stronghold Sure," Bach. Selections from "Lohengrin," Wagner.

June 24—Performance in Music Hall of Brahms' "A German Requiem," by Cincinnati Festival Association Chorus. Conductor, Theodore Thomas.

June 21, 22, 23, 24—Session of representative Women Amateur Musical Clubs of the country, Music Hall.

June 27—Concert by Arion Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., Arthur Classen, conductor, Music Hall.

June 28—Händel's "The Messiah," by Chicago Apollo Club, Festival Hall.

June 30—Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," by Chicago Apollo Club, Festival Hall.

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Recital Hall, in Music Hall building, was opened for chamber music, May 23, with a concert by the Kneisel quartette, of the Boston orchestra. The programme will be found elsewhere. The editor missed the concert wherefore nothing further will be said concerning it. On Tuesday 23d, a second concert was given by the same quartette, the principal numbers being Dvorak's Quartette in E major, one of Beethoven's opus 18, and a new sextette for strings by Mr. C. M. Loeffler, one of the leading violins of the Boston orchestra. It will be observed that two of these composers are residents of the United States, Mr. Dvorak being now in New York. His quartette is a well-made and pleasing piece, which is in no way great, nor does it betray those stirring propensities which one generally finds in orchestral writing by this very vigorous master. Mr. Loeffler's work is distinctly above the line, being melodious and well worked. It would be idle for the writer to claim further merit for it on the present occasion. The day was cold, a damp northwest wind flavoring the Chicago weather with one of its characteristic contrasts, the previous day having had a warm southwest wind and a temperature of about eighty-five Fahrenheit. Hence the cold and the damp were to the last degree unfavorable to inspiration. Moreover, the room which is capable of seating about six hundred had about fifty people in it.

This, however, was not the fault of the excellent players, who form in fact the most finished quartette of string players anywhere in America. On the present occasion the playing was as perfect as could have been asked, and suprisingly warm considering the unfavorable environment aforesaid.

On Wednesday a programme of American works was given in the same place, with the help of Mr. Arthur Foote, of Boston, who played in his own work and others.

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Among the pleasures of life that the reader will never understand until after a practical experience is that of arranging an "international musical congress," such as is now being planned by the World's Fair Auxiliary. The programme committee consisted of Messrs. Liebling, Cady and Clarence Eddy and the writer, and we soon arrived at the point where the manual job of writing to the various foreign and native essayists desired was turned over to Liebling and myself. We divided the list of names, and each wrote to his men. For about three weeks there was no response, but later I began to get from Liebling day after day postal cards, in his peculiarly neat chirography, but of a brevity truly Spartan. "4-22 Moszkowski sends his regrets." "4-23. Tinel of Belgium declines." ("What did I tell you?") Answer. He told me—"I know these fellows; they are not going to give up a summer and pay their own expenses to America merely for the pleasure of reading a paper before us." "5-2. Grieg declines." 5-12. Leschetitzky declines." "5-16. "Felix Godefroid, harp virtuoso Paris,—declines." Several others declined whose names do not at the moment occur to me. All the English musicians Turpin, Stainer, and Bridge decline.

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I have called a meeting of the committee in order to ascertain by a majority vote exactly where the "international" element comes in.

* * *

We had the idea that it would be nice to have reports of the condition of musical art in the different countries. Taking idea, wasn't it? But it would not work. Because the foreign gentlemen would not come over and tell us, and there are no statistics which tell anything.

* * *

Of course we might *create* statistics and charge them up. This is often done. But then we might get caught. If it were only creating them for some special article in a daily newspaper, it would be different. But here they might keep too long. It is not feasible.

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The attitude of the programme committee, or of certain members of it, may be described as similar to that of the augurs one reads of in some of the pagan religions, where when they happened to meet in passing during the ceremonies, they winked the off eye and smiled a skeptical smile upon the side where the congregation could not see. Two of the committee began with a sort of grace. They clasped hands and said in unison, key of G minor, "This is *all nonsense*." Then they got down to business and really did better work for having "attuned their souls," as Pythagoras called it.

* * *

Is there anything in the "Congress" idea? There might be. I have sometimes thought of imitating the interruption of the member of Congress. A noisy speaker stopped to take a swallow of water, (this was before the day of "cold tea") and his opponent rose to a point of order, that it "was incompetent for a wind-mill to go by water." In other words, that it is not the legitimate progress of music to go by talk. But while this is strictly true, and demarks the musical congresses from all the other congresses, which, in point of fact, *do* go by talk, it does not follow that there are not points in music which *might* be talked over with profit. I think these will be found fairly represented upon the programme, which really will be included in this number, instead of being merely promised as it was once or twice before.

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The Trocadero is the name given by President Ziegfeld to the summer garden concerts which he had arranged to run in the First Regiment armory. The building burned down just before M. Florence Ziegfeld arrived home from Europe with the attractions. In the emergency Battery D was taken instead, and having now been pleasantly fitted up, is well filled nightly with those who come to hear, to see and to pass a pleasant hour. There is an orchestra from Hamburg, a troupe of Russian singers, who give folk-songs and dances, a dancer, a military band, etc. There are refreshments to be had, and the whole entertainment is of a style adapted to popular favor—taking the term “popular” in its best sense. The orchestra plays a symphony one night a week, and although the number of players is only about sixty, the precision and nicety of effect are such that a very satisfactory result is reached. Besides Dr. Ziegfeld as manager, Mr. Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., and the well known theatrical man, Mr. Thomas W. Pryor, late of the Chicago Opera House, are in charge of the duty of making the visitors pleased. It is one of the most attractive of the down-town amusements.

SAMPLE PROGRAMMES OF MAY MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

FRIDAY, MAY 5.

"Marche Slav "	Tschaikowsky
Slavonic Dances	Dvorak
"Suite Arlésienne"	Bizet
Overture, "William Tell "	Rossini
"Träumerei "	Schumann
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube,"	Strauss
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2	Liszt

MAY 6.

March, "Rakoczy "	Berlioz
Overture, "Der Freischütz "	Weber
Allegretto from Symphony No. 7	Beethoven
Hungarian Dances, 17 to 21	Brahms
Orchestration by Antonin Dvorak.	
March, Funèbre	Chopin
Orchestration by Theodore Thomas.	

FRIDAY, MAY 12—BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Egmont."
Triple concerto for piano, violin and cello—Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Max Benedix, Bruno Steindl
Symphony, No. 5, in C. minor.

MONDAY, MAY 15.

March, "Rakoczy "	Berlioz
Overture, "Der Freischütz "	Weber
Air	Bach
Hungarian Dances, Nos. 17 to 21	Brahms
Orchestration by Antonin Dvorak.	
Suite, l'Arlésienne	Bizet
Waltz, "Publicisten "	Johann Strauss
Selection from "Lohengrin," Act I	Wagner

TUESDAY, MAY 16.

March, Overture—"Tannhäuser "	Wagner
Allegretto, Symphony, No. 7	Beethoven
'Invitation to the Dance "	Weber
Instrumentation by Berlioz.	

Theme, Variations and Finale, from suite Op. 55	Tschaikowsky
Norwegian Rhapsody	Svendson
Polonaise No. 2	Liszt

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17.

"Marche Slav"	Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Rienzi"	Wagner
Ballet Music, "Queen of Sheba"	Goldmark
Largo Violin Obligato, by Max Bendix.	Händel
Symphonic Poem, "Phaëton"	Saint-Saens
Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3	Dvorak
Waltz, "Sphärenklänge"	Josef Strauss
Malaguena, { From "Boabdil,"	Moszkowski
Maurische Fantasie, }	

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

Marche et Cortège, "Queen of Sheba"	Goldmark
Overture, "Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn
Theme and variations, Op. 18	Beethoven
String orchestra.	
Ballet music, "Feramors"	Rubinstein
Marche Funèbre	Chopin
Instrumentation by Theodore Thomas.	
Walz, "Seid Umschlungen, Millionen"	Johann Strauss
Spanish Rhapsody	Chabrier
Prelude, "Lohengrin" }	Wagner
"Ride of the Valkyries" }	

FRIDAY, MAY 19.

Chorale and Fugue	Bach
Overture, "Oberon"	Weber
Wedding march and variations from symphony, "Rustic Wedding"	Goldmark
Symphonic poem, "Danse Macabre"	Saint-Saens
Ballet Music, "Feramors"	Rubinstein
Torchlight Dance of the Bayadères	
Torchlight March of the Brides of Cashmere	
Second Dance of the Bayadères	
Wedding Procession	
Prelude, "Lohengrin"	Wagner
"Ride of the Valkyries"	Wagner

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

I.

MAY 2--INAUGURAL CONCERT, MUSIC HALL.

Overture, "Concecration of the House"	Beethoven
Concerto for piano	Paderewski
I. J. Paderewski	
Symphony, B. minor, Unfinished.	Schubert
Piano solos	
I. J. Paderewski	
Vorspiel "Die Meistersinger"	Wagner

II.

MAY 3--ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, MUSIC HALL.

Symphony, "Heroic"	Beethoven
Allegro con brio, Marche Funèbre	
Concerto for piano	Schumann
I. J. Paderewski	
Symphonic Variations	Dvorak
Piano Solo	
I. J. Paderewski	
Overture, "Romeo and Juliet"	Tschaikowsky

III.

MAY 5--ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, MUSIC HALL.

Schubert Programme	
Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"	
Song Cyclus	
Symphony in C major	

IV.

MAY 9--ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, MUSIC HALL.

Brahms Programme. Brahms, born May 7, 1833.	
Serenade, Op. 16.	
Song Cyclus	
Symphony No. 4 in E minor	

VI.

MONDAY, MAY 15.—BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Overture—"Benvenuto Cellini"	Berlioz
Concerto in A major, Op. 26, (for violin and orchestra)	Saint-Saens
Mr. Loeffler.	
Prelude, adagio and gavotte (orchestration by Jachrich)	Bach
Symphonic Poem—"Le Roi et d'Omphale"	Saint-Saens
Symphony, B minor, No. 5, Op. 64	Tschaikowsky

VII.

TUESDAY, MAY 16.—BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Overture—"Leonore," No. 3	Beethoven
Symphony No. 2 in C. Op. 61	Schumann
Concerto for violoncello and orchestra (first and second movements)	Saint-Saens
Prelude and closing scene—"Tristan and Isolde"	Wagner
"Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Götterdämmerung"	Wagner
Overture—"Tannhäuser"	Wagner

VIII.

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 4 P. M.—NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, Conductor.

Overture—"Leonore. No. 3"	Beethoven
Concerto for violin and string orchestra, A minor	Bach
Adolph Brodsky.	
Symphony No. 4	Tschaikowsky

IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 3 P. M.

Hungarian Fantasia No. 1	Liszt
Gavotte from Semite in E, arranged by Jachrich	Bach
Polonaise from Serenade in D	Beethoven
Valse—"Romeo and Juliet"	Gounod
Miss Lillian Blauvelt.	
Symphonic Poem—"Le Rouet d'Omphale"	Saint-Saens
Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser" (Paris version)	Wagner
"Waldweben" from "Siegfried"	
Forest Bird, Miss Lillian Blauvelt	
Vorspiel to the "Meistersinger"	
"Tristan and Isolde"—Tristan and Isolde's Death.	
Arranged for concert performance by Walter Damrosch	

X.

TUESDAY, MAY 23—AMERICAN PROGRAMME.

Symphony No. 2, B flat, Op. 21	G. W. Chadwick
Serenade in E major, Op. 25	Arthur Foote
Suite, Op. 42	E. A. MacDowell

XI.

FRIDAY, MAY 26.—RAFF PROGRAMME.

(Joachim Raff, born May 27, 1822.)

Soloist, pianist	Wm. H. Sherwood
Overture, "A Safe Stronghold Our God is Still"	
Piano Concerto, C minor, Op. 185	
Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 185, "In the Forest"	

FESTIVAL CONCERTS.

I.

MONDAY, MAY 22, 3 P. M.—INAUGURAL CONCERT.

Exposition Festival Orchestra of 150. Theodore Thomas, Director.

Madame Amalia Materna, Soprano Soloist.

Wagner Programme:

Huldigung's March;

"Tannhäuser," Overture, Aria, "O Hall of Song;"

"Tristan and Isolde" Prelude, Closing scene;

"Die Walküre;"

"Ride of the Walküre;"

"Waldweben:"

"Die Götterdämmerung;"

"Siegfried's Death:"

"Brünhilde's Self-Immolation."

II.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah," by Chicago-Apollo Club.

Soprano, Mme. Lillian Nordica

Alto, Mme. Christine Nielson-Dreier

Tenor, Mr. Whitney Mockridge

Bass, Mr. Plunkett Greene

III.

THURSDAY, MAY 25.

Haydn's "Creation," by Chicago Columbian Chorus

Soprano, Mme. Lillian Nordica

Tenor, Mr. C. A. Knorr

Bass, Mr. Plunkett Greene

IV.

FRIDAY, MAY 26.

Festival Hall series, No. 4

Exposition Children's Chorus, 1,200 voices

V.

TUESDAY, MAY 30.

Wagner Programme

Soloist, Madame Amalia Materna

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE PIANIST'S ART. THE PIANIST AND THE ART OF MUSIC. A Treatise on Piano-Playing for Teachers and Students. By Adolphe Carpe. Chicago, 1893. Lyon & Healy. Octavo 12mo, pp. 60. \$1.50.

This little book is for the most part known to the readers of **MUSIC**. It consists of the essays of Mr. Carpe which first appeared in these columns, somewhat enlarged, and an introduction added. The value of the book is the condensation of useful information and sound opinion which it contains. Every distinct part of these essays is full of reflection and mature consideration. And while it is always a trifle unsafe to furnish students a set of opinions so well balanced and complete as these—if ready made conclusions must be placed within reach of students who ought to be forced to master the material out of which the conclusions logically arise, there are few better compendiums than this. The book is well printed.

The proper use of a book of this kind would be as a book of reference. Taking a single paragraph, as for instance the page or so relating to Chopin, or the two pages relating to Schumann, the student should take up in turn all the works mentioned, and fully master it. At the end of the proceeding, which would naturally take several months, at a stage of learning already considerably advanced opinions would form themselves. When this happens he may compare his own opinion with those in the book. If they agree, he has arrived, if they disagree, he has not arrived, and will require further reflection and deeper perception. Such is the all-around maturity of the opinions which Mr. Carpe here sets down over much of the territory lying in the field of the pianist or advanced piano teacher.

The *Indicator* has lately published an extra "World's Fair-number," which although primarily designated for advertising purposes, is a veritable work of art. It is beautifully printed, with colored margin and loose sheets of lithographs in colors of all the principal building interest. The matter is in part trade, and in part reading matter of general interest. It contains eighty folio pages, and on the whole is the handsomest effort of the kind that has come to this table. The music trade is most liberally represented.

The first of the Columbian letters of Mr. Waugh Lauder has appeared in the *Musical Courier*. The *Courier* is a great paper. It has strong fighting technique, while at the same time it occasionally remembers the amenities of life and art. As a collection of information it is without a peer in musical journalism.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

PORTABLE PIPE ORGAN.

The Portable Pipe Organ, of the W. W. Kimball Company, is one of the most remarkable instruments now before the public. It is a real pipe organ, having six stops in the manuals and two in the pedal, as follows:

GREAT ORGAN:	Open Diapason, metal, (lower 12 wood)	61.
	Dulciana, metal,	46.
	Cornopœn, (impinging reeds),	46.
SWELL ORGAN:	Viola di Gamba, metal,	46.
	Stopped Diapason, wood,	61.
	Flute, wood, (4 feet),	61.
PEDAL ORGAN:	Bourdon, 16 feet, (reeds with qualifying tubes),	31.
	Open Diapason, 16 feet, (reeds with tubes)	31.
COUPLERS:	Great to Pedal,	
	Swell to Great,	
	Swell to Pedal,	
	Octaves.	

Here is an instrument of eight real stops (not half stops), with two in the pedal. The pipes are all of the usual church scales, and the instrument has the same power as any well made pipe organ of six manual stops, and more of manly effect than most, because of these manual stops five of the six are eight feet, and there are very rarely any organs of one manual containing more than three stops of eight feet. Moreover this organ possesses the following advantages which no other small organ has possessed: All the pipes stand on the same wind-chest, and are all enclosed in a swell. Hence when the key-boards are coupled you have a single manual organ of four eight feet flues, one brilliant reed, and one four feet, obtaining more brilliancy by means of the octave coupler, if desired. Hence it has a full organ effect equal to that of the usual pipe organ of fifteen or eighteen stops. On the other hand, using the manuals separately for trio effects and the like, it has quite a good range, and is available of many legitimate organ effects which usually are impossible upon small instruments. It has a full pedal. The vibrators in the pedal stops are free reeds, blown by pressure, exhausting into qualifying tubes, which impart the soft distant and pervading effect proper to a pedal, without leaving anything perceptible of the flabby tone usual to pedal reeds. This is one of the many novelties which combine to render this instrument possible.

From a mechanical point of view the Kimball Portable Pipe Organ is one of the most remarkable instruments to be found. All

the action, draw-stop and key, is pneumatic. Every key has its valve or little pneumatic bellows. These operate upon a new principle, and cannot get out of order or cipher. All the pneumatics are carried by a six-inch wind. The pipes are blown by a three-inch wind.

All of the organ above described is brought within a compass of six feet wide, three feet six inches deep, and seven feet high. The pedal keys project in front enough to make the total floor space required six feet square. The organ is packed by removing the pedal board, which requires to turn one button and raise the board off the two dowells which hold it in place, then the entire keyboard and stop action comes off by removing four screws. All the action detaches without unfastening anything whatever beyond the button and the four screws above mentioned. The part remaining with the pipes and bellows is then six feet wide, seven feet high, and three feet six inches deep. It can be boxed in a plain box, laid down upon its side and even ended up upon its head without loosening or disarranging the pipes or any part of the action. Hence it will go through any door or window affording a space three feet six by six feet. It requires no expert to set it up.

The most remarkable point in this instrument, aside from these mentioned above, is the wind supply, which is ample under all circumstances. The tone is full, pervading, firm and steady. Here we have two wind supplies, one of six inches and one of three, all within a compass mentioned above, yet enough to run eight stops with octave coupler under all circumstances. This is, perhaps, the greatest marvel of all. It is done by a new system of feeders, and by putting the bellows of the heavy wind inside that for the light wind. The six-inch wind exhausts into the three-inch bellows, and coming under less pressure expands, and thus enables the supply to be kept up by feeders which, if operated upon a three-inch pressure, would be wholly incapable of doing the work.

This instrument has a history. Its conception dates back to a time before the great fire. There was a firm of organ-makers, Decker and Feldgmacher, which tried to overcome the difficulties inherent in this condensation of the pipe organ. They used an action substantially like that of the usual church organ, with trackers, roller boards etc., and this alone greatly enlarged the space required over the present instrument. But even then they found the wind pressure impossible to provide by any bellows that could be condensed into the space. This firm and others sunk something like \$250,000 in experiments and unsuccessful work. Still Mr. Kimball, who had undertaken the agency, believed that with proper skill all the difficulties could be overcome. At intervals after the failure of the old firm he talked with organ builders. Everyone said that it was impossible. He offered two different experts a salary to enter his employ and experiment, but they declined upon the ground that the search was impossible and they would be taking his money and rendering no return. Organists admitted the great importance of the idea. Everybody saw that there is a limit

which reed organs cannot pass. Moreover there is too great a break in price between the largest effective reed organ and the cheapest pipe organ. No pipe organ answers the demands of a good organist unless it has at least two manuals and five or six stops of eight feet tone. This means ordinarily an expense of from \$1,500 \$1,800.

At length Mr. Kimball heard of an organ builder in St. Paul who was at work upon the same idea. He had invented an instrument of this kind. It had the bellows at the top, and the pipes inverted. This conception was immediately rejected, on account of certain impracticable consequences appertaining, and a new beginning was made under Mr. Kimball's incisive criticism and suggestion. Finally one instrument was turned out which began to look like the long sought ideal. It had a few minor imperfections, but it came so near the idea that it immediately sold and has done good service ever since. Another was made a little better; it sold. Another still a little better which also sold, until now without having advertised these instruments or having made any kind of promises concerning them the firm is turning out five a month. All the mechanical difficulties have been so far overcome that the firm now expects to be able to send out a portable pipe organ, without hearing any more complaint of it for keys sticking, or something of that kind, than they do from their reed organs, of which they send out twenty thousand without a single complaint.

Organists do not believe that the Kimball firm will find it practicable to stop at the point now reached. They believe that the plan on which these instruments are constructed presents so many advantages over these generally used by organ builders, even the best of them, that eventually they will find it better to cover all sizes of organ that can be sold for less than \$2,000. This would necessitate about four sizes of instruments, and, perhaps, the capacity of division between the bellows and wind chest, or possibly the wind chest itself might have to be divisible. But the idea is practicable, and upon this system a pipe organ usually costing \$3,000 could be erected in church for less than \$2,000, and be in no single respect inferior. On the contrary, the new style would have a vastly less liability to get out of order.

W. S. B. M.

MUSICAL EXHIBITS AT THE FAIR.

It is too soon to write of the musical exhibits at the Fair, although at this moment three weeks have elapsed since the formal opening. quite a number of exhibitors have not yet unpacked their instruments, and many of those that have been taken out of the boxes are carefully covered away from the dust incident to the carpentry going on all about. Among those which are now in place, the two-story booth of Lyon & Healy is one of the most conspicuous objects in the music section. A cut here follows, which, however,

does not do it justice. It is filled with all sorts of instruments—harps, mandolines, guitars, banjos, brass instruments, and the like—all of which are of Lyon & Healy's make. The display of harps is very handsome indeed, and in point of fact Americans have reason to feel a degree of pride in the brilliant success this firm is making in this ancient and graceful instrument.

LYON & HEALY'S WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT.

THE HALLET & DAVIS BOOTH.

The Hallett & Davis booth contains some very lovely instruments, of which, perhaps, the most unique is an upright piano in satin wood, with hand-carved panels, an olive green plush showing through the open work. The mouldings upon the case are bas relief, the surrounding wood having been cut away by hand. This lovely instrument is valued at \$1,500.

Major Howe has a unique advertising scheme in operation. There is a visitor's book, where registry is invited, and every name will later receive a copy of a new work he is getting up, called "Musical Quotations," a collection of sentiments regarding music, from all lands, ages and languages. More than 10,000 quotations will be included. This is one of the most expensive advertising schemes yet invented, and, as may naturally be seen, the collection of names is rapidly growing.

MASON & HAMLIN DISPLAY.

One of the most elegant displays is that of Mason & Hamlin. Advantageously situated upon a corner, their booth is colored in white and gold. Among the interesting features is an Indian Organ, by which is meant a Mason & Hamlin organ put up for the East Indian market—in other words "for the missionary trade." The case is of cedar, in order to keep out insects; the ivories are fastened on with rivets, in place of glue, which will not stand the moisture of the climate; and the whole instrument is finished with the utmost care in every part. Another splendid instrument is a two manual Liszt organ, which perhaps is the most artistically voiced reed organ made. This particular specimen is cased in mahogany splendidly designed and polished to the utmost. It is an instrument fit for a king.

In the piano department they have some exquisite cases. One grand is Dawson enamelled, hand-painted, and is as fine an ornament as the most exacting could wish for. They also show the construction of their instruments, and their patent stringer, which enables their pianos to stand in tune as no other piano is able to do. This exhibit is in charge of Mr. Henry Lowell Mason, Treasurer of the Company, who is developing a gift as salesman which will presently make some of the older representatives of the piano look to their laurels. The Mason & Hamlin piano stands to win. It has first-class talking points combined with the best possible wearing qualities. The buyer, therefore, follows the line of least resistance, and never regrets it later.

THE STEINWAY DISPLAY.

Aside from the magnificent display which the Steinway piano has had in the chamber of the National Commissioners there is an exhibit at the store of Lyon & Potter which will repay examination. Here are to be found the first grand piano ever made by Steinway & Sons, the first Square, and the first Upright. Also a Square piano made by Mr. Henry Steinway in Germany before coming to America. The distance which evolution has travelled since these instruments were made forty years ago is marvelous. The Square, which comes first in point of age, is of wide scale, wooden frame and over-strung. It shows that contrary to the common impression the Steinways did not use the iron frame in their first pianos. The Grand is of a style which would now be regarded as wholly inadmissible. Above the iron plate there are cross braces of iron the ends of which are fastened to the wooden frame by screws. The scale is flat, of course, and the instrument smaller than the present Parlor Grand. From these instruments it is very evident that the Steinway piano itself has been an evolution—a conclusion entirely consistent with the information given the “scientific pamphlet” of Steinway & Sons, in which the dates of their leading patents are given. All of these old pianos are in excellent repair, and their tonal qualities are probably as good as they ever were. They are very musical and sweet in quality, and as compared with other instruments of the time had larger vibration and more volume of tone.

A. REED & SONS NEW UPRIGHT.

Among the very few novelties which appear in the musical exhibit of the Fair, in the piano department at least, is the large upright of A. Reed & Sons. Mention was made in these columns, some months ago of the small upright constructed upon their new system, as having a body and resonance of tone wholly unusual in uprights, allying it essentially with the grand. Further examination confirms the justice of this verdict. The Reed & Sons upright is essentially an upright grand. The construction is peculiarly solid, yet simple, and the sounding board has its upper edge free along the hammer line, exactly as in the grand. They have just brought out a large upright on the same lines, and its volume of tone is surprising, equal to a concert grand of medium size. They also exhibit a model showing the mode of construction, the application of the sounding board, etc., by the aid of which any one can immediately see the novelty and good sense of the new departure they have made. They also show some beautiful cases, and both for novelty of construction, artistic value of results reached, and beauty of designs, their exhibit must be reckoned among the strongest of the whole exposition.

TO ADVERTISERS!

“MUSIC” appeals to the better class of musical amateurs and the more advanced students, as well as to all classes of the musical profession. It has a wide circulation throughout all the United States, including the Pacific Coast, and goes quite largely to England, the Continent, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and New Zealand and South Africa. Probably no other musical periodical ever gained so wide a currency in the same length of time. It is found in almost every public library and reading-room, and is taken very generally in schools and amateur musical clubs. It is therefore a peculiarly choice medium for advertising all kinds of musical merchandise, books, novelties, and fine articles of general use. The rates are as follows:



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MANY THANKS!

Chicago Inter-Ocean:—

“MUSIC, the monthly magazine published by W. S. B. Mathews, continues potent in its appeal to the better class of musical amateurs, advanced students, and in fact all classes of the musical profession. It is said to have thus early in its career gained a wide circulation, and the pursuing of its present policy will guarantee its present constituency and secure future augmentations. Its matter is timely and well-selected, its editorial opinion is well balanced, fairly free from prejudice, and tempered with the truth of a wide experience.”

Springfield Republican:—

“MUSIC, the most ambitious musical periodical that has yet appeared in this country.”

MY DEAR MR. MATHEWS:—

Please accept my personal “thank you” for the unqualified generosity and enthusiasm with which you have expressed in MUSIC your high appreciation of Paderewski’s playing.

My delight in all you have written in regard to him has been great—has, in fact, had a steady crescendo from the first until it has reached an *fff* climax, with this message for a visible symbol.

I have no inclination to dispute with La Bruyère his statement that to be born without envy is the truest sign of

having been born with great qualities, and I confess to thorough enjoyment of the doses which MUSIC has gently administered to some, apparently not overburdened with these "great qualities," no matter how gifted they may be in other directions.

The May number is delightful throughout, but, as usual, I turned first to the Editorial Bric-a-Brac and the articles of your correspondent, W. S. B. M., who is always so fortunate in saying the right thing in the most pertinent and forceful manner. He has the two rare gifts of making cameos of his opinions.

R. M. C.

I cannot tell how much I appreciate the magazine, only I am very sure I should not know what to do without my regular copy each month. I take quite a number of different journals bearing on the study of music, as every teacher ought, but I think I can say conscientiously that I enjoy the varied diet which MUSIC affords better than any one of the others. I should be pleased if you would put me on your permanent list, send me the bill at the commencement of each year, as I wish to keep a year ahead, if possible. I certainly have done all I could do, and shall continue, towards inducing my more advanced pupils to take the magazine for themselves. One thing especially,—I think my church quartette has enjoyed the magazine fully as well as any of my friends and I am afraid we have often spent time in reading its pages which ought to have been devoted to listening to the minister's sermon.

With best wishes, then, for the continued success of MUSIC, I am,

Yours very truly,

C. L. TRUE.

THE MUSICAL CONGRESSES, JULY 3 TO 8.

MONDAY:—American College of Musicians, Monday, July 3. Addresses by all the past secretaries, president Bowman, Mr. Albert R. Parsons, and an examination of a candidate for the Associate degree. Examiners: Messrs. Parsons, Sherwood, Liebling, Mme. Bloomfield Zeissler, and Chas. H. Jarvis.

MONDAY AFTERNOON:—Musical Conservatories. Papers by Carl Faelten, of Boston, President Neff of Cincinnati, etc.

MONDAY EVENING:—Address of welcome, by President Bonney. Reception.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON:—American National Association of Music Teachers. Addresses by President Bowman and all the past presidents, and Mr. Van Cleve and others.

Congress of Musical Journalists, with numerous addresses. Evening unassigned.

WEDNESDAY:—Music of the North American Indians. Papers by Miss A. C. Fletcher, with illustrations of liturgical work by members of the Omaha tribe. Paper by Mr. John C. Fillmore. Also by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, of the New York *Tribune*, on “Folk Song in America.”

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON:—Concert of American Compositions at the Fair, by Mr. Thomas.

THURSDAY:—Women’s Congress in Music. Papers by Maud Powell, Miss Fay and a splendid array of eminent women.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON:—Concert of American compositions at the Fair, by Mr. Thomas.

THURSDAY EVENING:—Illumination at the Fair.

FRIDAY:—Continuation of the Woman’s Congress, etc.

ALL THE WEEK:—Congress of the Music Teachers of the Public Schools, papers by many famous writers.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON:—Symphony concert, by Dr. Ziegfeld’s Hamburg orchestra. Complimentary to the musical congresses.

MUSIC

JULY, 1893.

THE WAGNER REVULSION OF 1892.

AN article in the *Daily Telegraph* last year remarked that a principal feature of the season in purely musical circles was a strong revulsion against Wagnerism. There would appear to be strong grounds for this statement, and whether the revulsion be one of the majority or of a small minority only, the causes of it are interesting to all students of either music or the musical drama.

The proximate cause (assuming the "revulsion" as a fact) was, of course, the visit of the splendid German opera company to Drury Lane and Covent Garden during 1892. Admirable performances were given of the "Nibelung's Ring" tetralogy and of "Tristan and Isolde," the works by which "Wagnerism," as a cult, is judged. Large numbers of musicians heard these works for the first time, and gladly took the opportunity of realizing the ideas about Wagner's "advanced" achievements which they had formed from a long acquaintance with them at the piano. Men who, after years of enthusiastic private study of these works, had conceived a strong admiration for the genius which could produce them, who had become radicals in counterpoint, harmony and form, for the sake of the composer of the "Preislied" and the "Siegfried Idyl"; who had posed as the champions of Wagner in the dark places of conservative ignorance, for the first time had an opportunity of putting their partisanship to the test and of judging Wagner's music as emotion-color-box to Wagnerian drama.

It was a melancholy discovery to men who *wished* to prove the Wagner music-drama a success, that the most complete sense of boredom was the principal result of a faithful attendance at more than one performance of each of the works mentioned above.

The accusation of boredom against a work is a very serious one, when made by hearers who are at once prejudiced in its favor, and thoroughly acquainted with both its manner and matter. Musicians, with more than a taste for drama, who could listen to "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," or give their best attention to "Elijah" or the "Messiah," for periods varying between three and four hours, without a touch of weariness, suddenly being brought face to face with musico-dramatic works which they knew almost as well as these, and which they had made up their minds to like, years before, found that a single act of "Walküre" or "Götterdämmerung" was honestly more than they could stand, and that only as an act of duty was it possible to keep the tired mind fixed on the opera to its close.

Clearly the length of the performance is not any explanation, for "Faust," "William Tell," and many other operas take four hours or over, and who ever complained of being bored by "Faust!" Neither is it possible to lay the blame on singers, orchestra, or conductor, for the production of these works was uniformly superb.

Nor was there any *prima facie* case of any strength against the music, as *music*, for many, nay, most musicians recognize that as a whole it is full of beauty and interest of the best kind.

Nothing then remains but the drama itself, and the music as *dramatic music*.

First then, the drama of Wagner. The question is, has Wagner succeeded in what he set himself to do, *viz.*: to produce a dramatized version of a suitable story which should have a truly *dramatic* effect, that is, an effect of the *doing of deeds*, when treated in an *ideal* (*i. e.*, *anglice*, *operatic*) manner?

First, are the stories suitable? Probably on the whole,

they are. For the condition in all forms of ideal art is, that the subjects should be, in a manner, unfamiliar. This has always been recognized by serious opera writers, as the basis of choice of subjects for librettos. Not even comic opera (in spite of John Wellington Wells) may use a Lincoln and Bennett silk hat, or a representation of the "Interior of Villa at Staines," or Cookham, as the case may be. The general way of making all safe as regards this, has been to have the story, characters and costumes of a period remote from the vulgarity of the present century, thus securing at least a sentimental respect for the representation which would not be excited by a modern story.

Wagner has followed this (obviously right) rule. "Rienzi," the "Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal," are all sufficiently remote from a historical or legendary point of view, and thus "ideality" has a good chance from the first. The "Ring" goes even further, for the story is almost entirely mythological, and there is hardly a concession to the weakness of the flesh which makes the hearer pine for some "human interest." The stories, then, roughly, are suitable.

Secondly, have the dramatized versions, when treated musically, a *dramatic effect*? Only those who have heard the works can judge of this, and, it is to be feared, few even of those who have heard them, for these are divided pretty equally into partisans and enemies, and seventy-five per cent of each class are ignorant of the conditions of the problem which Wagner tried to solve. Probably, if these conditions were really appreciated, the problem would at that same instant be solved. Wagner, at all events, had resolved to fight the (now admittedly) inartistic way in which the singer was allowed the first place in opera, to the detriment of the dramatic action and frequently in defiance of the most elementary probability. He declared that a man stabbed to the heart should not be allowed before dying to sing a vigorous duet with his assassin, or with the young female in white, who, according to Thackeray, invariably stands in

terror at the wings on such occasions; that the chorus should not be a mere "opening and closing voluntary" to the acts, but a part of the dramatic means, equal in status to the prima donna, or even the primo tenore, that "formal" lyrical pieces should be abandoned in favor of a new method of greater dramatic elasticity. Such were the features of Wagner's Reformation scheme.

And now we have to answer the question. Have these later music dramas of Wagner a dramatic effect?

The unwilling answer of many is—no!; taking them as a whole, certainly not! To go into detail, the stage version of the story is so long as to become tedious, there are twice the necessary words used to explain any given incident, so that the action is delayed and the play made to drag as surely as ever it was in the good old Italian opera, and finally, there is too little action as compared with the vast amount of talking.

What is at the bottom of all this? Realism—the curse of all art. I do not say that Wagner was a realist, but that realism was the mainspring of his later dramatic work. This conclusion is a general one, and is formed from a general view. Unfortunately, it can only be upheld on paper by particular instances, therefore let us take a glaring one. Isolde, torn from her home to a forced marriage with King Mark, whom she hates, harbors revenge against Tristan, who is not only acting as her jailor on the ship, in which she is being conveyed to her royal bridal, but has also slain her old betrothed, Morold. With one slight interruption, Isolde raves and curses, her maid acting as confidante, through four scenes, or fifty pages of the closely printed vocal score. So far there is *simply no action* whatever. Enter Tristan. Isolde curses to his face this time and they eventually agree to end strife by mutual suicide. The maid gives them a love potion instead of the poison, they both drink and immediately fall in love, and Tristan is traitor to his king as well as to his *proclaimed* enemy, Isolde. This action takes place after twenty more pages of vocal score. The ship arrives at the shore and an enthusiasm of the Cornish people, after

eighty pages of singing and playing, and Act I ends after displaying exactly one incident, *viz.*, the treachery of Brangaena in respect to the poisoned cup. In Act II we have the stolen interview between Tristan and Isolde. This occupies fifty-five pages, and takes about three quarters of an hour to represent. Obviously no action (as distinguished from "acting") can take place during this period; and the first real situation of the whole drama occurs now, when King Mark returns with suite, and catches the lovers together. Mark indulges in eight pages of mingled reproaches and regrets, to music which is by no means quick in *tempo*.

The guilty pair again propose suicide as a solution of the difficulty: Tristan kisses Isolde as a seal to the compact, Melot attacks him for the open insult to the king, and Tristan falls desperately wounded.

Thus, in the first two-thirds of the work, *i. e.* 180 pages—we have two incidents and no more. In the first act, Tristan and Isolde fall in love; in the second they are found out; and the action which embodies these incidents is no more than will just do to swear by.

Why is this? Because the libretto is constructed on the Realist basis of *imitation*, not the Idealist one of *representation*. Just because two lovers can enjoy each other's society for indefinitely long periods—the love scene in Tristan must actually take 45 minutes by the watch! Because a man recovering from the sleep of insensibility can hardly speak two words in one breath, and therefore may presume on the patience of his friends to attend to his broken sentences for half an hour at a time,—*therefore* Tristan on his sick-bed must retard the action of the piece by a most long and tedious realistic imitation of the conversation of a convalescent ward, which is only relieved by outbursts of passion which serve to aggravate the dramatic impossibility in the mouth of a man in Tristan's physical condition.

Drama has *forms* which are proper to it, just as the other arts have. Drama is not produced by writing out *in extenso* the conversation of real life for the persons, or even the conversation of novels which again, it is plain can-

not be mere transcripts of actual incidents. Thus any simple *imitation* of the "unities" of real life is inadmissible; and scarcely any action can be represented dramatically without artistic modification, *i. e.* alteration of the forms according to the art of dramatization. Take an illustration from "Poetry and Painting." The "Odyssey" represents Ulysses as stopping the ears of his crew with wax, to prevent their succumbing to the blandishments of the Sirens. Here a certain effect is produced in words. The painter desired to produce the same effect by means of the forms of his art. What does Mr. Waterman do in his picture of the same incident? He alters the poetical description like a true artist, and *covers* the ears of the seamen with thick caps, so that the spectator can *see* with his eyes what the poem expresses in words, *viz:* that the sailors were unable to hear. Such alterations are always necessary in reproducing a work of one art in terms of another. *A fortiori*, then, alteration is necessary in reducing real human action to the terms with an art, such as the drama. On the face of it, then, the dramatic construction of "Tristan" is essentially wrong, and the evidence of actual experience proves it to be wrong.

We must now consider the music of Wagner's later works, and of course, from a dramatic standpoint. All are aware that Wagner's view was that music in Opera should be used as a heightener of the dramatic emotions. This was right. But in the later works, "Music" means "Orchestra" only. The fact is, that Wagner adopted a fundamentally wrong conception of the office of the singing voice in motion. His vocal music in the declamatory portions of the "Ring" "Tristan," "Parsifal" is simply the elocution of the words written and fixed in musical notes. This is wrong—thoroughly wrong. Here again we trace the fatal influence of a mechanical Realism.

Let us hear the words of wisdom from a historian, a composer and a critic, concerning the true *differentia* of musical declamation. Sir John Hawkins, in his "Preliminary Discourse to the History of Music," combats the

notion of certain writers in his day (1776), that "the 'beauty' of Recitative consists in coming near "nature," and asserts that "'Recitative' can in no degree be said to be an improvement of elocution." Further on he adds, "Upon the whole, the beauties of the recitative style in music consists not in the power of *imitating the tones*, much less the various inflections of the voice in speech, but in the varieties of accent and melody, which follow from its not being subject to metrical laws. Its mimetic powers are very inconsiderable, and *whatever charms it possesses are absolute and inherent.*"

Grétry believed that "the most skillful musician was he who could best metamorphose declamation into melody." Méhul said of Grétry—"Il faisait de l'esprit et *non de la musique*," and here Méhul hit the mark. The question was not what Grétry imagined—a metamorphosis of declamation into melody; but a reduction of arts of declamation into the terms of the musical art.

Lastly comes the critic (would that he had been born a musician as well as an artist.) Mr. Ruskin says ("Seven Lamps," p. 60), concerning the translation of nature into the language of art—"all painting which even reaches the mark of apparent realization is degraded in so doing," and again, p. 81, (Michael Angelo) would never paint badly enough to deceive."

This may help us to appreciate the extreme danger of neglecting the *differentia* in any art, or of mingling the methods of arts. The artificial elocution of Wagner's "implicit" *melos* is only incidentally music, whereas the the vocal part should be intrinsically so; and this, combined (or rather, merely placed in contact) with the marvelously beautiful orchestral music, produces a hybrid monster. Hence arises a constant feeling on the part of the hearer, that if the intrusive voice part were omitted, the actions explained by plain elocutionary declamation, or simply by gesture, or tableau, the later Wagnerian opera would be not only bearable but enjoyable. That the wind is in this direction is proved by straws as usual, *e. g.* the great popularity

of the purely orchestral selection from "Parsifal" and the "Ring."

Quite as serious as the use of an "unmusical" vocalization, is the want of relief in the musical (orchestral) illustration of the dramatic emotions. Never is there peace for a single page. The result is, that to listen faithfully to the three acts, say, of "Tristan," is actually a physical exertion, from which one goes away weary in mind and body. Isolde flies into a serious passion on almost every page, and the orchestra boils over every time. Contrast Verdi's "Otello." Just before the almost awful scene between Iago and Otello at the end of Act II, there are seven pages of particularly quiet music, mingled recitative and lyric, with extremely light accompaniment. What is the effect of this? Why, that when Otello does give way to his jealous passion, the hearer is impressed with the strongest possible feeling of sympathy for him, and of loathing for Iago, because this feeling has not been discounted by any premature outburst on the part of the Moor, but is concentrated and condensed into the final moments of the Act. An apt illustration is to be found on p. 188, letter K, (Ricordi, vocal score) at the very moment when Iago has finished his slanderous account of Cassio's talking in his sleep. How would Wagner have set the reply of Otello? "Oh monstrous deed! oh monstrous!" Look at "Tristan," and be certain that the whole effect of terrible outbreak at letter L would have been at least injured by some orchestral tempest or other at letter K.

As this paper is certainly not a general indictment of Wagner's works, there is no need for a special count dealing with Wagner's method of musical composition; the watchword of which is, of course, the *Leit-Motiv*, or associated melody out of which the music is made by various modes of development. Every composer of character must have some pet way of getting his work done, some favorite mechanism, if one may say so. The *Leit-Motiv* appealed to Wagner's particular frame of mind, and he adopted it as his system, believing that it was the life of his work. It was *not*: and it does not matter much what he thought about

it himself. "Tannhäuser" is immensely dramatic, and in a Wagnerian way too, but *without Leit-Motiv*. (No one who knows what *Leit-Motiv* is in "Parsifal," can for a moment apply the same word and meaning to certain melodies in Tannhäuser.)

The fact is, that the *Leit-Motiv* makes not nearly so much difference as the Wagnerians think. When you see Siegfried on the stage in front of your eyes, or hear Hagen, or some other rascally acquaintance of his, speaking of Siegfried, what do you want with an extra reminder in the shape of Siegfried's associated melody played on the French horn! In plenty of similar cases, the *Leit-Motiv* is very like the troublesome friend at the play whom we all know so well, and who insists on explaining the plot.

What Hawkins says of Recitative, so I say of the lovely music Wagner has made out of his *Leit-Motiv*,—"Whatever charms it possesses are absolute."

More than this, the mind of musicians has been arrested by the appearance of Verdi's "Otello." It is perhaps impossible to estimate the damage which has been done to Wagnerism (not to Wagner) by this wonderful work of the venerable Italian composer. Even Wagnerians pure and simple could not help noticing that a work of enormous dramatic force had been produced answering all the conditions which Wagner himself would have demanded, without employing a single "Wagnerian" device. No *Leit-Motiv* whatever, no attempt that is, to systematically "label" each character or leading idea of the piece, with an identifying scrap of tune; no orchestral impromptus with floating accompaniment of words shouted to notes which happen to fit the chords as they come; no imitations (as opposed to "indications") of natural (or unnatural) sound, such as the grumblings and growlings of the Laidly Worm, the assault and battery of Fasolt, or the unsuccessful manufacture of clarinet reeds by Siegfried; but in place of all this, an almost continuous stream of lyrical melody, fit to be sung, pleasant to bear, and of first-rate dramatic effect in every particular.

The basis of the whole question is the battle of ideals. Hence Wagner as an opera writer is on quite a different footing to Wagner as a composer of music. Method must be carefully distinguished from matter. I may assert that Wagner's operatic method is a prodigious blunder, and yet be free to hold (as I will against all comers) that the matter of his music is in every way to be admired. The two views do not effect one another, or rather must not be allowed to. The unit estimating the one is no less than the whole opera, book, action, music, all considered as a complex whole, of which every part affects all other parts; the unit in the other case is some one page, or even line or phrase, of music. Obviously one may judge against the one, and emphatically for the other.

LONDON.

E. W. NAYLOR, .
M. A., Mus. Bac.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

MR. EMIL LIEBLING ON THE STUDY OF BACH

LIKE all first-rate teachers of the piano, Mr. Liebling has for many years been an enthusiastic advocate of the pedagogic value of Bach. In Brainard's *Musical World* for May he writes upon this subject in the following unmistakable terms:

One of the healthiest signs of increasing musical taste is the augmented study of Bach's works. Modern music, which owes so much to Mendelssohn, is indebted to this illustrious master also for what might almost be termed the resurrection of Bach's compositions. That a great many of them, written under the influence of his own time, are obsolete and possess at this late day barely a historical interest, is undeniable; on the other hand nothing has been written since the time of the great Leipsic Cantor, which takes and fills just the place which his productions occupy. Take for instance the two and three part inventions, when studied in their proper order, correctly graded and intelligently taught they will always benefit the student in reading and technical facility; in conjunction with the twelve little Preludes and Fughettas they furnish an excellent introductory to the more important and extensive works. Being obliged to reproduce the same theme in both hands the pianist gains independence of not only the fingers, but of the hands. Bach is always polyphonic, no matter whether he is writing a gigue, air, prelude, sarabande or courante, the various parts always follow according to rule and the form is perfect, short and concise in his modulation, usually from tonic to dominant and back again, but what endless variety of resource is exhibited within that narrow limit. The attentive student will find much food for thought in tracing the

theme through its various developments, inversions and recurrences, and by doing so the idea of what constitutes proper musical form will be correctly trained.

A Bach prelude makes upon the listener the same effect as an able argument on any subject. He feels that that settles it, and nothing more is to be said on that score. A Bach fugue is the best fugue written, even Beethoven's fugues in the variations Op. 35, and Sonata, Op. 106, Händel's E minor fugue, Mozart's C major and Mendelssohn's E minor fugues lose by comparison.

What with the later masters was simply one of many means of thematic development and climax was with him the alpha and omega of musical existence. Nor do his fugues lack emotionality, his genius was particularly happy in inventing themes of ever varying musical significance.

There can be no greater contrast than between the 2d and 5th fugues of the clavichord, the fourth prelude of the same work breathes the tenderest resignation, and the fugues for the organ in G and A minor are full of romanticism.

The French and English suites, also the Partitas contain veritable gems of musical literature; when judiciously phrased they are always effective. This phrasing may vastly differ, but must in each instance be the logical outcome of artistic convictions—usually the result of long years of constant work and observation. It must serve to furnish to the listener an intelligent division by correct punctuation into its component parts, of what would otherwise be a never-ending, undistinguishable, senseless and meaningless succession of notes, played without accent or variety. Such Bach playing may please some critics as orthodox and in the spirit of the great master, but it will prove stupid and ineffective nevertheless.

The Chromatic fantasie and fugue, Italian concerto, Fantasie in C minor and A minor fugue are nowadays found in the repertoire of every concert pianist.

Excellent editions, arrangements and transcriptions of Bach's works have been furnished to the musical fraternity by d'Albert, Czerny, Kroll, Brassin, Bial, Busoni, Raff,

Tausig, Buonamici, Saint-Saens, Brahms, MacDowell, Jasseffy, Pauer and Liszt.

Closely allied to Bach are his great contemporaries, Händel and Scarlatti, the former's Variations in E, Passacaille in G minor, Chaconne in F, Suites and E minor fugue are very important; a Courante in G has been very skillfully transcribed by Wilson G. Smith.

Scarlatti was the first composer who wrote for the fun of seeing how difficult he could make a piece; he is really responsible for the modern virtuoso, and may be dubbed literally "a gay skipper," for his left hand is eternally seeking the highest treble notes, while the right hand is at the same time delving into the far-off recesses of the bass, yet always melodious, musical and brilliant. The Bülow selections (Peters' Edition) cannot be too highly recommended. Tausig has also adapted a number of his works most successfully to the needs of modern piano playing.

The works of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach form simply a bridge to the great masters which follow. A sonata in A by Marcello may also be recommended as interesting.

I would also suggest the study of Rheinberger's Fugue, Op. 5, John K. Paine's Fuga Giocosa, the fugues by Foote and MacDowell, Jadassohn's Op. 57, Reinecke's Op. 157, No. 3, Saint-Saens' Alceste Caprice, Vogt's Inventions, Op. 150, and a prelude and fugue, respectively, by de Zielinski and Kaffenberger, of Buffalo.

ON STRETCHING THE HANDS.

The same article goes on with some remarks concerning the stretching of small hands, and other matters which deserve the emphasis of a separate heading. He remarks:

"Besides a liberal stretch of imagination it is also important to have a sufficient stretch of the hands; not every one is gifted with the marvelous suppleness of hand which that little wizard, Signorina Castellano possesses, and which enables her to toss off a Rubinstein Staccato Etude with a most tantalizing ease and finish, in an unexampled tempo, without fuss or feathers and without putting the piano out

of tune. The average modern virtuoso seems to consider it his privilege to make as much noise when playing this piece as the Angel Gabriel will be expected to produce when under the necessity of waking the dead; the little Signorina once more reduced matters to their proper status and showed conclusively how beautifully the piano could be played without any visible exertion; one of my bright pupils (no exception in this case) in commenting upon the antics of another pianiste called her a "motional" and not an "emotional" piano player; under Castellano's fingers the piano was never pushed beyond the proper limitations (though those of the performer seemed boundless) musical taste was not offended, nobody's hair stood on end, the piano sounded once more like a musical instrument and all who paid their admission were enthusiastic; the only kickers being the critics and dead-heads as usual.

And to think that this illustrious artiste had never seen (and was in blissful ignorance of) such extraneous means of acquiring technique as dumb pianos and various appliances which end in cons and phones; nor had she the slightest idea of the muscular structure of her hand. (When I mentioned the extensor flexor muscle to her, which is the mainstay of so many of the conservatories, she looked appealingly at her mother.) I am ashamed to confess that inquiry elicited to fact that she had never heard of the semi-staccato, the demi-clinging pressure touch; she absolutely and unblushingly assured me that she did not know how many ounces of weight her little finger displaced when playing the last note of the Chopin Sonata, and seemed positively unabashed when confessing that she had never realized that it took as much force to raise the finger as to drop it. In short, she presented the anomaly of one who had nothing more to learn, and who yet had become great without resorting to a single one of the deplorable fads which are being used in this country to despoil the pockets of the credulous.

It is risky to attempt stretching the hands beyond their natural limit; any work in that direction should be most

carefully watched, and at once stopped at the slightest indication of fatigue or inconvenience; it may take months to undo the injury caused by a few minutes of injudicious practice. Neupert has left a set of very ingenious stretching exercises; a number of the Etudes by Seeling, Scharwenka and Chopin may also be consulted for the same purpose.

But all technical skill is valueless without taste, variety of touch and genuine musical feeling; these qualities may be cultivated to advantage in Schütt's "Etude Mignonne" and "Valse Lente," Wollenhaupt's Etudes, Op. 22, Raff's "Etude Melodique," Op. 130, No. 2, the Etudes by Concone, Haberbier, Godard, MacDowell, H. W. Nicholl, Op. 23 (everyone praises this composer but no one plays his works), Neupert and Ravina, Reinhold's Etude in D, Heller's "Freischütz" Etudes, Wilson G. Smith's "Danse Norvégienne," Blumenschein's Barcarolle, Klein's Capriccietto, Op. 40, Schumann's Romance, Op. 28, No. 2, Schubert's Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2, Schytte's "At Eve" and Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

In concluding this series of articles I desire to say that an intimate acquaintance with all works mentioned therein, which enables me to have them at my fingers' ends, warrants my saying all the selections are eminently practical for the particular purposes mentioned; if found otherwise it will be due either to the ignorance of the teacher or the stupidity of the pupil. I sincerely hope that the articles may serve to extend somewhat the mental scope of those hack teachers who teach the same limited musical pabulum every year; perhaps it will enable them to perceive that there is a great world hidden behind the little hill which limits their view. The unlimited field of musical literature has been but faintly suggested in the above repertoire.

EMIL LIEBLING

AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

JOHN KNOWLES PAINE, was born at Portland, Me., January 9, 1839. His first teacher was Mr. Kotschmar, well-known as the author of a *Te Deum*, highly celebrated among American choirs. With him he studied pianoforte, organ and composition to such good effect that he made a creditable appearance as organist in his native city, June 25, 1857. Upon January 1 next ensuing he was intrusted with the complete accompaniments of Händel's "*Messiah*" upon the organ, without assistance of orchestra. Directly after this, he went abroad, to Berlin, for study. There for three years he pursued the organ under the veteran virtuoso, August Haupt, and piano and composition with Wieprecht and Teschner. In Berlin and other places in Germany he gave several organ concerts with success. In 1861 he returned to America; the first concert organist here possessing the complete virtuoso technique, according to the German standards. He gave many organ concerts in Boston and vicinity, and it was through his influence, undoubtedly, that the taste for organ music began to form itself according to the standards of the German school. With this there came a demand for organs with full appointment of pedal stops and a generous allowance of diapasons, as distinguished from the more fanciful provision of solo stops, previously relied upon for pleasing church committees. The purchase of the great organ from Walcker & Sons for Boston Music Hall in 1860, was largely due to Mr. Paine's influence, co-operating with that of such veteran music lovers as Mr. John S. Dwight, A. W. Thayer and others. As soon as this organ was in place, Mr. Paine's abilities found fuller recognition, and he made it his business to introduce all the leading organ works of Bach and Thiele. In 1862 he was made musical instructor in Harvard University

largely through the influence of Mr. Dwight and other leading musical spirits. Here he sustained himself admirably and showed by his labor the value of music as a form of art, to such good purpose that in 1876 his chair was raised to that of a full professorship, the first chair in this department in any American university. Prof. Paine has held this place ever since, and has been intimately and actively associated with many enterprises that have conduced to the glory of Harvard. Among these were the productions of plays by Sophocles in the Sanders Theatre, to which Prof. Paine wrote original music, which has since been given in many parts of the country.

As a composer Prof. Paine is entitled to a very high rank, not only among American creative musicians, but also among those of the world at large. His first composition in large form was a mass in D, produced in Berlin, Germany, under his own direction, at the Singakademie, in 1861. In this work he showed himself possessed of masterly command of the resources of fugue and counterpoint, and great structural ability. Many movements in it are powerful in the extreme, and others are distinguished for delicacy and tonal beauty. The voice of the German press was very encouraging to the young American composer, although it was not asserted of him that the work showed distinct poetic originality. This would have been carrying politeness somewhat too far for continental criticism upon American music. Moreover, it is likely that Mr. Paine's style had not then reached the clearness that it afterward came to possess; besides he was still under the influence of the classical principles of art, and as yet had mastered little more than the art of handling the polyphonic resources with ease.

His next work was the oratorio of "St. Peter," which was first publicly performed in his native city of Portland, Me., June 3, 1873. The work is founded upon a libretto selected by the author himself from the Scriptures. It is in two parts, the first embracing the call, closing with the splendid chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and God shall give

thee light.” The second part opens with the day of Pentecost, and is largely occupied with extracts from St. Peter’s sermon upon the day of Pentecost. The whole closes with a great chorus, “Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty.” In style the work reminds one of Mendelssohn, yet it is in no sense an imitation. The solo parts are largely recitative, passing by almost insensible gradations to arioso and aria. The handling of the recitative is masterly, the text being intelligently declaimed in a musical setting, enhancing its emotional implications to a remarkable degree. The melodies also fit the voice very well. The orchestral writing is strong, intelligent, but often rather difficult, in consequence of the practical unfamiliarity of the writer with the different instruments. These defects, universal in the large works by composers still young, are atoned for by many and great beauties. And it is safe to say that in any other country than the United States a great work by a distinguished native of the country would not have been neglected to the extent that Paine’s “St. Peter” has been. Some allowance for this neglect may be made, however, upon the score of the great difficulty of the choral parts, in which modulations are employed as freely as in an instrumental fugue, and with perhaps somewhat too little consideration for the convenience of the voice.

The second performance of this work was given by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, with the Thomas orchestra as accompanists, May 9, 1874. Upon this occasion it made a splendid impression, many prominent musicians present expressing themselves very properly to the effect, that “St. Peter” is a credit to American art. Mr. Dudley Buck wrote a personal friend immediately after the occasion that the preaching of St. Peter, in the second part, was not too long, but turned out to be one of the most interesting divisions of the work.

Among the later works alluded to above is the music to Sophocles’ “*Œdipus Tyrannis*,” written for the production of the tragedy in the original Greek at Harvard in 1881. It consists of an overture and seven numbers

for chorus and semi-chorus, the whole interspersed with the spoken parts of the play. The text is both Greek and English, and the music has been given a number of times in different parts of the country with readings by Mr. Geo. Riddle, who personated *Gedipus* at the original presentation of the work. In this music Mr. Paine has hampered himself somewhat in order to keep within the limitations proper to music supposedly antique. It goes without saying that he did not carry this realism so far as to present his music in unison and octaves, as was the custom of the Greek composers. He uses harmony and orchestral coloring with good effect. The music has a great deal of power and impressiveness. It is thoroughly original.

As an orchestral writer, Prof. Paine has composed several symphonies, of which at least three have been performed. His symphony-fantasia, "The Tempest," founded upon Shakespeare's play, has been played in Boston several times. Mr. Theodore Thomas has repeatedly given the symphony in C minor, opus 23, and the symphony in A, "Spring," Op. 34. He has also a duo concertante for violin, 'cello and orchestra, which has been played at the Boston symphony concerts.

Prof. Paine's published works are the following:

Op. 3, organ variations upon Austrian national hymn and "The Star Spangled Banner," Op. 7, "Christmas Gift" for pianoforte; Op. 9; "Funeral March" pianoforte; Op. 10, mass in D; Op. 11, "Vier Character-Stücke" for pianoforte; op. 12, Romance in C minor; Op. 19, two preludes for organ Op. 20, "St. Peter" an oratorio for soli, chorus and orchestra; Op. 25, "Four Character Pieces" pianoforte; Op. 26, "In the Country, Centennial Hymn" words by Whittier written for the centennial celebration at Philadelphia, in 1876; Op. 29, four songs for soprano. The orchestral works are as yet unpublished.

W. S. B. M.

A FORENOON REHEARSAL.

[An odd musical friend, for many years dear to me, has recently died, and I find among his papers this fragment, which I submit to the public as expressing, in some sort, the finely attuned soul of the artist.]

AN accident had deprived me of the use of my right arm for some weeks, and during the tedious interval in which nature slowly and painfully repaired the damage done in the twinkling of an eye, I was wont to appease the hunger and thirst of my soul by sitting as auditor at the rehearsals of the orchestra of which I, as second violin, had long formed a component part.

To him who possesses genius of the appreciative order only, the full tide of melody can fill to overflowing his soul and satisfy, but to him who can lay claim to a spark of creative power, which is at best but the interpreter's skill, the mere listening to that in which he longs to participate is torture of a most exquisite kind. To the one it is the hearing a soft, melodious language, of which he knows just words enough to catch the purport of the speech; to the other it is listening to the tongue he loves, spoken by his own countrymen, while he, passionately longing to speak, sits by in enforced silence.

Draining such a cup of bitter-sweet, in that idly observant mood which is the unfailing accompaniment of deep feeling, the spectrum made by the warm German sunshine falling athwart the broken pane behind me, and lying full across an open sheet of music at my side impressed itself deeply on my mind, and the rainbow of color mingling vaguely with the rainbow of sound, my "enchanted boat," with pain at the helm, drifted slowly out into the sea of semi-unconsciousness, and a strange dream came to me.

"The blackness of darkness 'round" over-shadowed me.

The deep insistent tone of the trombone rose and fell like the swell of the sea, when suddenly the air became suffused with a roseate flush, deepening into a dusky red. Ere my dull sense had well perceived its wondrous beauty, it vanished, sank into primal night, and as my eyes began to accustom themselves to the gloom, lo! a faint orange gleam, brightening into a clear, vivid yellow, just as horns and trumpets sound a triumphant burst of melody. Flutes, clarinetti and bassoons take up the strain, and the blare of brass modulates into their softer tones, while a soothing green flood replaces the yellow light, and eye and ear repose on the perfect vault.

A soft breeze wafts my bark lightly along; the sky deepens into the velvety blue we know; a sound as of infinite harps succeeds the mellow tones, but still a deep sense of lack and longing pervades the being—Donatello, without the human soul.

Ah! now a wondrous glow fills earth and air and sky—an unnameable vision of violet light. Bewildered with beauty, I at first scarce take note of the marvellous sweetness of the supreme violin tone which ravishes the sense—the perfection of harmony—the ideal expression of absolute melody. As I lean forward, breathless, to listen a minor creeps into the strain; the divine melody is marred, yet wondrous sweet in its discord, and, with a start and a twinge of pain, I awake to find the number ended, and that I have been resting heavily on my wounded arm.

E. P. BARBOUR.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

PART FOURTH.

(CONTINUED.)

ExpressiOn in Dance Forms.

120. Works in which rhythm is the dominant element may be classified in the degree of its dominancy as (1) society dances, (2) art dances, (3) old dances.

1.—Society Dances.

PHRASING.

121. The structure in most regular periods has 16 simple measures, or 8 compound measures. Sections have 8 simple or 4 compound measures. Subsections have 4 simple or 2 compound measures. Phrases are usually identical with the subsection, but sometimes with the *design*. (“Design” is the name suggested for the series of steps—*l’enchaînement des pas*—characteristic of particular dances.) (See Par. 124.)

SPEED.

122. The tempo for the more common society dances is:

Waltz ♩.=72	Court-quadrille ♩ = 76
Galop ♩ = 76	Varsovienne ♩.= 54
Polka ♩ = 104	Schottische ♩ = 76
Redowa ♩.= 60	Quadrille ♩ or ♩.= 104
Mazurka ♩. = 56	Lancers ♩ or ♩.=104
Five-step waltz ♩ = 144	Reel ♩ = 120

The exigency of an even *tempo* for the dancers forbids any shading of the metronome time, except the acceleration of the coda—the signal for stopping the dance.

FORCE.

123. The dynamic level of the divisions of the dances can readily be determined by their analysis according to the method of Pars. 49 and 51. The more general crescendos appropriate to the melodic shapes and the emphasis of the

climaxes with the least possible rubato is all that is available. Minute shades of expression that might compromise the rhythm could only embarrass the dancers. That the metrical accents may be well marked—the indispensable thing—the accompaniment should receive two-thirds the force of the melody syncopates. Fundamental basses should equal the melody in force.

THE DESIGN.

124. The characteristic “design” of most sound dances, requiring a complete turn of the body occupies two measures. As that accent of the music that corresponds to the initial pas of the “design” should receive special stress, a large metre (Par. 95) of two measures necessarily results. Thus the accents in two measures of a waltz would be

$\begin{matrix} > \\ > \end{matrix}$
 $\begin{matrix} > \\ > \end{matrix}$

Strong : weak : weak : medium : weak : weak

The player may, therefore, count either

$\begin{matrix} > \\ > \\ > \end{matrix}$
1 : 2 : 3 : 4 : 5 : 6 or (preferably)

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} \vee & & & & & & \\ \vee & & & & & & \\ 1 & : & - & : & - & : & 1 & : & - & : & - \end{array}$$

Following Riemann's "Art of Phrasing," page 21, the sign for large metre (V) may be written over the bar that precedes the "design." In some cases it may be well to write the number of the measures comprised by the large metre in its angle thus:


$\sqrt{2}$
1 : 1 : a two-measure metre.

$\overset{3}{V}$
 $1 : 1 : 1 :$ a three-measure metre.

$\overset{4}{V}$
1 : 1 : 1 : 1 : a four-measure metre.


RHYTHMS.

125. Each designa has its characteristic *pas*. Corresponding to the poising on the toe, to the leap or hop in the Redowa, Polka, Varsovienne, etc., to the bows and courtesies of the Polonaise and Minuet, to the clinking of the spurs in the Mazurka, to the beating of the tambourine or other percussive instrument in the Tarantella, Bolero, etc., are rhythmical accents. These, though secondary in point of position, must equal strong metrical accents. An over-emphasis that vulgarizes the rhythms is far too common. In the following table the place for such rhythmical accents is marked thus >

Polka. 

Mazurka. 

Redowa. 

Waltz. 

Polonaise. 

N. B. The waltz has no accents, except the metrical.

The simple polonaise was without rhythmical accents, as it had no specially characteristic *pas*. But since the advent of artistic dancing and the idealization of dance rhythms some forms have been so frequently used as to seem typical, such as



126. The successful dance player will maintain the metrical accents with a mechanical regularity; will mark the rhythmical accents sharply, clearly, vividly—to a degree unbearable in other forms—and to that end may neglect any other quality in the music. Profanation of art? No; exaltation of art, to add to the sum of human happiness.

127. It must be noted that the earliest waltzes were much slower than now, and not so distinctly in large metre. So early polkas had a design of only one measure.

II.—Art Dances.

128. The phrases are less regular than in society dances. The speed is about one-half faster than the corresponding society dances; though many virtuosos press them to a vertiginous rapidity at the sacrifice of every musical quality. This superior speed forms large meters of two or four measures. (Chopin's Scherzos and many of Beethoven's were better marked 12-4 and four measures grouped as one, by the omission of bars, than as now in 3-4 using bars that give no clue to the difference in metrical accents.) Many Prestos and Allegros furnish similar examples. All the modification of force and speed available for song may be used in works of this class, the chief difference being the presence of rhythmical accents which must never be obscure and the greater force in the delivery of all accents.

III.—Old Dances.

129. The rhythms of some antedate melody; the time for the dances being marked by clapping hands, beating instruments or other devices. At a later time a folk melody was added. Such melodies as have been preserved are simple and regular in structure and rhythm; the period of eight measures being nearly universal. The following statement of the general character of such dances is drawn from Paner's "Musical forms."

Bourrée. Merry, cheerful, equivalent to English Hornpipe.

Passepied. Nonchalant, negligent.

Saraband. Solemn in Italy but the opposite in Spain.

Tarantella. Simple step like a walk but turning round.

Polonaise. Stately, dignified, with deep bows and courtesies at cadences.

Pavan. Stately but somewhat more graceful than the Polonaise.

Minuet. Gentle, short step with graceful courtesies.

Bolero. Like minuet.

Gavotte. Lively, if dignified.

Gigue. Lively, genial.

Saltarello. Like gigue

Rigandon. Like Gigue.

Yandango. Slow.

130. Using these dances for models early composers constructed art dances which modern ears cannot commend. Overloaded with the contrapuntal and imitative devices that were applauded in their church music, these pieces exhibit rhythms as irregular and distorted as the melodies are formal and unnatural. As the imperfect resonance and lack of *sostenuto* in the instruments of that time would have made ineffective such a broad harmonic foundation as our modern pieces exhibit, their compositions sound insufferably thin and empty. They are neither fish, flesh nor fowl. A musical bric-a-brac to amuse antiquarians! (The writer means the gavottes, gigue, etc. of Bach and others.) But whoever *will* play them, may. Their speed is considerably greater (say, one-

half) than the typical dances of the same name. As the eye of virtuosity was not reached at the period of their manufacture, it is an error to play them at modern tempo. A rapid tempo only obscures the art (such as it is) that they are invented to show.

131. Modern writers have imitated the ancient dances in a manner better suited to the instruments and musical intelligences of today. (Some as Saint-Saens have even painted some old pieces so they resemble life). By balanced rhythms modern harmonies and the incidental use of counterpoint such pieces are brought within the modern style. From their structure (Par. 49) rather than their titles may their appropriate speed be estimated.

Genre Piece.

132. Closely allied to dances from the conspicuity of characteristic rhythms are barcarolles, berceuses, swing songs, spinning songs, serenades and others. The tempo, suitable to the rules of Part Third: the accompaniment, that the characteristic rhythm may be prominent, must receive about two-thirds of the force of the melody.

The March.

133. The *review* march is in 4-4 measure with a speed of $\text{♩} = 72$. Sometimes a polka in 2-4 or quickstep in 2-4 or 6-8 measure is used. An exceptional measure is 3-4 played in a large meter of two measures with the speed $\text{♩} = 72$.

The *funeral* march is in 4-4 measure rate $\text{♩} = 60$. The *festival* march is usually *a la breve* (marked C or 2-2) $\text{♩} = 84$. It cannot be denied that conductors play some funeral marches as slowly as $\text{♩} = 44$, and festival marches at a higher rate than the above, but the correctness of their judgment may be disputed. A march played too slowly is indistinguishable from a Largo—a song form a march played too fast becomes a polka or quadrille. If conductors must arbitrarily change tempos let them not flinch from changing titles to what will agree with their rendition.

(CONTINUED).

THE HIGHER MUSICAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

II. OBERLIN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

"No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning."

—EMERSON.

THE rapid growth of musical culture in this country during the past two decades is unprecedented in the history of any nation. Four great orchestras equal to any of the famous ones of Europe have sprung into existence, perhaps a thousand or more societies have now organized for the performance of high-class choral music, and many native-born artists have achieved a world-wide fame. Many a mile-stone has been passed since the time when Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home" and Gottschalk's "Last Hope" were standards of excellence. The master-pieces of the great composers are tolerably familiar to those who have taken the trouble to attend the concerts within their reach. Yet our ideals are still in a state of transition; the ultimatum has not been reached, and it is impossible to foresee what the outcome will be, or what demands the good taste of the general public shall make upon the artist of the future.

Years ago a smattering of harmony and, perhaps, a side long glance at counterpoint were considered quite enough for the average student. Very few went so far as to investigate the intricacies of fugue or pure part-writing. As to an academical or collegiate education, its lack among musicians was the fashion to such a degree as to bring the stigma of narrowness upon the entire profession. But the student of to-day, looking out upon greatly changed conditions, finds that his natural gifts, however great, are not sufficient in themselves, or even with moderate training, to enable him to cope successfully with the great problems of

musical classicism and romanticism. They must be subjected to a thorough technical and æsthetical training and be supplemented by the most liberal collegiate education. This increasing importance of thoroughness in musical education suggests the question which commends itself to the consideration of every thoughtful student: In what does a good preparation for a musical career consist? In answering this question one's attention is naturally turned to the leading conservatories of the country, and the inquiry made as to what is being done to meet the contingency of the large number of students who propose to enter the musical profession.

If the charge recently made by Madame Marchesi in *Harper's Weekly* is true, our ideals as well as our facilities must still be meagre. She says: "What a crude country must that America still be whose young ladies so uniformly come to me so devoid of artistic taste or appreciation, expecting by some unknown, mysterious way, in a few months to appear in this old world of culture as an artist of fame!" On the other hand, a critic of international reputation regards New York as more appreciative of modern music than any city in the world. Whatever our national standing in the world of music may be and whatever may have been our representation abroad, we can look with satisfaction upon our present rate of progress and its promise of future result.

The popular clamor may now and then revivify the "Last Hope," but it will be but a ghostly apparition, the days of its natural life are numbered, and at the sound of the "Preislied" it will disappear. Artistic taste is only the result of long and varied study. The safe-guard against false ideals and narrowness is to be found in the conservatory, where all instruments are studied and heard and where theory and practice go hand in hand. The affinity existing between literature and the arts naturally suggests the university as a place where both may be studied side by side, and the Oberlin Conservatory of Music is thus especially fortunate in its intimate association with the university of the same name. Unlike many other schools of its kind it is

located in a small country town, and in place of a large city with its various distractions, musical or otherwise, its surroundings are those of a college community, with itself as the center of one absorbing musical interest. To this center multitudes of young people from nearly every State in the Union come every year to avail themselves of its advantages, and here the systematic arrangement of practice, regular hours, and the stimulus of a musical atmosphere are conducive to good work and corresponding achievement.

The origin of the conservatory was not in any sudden movement, but in the sacred music that was fostered by the early fathers. Its growth in numbers and scholarships has been gradual, normal and healthful. President Fairchild in his "History of Oberlin" thus tersely accounts for its musical success: "The spontaneous growth of this interest at Oberlin is an indication of favorable conditions here. These conditions belong to a large school of young men and women, among whom the natural taste and gift for music may be found, and who furnish an appreciative audience as an inspiration. The reaction, too, of the general educational spirit upon the quality of the musical work has been most helpful. It is a mistake to suppose that music alone can yield substantial culture or character, or that it is sufficient to itself. Those who propose to work effectively in this line need breadth and substance of personal character, something more than mere effervescence of sentiment. The neighborhood of a university of general education, and especially of Christian education, and of co-education, is the natural place for a school of music. It is the desirable place to train those who shall go out as leaders of choirs and organists in the churches and teachers of music in its various forms."

In 1835, two years after the foundations of the college were laid, a professorship of sacred music was established and the Rev. Elihu P. Ingersoll, the principal of the Preparatory Department, appointed to that position; but music at that time formed no part of the regular course, and the lack of students who cared to pursue it incidentally as well as the lack of funds to support it led to his resigna-

tion at the end of one year. With the appointment of Prof. G. N. Allen in 1837 began the real enthusiasm which has always been characteristic of the school, and gave the impetus which naturally assumed the shape of more perfect organization and equipment.

Among those who developed their musical talent under Prof. Allen's broad and efficient training were such men as John P. Morgan, first translator into English of Richter's *Manual of Harmony*, Dr. Smith Penfield, now organist at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, and also the composer of many worthy works, and Mr. John C. Filmore, now the director of the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music and the Author of "The History of Pianoforte-playing," etc. Upon the retirement of Prof. Allen in 1865 Mr. Morgan and Mr. George W. Steele assumed jointly the responsibility of the department.

They worked on together for one year, when Mr. Morgan withdrew to accept the position of organist of Trinity Church, New York City.

In 1867 Mr. Steele went to Germany for one year and during his absence, Mr. Filmore who had just returned, occupied the position of director. In 1869 Mr. Fénelon B. Rice returned from his studies in Boston and Leipsig and was made associate director with Mr. Steele. Upon the withdrawal of the latter in 1871 Mr. Rice was elected Professor of Music and Director of the Conservatory. To the untiring energy and sound judgment of Prof. Rice the Conservatory owes in a large degree its present prosperity. It will thus be seen that from its earliest history the interests of the Conservatory have been identical with those of the college, each has had its due influence in shaping the course of the other, and an advantage of the Conservatory students has been that of association with those of the literary department.

Those who are not by nature endowed with a certain degree of musical aptitude are forever debarred from the attainment of the higher musical development. Artistic temperament and personality are born, not acquired by

cultivation; and without these natural gifts one can never rise above mediocrity. But, given a good degree of talent at the outset, the point of eminence to which a man may rise in his profession is determined by the thoroughness of the discipline of his student years. Ought not a graduate of any American conservatory of music, to possess in addition to the proficiency upon his special instrument, a good facility in the various forms of contrapuntal writings? There is a technique for pianists, and there is a technique for composers. Without the former one cannot play the piano though he be ever so musical, and without the latter one cannot compose, though he be ever so talented. This work of preparation the Oberlin conservatory is persistently advocating. Its course in theory and composition comes from three to four years of hard study.

Mr. George W. Andrews is at the head of this department. He is a pupil of Jadassohn and Rheinberger, and is himself the composer of chamber music of no mean quality. The original work in this line of the graduating class of the present year, is not only worthy in itself but it shows a mastery of the forms of pure part-writing which points to future productiveness. The principle adopted by the Oberlin Conservatory is that of all-around musical scholarship, as opposed to that kind of virtuosity which is unaccompanied by a corresponding breadth of culture. Diplomas are not granted for proficiency in any single study, but only for the completion in a creditable manner of the prescribed course. This course consists of three studies, two of which must be theory and piano-forte and the third may be organ, singing, or some stringed instrument. In addition to these, one year of musical history and analysis is also required.

Students are required, some time during their senior year, to give recitals in their special line of work.

An important feature is the training of organists who shall not only be competent musicians but who shall understand the true office of the choir and organ-loft, and preserve the purity of sacred music against the aggressions of the secular element. That there is need of this will appear from

the following extract from the editorial of one of our leading musical journals: "It would be difficult to analyze the difference between the sensations received in some of the great religious theaters and these procured by means of tickets passed through the box-office windows."

The organ department has been recently re-enforced by the appointment of Mr. J. Alfred Pennington, who for several years has been associated with Mr. Albert Becker, the leader of the Dom choir in Berlin. Four large pipe organs and six Mason and Hamlin pedal organs are provided for the use of pupils.

While the Conservatory cannot boast of teachers of the world-wide fame, it does possess many whose talents are familiar to a large constituency scattered throughout the land. Something of the confidence of the students in the school is evinced by the fact that during the past year eight former graduates returned to pursue still further their musical studies. Many of its teachers are its own alumni, who, after graduation have studied in Germany and Italy, before being called to a position on the faculty. Among these are Mr. Howard H. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Morrison, Mr. George W. Andrews, Mr. E. G. Sweet, Mr. W. K. Breckenridge, Mr. J. Hall, Miss Jennie R. Johnston. Mrs. F. B. Rice has for many years been a successful and enthusiastic teacher of singing, and the same may be said of the piano work of Miss S. C. Wattles. The new-comers of the past ten years are Mr. F. G. Doolittle, who is at the head of the violin department, Mr. C. P. Doolittle, 'cellist and leader of the orchestra, Mr. J. Arthur Demuth, teacher of cornet and clarinet, Mr. A. S. Kimball, Mr. Lemuel D. Mosher and Mr. J. R. Hall, teachers of singing, and Mr. Pennington, organist.

Mr. Edward Dickinson, recently at the head of the musical department of Elmira College, and now studying in Berlin, has accepted a call to the chair of the history and Philosophy of Music, and will begin his labors with the Conservatory in September next.

The arrangement of instruction is similar to that in

other conservatories, with the exception that in no branch but that of theory is the number of pupils larger than three in a class.

The opportunities for hearing music of all kinds are unusually good; and the special advantage, in this respect, over schools in the larger cities is that of supervision on the part of teachers over the class of music which the students would hear most profitably. That which is harmful or useless is excluded, and only that which is beneficial is allowed in the school.

Small class recitals are often given where the students may have an opportunity to test themselves before appearing in a larger way. Once each week all the students assemble for a recital given by the more advanced pupils. In addition to the many concerts given by teachers and students, a special course has been established in which the best artists obtainable in this country or abroad have appeared. Among those who have recently given recitals or assisted them in concerts may be mentioned the Thomas orchestra, Madame Nordica, Henri Marteau, Adolph Brodsky, Franz Rummel, Maud Powell, Geraldine and Paul Morgan, De Pachmann, Mr. and Mrs. Henschell, and Frau Amalia Joachim. An important and attractive element of the Oberlin life is the Musical Union, an organization for the performance of the great oratorios. It was originally the choir of the Oberlin Church, dating as far back as 1840, and is therefore one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the West. Its membership at present consists of the singers selected from the two large chorus choirs, each of which numbers from 130 to 170 voices. During the fifty-three years of its existence it has performed a large number of great choral works, both sacred and secular. "Elijah," "St. Paul," Brahms' "Deutsches Requiem," Bruch's "Arminius," "Odysseus" and Verdi's "Requiem" are among its recent productions; and the "Messiah," having been given at Christmas for twelve or more years in succession, has become an annual event. For many years the various departments of the Conservatory were located in various places

about the town wherever suitable rooms could be found. In the summer of 1883 Dr. and Mrs. Lucian C. Warner of New York City, having been for some time interested in the musical affairs at Oberlin, announced their intention of providing a building which should be the permanent home of the Conservatory. In the following year their generosity assumed definite shape in "Warner Hall" which is now conceded to be the most complete and magnificent building ever erected solely for the purpose of a music school. It has been built in three sections, the first completed in January 1885, the second in September 1888, and the third in September 1892. It is built of stone, is four stories high above the basement, and contains ninety instruction and practice rooms besides offices, library, lecture-room, orchestra room, and concert hall with a seating capacity of eight hundred. It is heated by steam and is provided with a hall elevator, electric light and gas, and each room contains an electric clock synchronized with the larger chronometer in the vestibule.

With these exceptionally fine equipments, and with its corps of loyal and efficient teachers all of whom give their entire time to the school the Oberlin Conservatory is already taking a prominent position in higher musical education, while it looks forward to enlarged opportunities and a still more successful career.

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

PART II.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

“Thus it is our daughters leave us!
Those we love and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!”

—LONGFELLOW.

ELMWOLDE, the village where Millie's parents resided, was a picturesque little place, nestling as it did at the foot of a huge hill, which formed a pleasing background to the clusters of white houses with green blinds and clean gravel walks across smoothly shaven lawns. The old homestead occupied by Mr. Town stood some little distance from the one depot the place boasted of. It was a square two-story house with wide verandas built upon a slight elevation, surrounded by a wide, sloping lawn. Beds of geraniums, dahlias, fuchsias, bleeding-hearts and pansies dotted the green expanse, as if shaken down from above, and growing wherever they fell.

Mr. and Mrs. Town were seated at the breakfast table, though the worthy merchant was wont to be at his place of business at that hour—seven o'clock. He was a large, comfortable-looking man, whose most noticeable features were a pair of keen, gray eyes and a very decided-looking mouth, which indicated the possession of a strong will.

Mrs. Town was Millie grown older; a very even-tempered, amiable woman whose neighbors declared: "Millie will never be the sweet woman her mother is." Mr. Town swallowed his last half cup of coffee at a gulp, pushed his chair from the table, and said, as though continuing an interrupted conversation:

"I'm certain she ain't happy, mother!"

Though there was neither chick nor child in the house, the old habit of calling her "mother" clung to him.

"What makes you think so, Donald?"

"Well, it's hard to say; something I *feel* more than anything I can explain. Are *you* just satisfied with the letters she writes, for instance?"

"No—not exactly, but I can't hardly tell why."

"No more can I, only it seems to me she's always saying, 'Carl's gone somewhere and I'm lonesome.' He's no business lettin' her be lonesome! I never took much stock in that match, you know, and if that fellow makes my girl miserable, he'll have *me* to answer to for it! She'd a'been enough better off here with us. I was growin' to set a heap o' store by her, but that's always the way. Any young dude can come along and with three winks o' his eye all the girls in town'll be ravin' over him! Its everlastin'ly disgustin'!"

"There Donald, don't give way. Mebbe she's as well off as can be, so don't take on so."

"I ain't goin' to, but either you or me's got to go to the city and look into the matter, for I'm seldom mistaken in these warnin's o' things."

"I can't see how *you* can go, with the new goods just in. The boys'll have 'em all marked wrong."

"No, I oughtn't to leave, but why can't *you* go *yourself*?"

"*Me!*" exclaimed Mrs. Town, fairly aghast at the mere thought of such a thing. "You take my very breath away! How *could* I?"

"Why *couldn't* you?—tell me if you can?"

"Well, in the first place, I ain't got nothin' to wear!"

“No, I s’pose not ! I never saw a woman that *did* have anything to wear ! Their clo’es must be a delusion for sure. No matter how many duds they get a dressmaker to put together *this* week, ask ’em to go anywhere *next* week, an’ they’ll tell you with tears in their eyes, they’ve ‘nothin’ to wear.’ How long’ll it take you to fix up somethin’ ? ”

“I don’t know I’m sure. It’s so sudden ”—

“Never mind, you can get Miss Walker to help you.”

“Yes, I might. There’s my black henrietta. I could have the basque fixed over and trimmed up a little, and there’s my tea-gown I got two years ago, it’s as good as new.”

“Well, how soon could you go ? ”

“Mebbe by Thursday.”

“All right ! I’ll stop in to Miss Walker and tell her you want to see her. I’m off now, don’t change your mind, for I feel a hundred per cent better ! ”

Miss Walker, an itinerant seamstress, arrived within the hour, saying, as she seated herself:

“I came at once, for Mr. Town said you was going to the city right away.”

“Yes, and I’m all upset thinkin’ of it ! When can you come ? ”

“I’m here now, ain’t I ? Give me something to do and I’ll stay. I won’t charge anything for the rest of the morning, and we’ll be all ready for business this afternoon.”

“Just as *you* say. I’ll get my black dress if you’ll wait a minute till I go upstairs.”

“I’ll get it myself,” said Miss Walker, “just tell me where to look for it ! ”

“In the clo’es-press to the right on the third hook.”

“I’ll find it,” and away tripped the dressmaker who, though an admirable seamstress, and a thoroughly good woman, was also an inveterate gossip. She could with difficulty wait until their hands should be busy, for Mrs. Town generally waxed eloquent as they became interested in their work, and Miss Walker was curious regarding this sudden trip to the city.

"I didn't know you was intending to go to town," she innocently remarked some twenty minutes later.

"Neither did I," answered Mrs. Town, who was as anxious to relate all she knew of the matter as the seamstress was to hear.

"Kind of sudden, then?"

"Yes, you see Mr. Town got to worryin' about Millie. I s'pose it's all nonsense, but he's determined I shall go and see her and find out if she's well and happy."

"Strange," murmured Miss Walker, "don't you hear from her regularly?"

"Yes, but some way we don't feel satisfied. It's a big change for her, you know."

"Of course, but she married a good moral man, I hope?"

"Yes, I ain't got nothin' to say against his morals."

"Ain't he good to her?"

"Yes, I s'pose so, but——he's a musician, you know." Mrs. Town hesitated and remained silent a minute.

"A little hard for him to make a good living, then, perhaps," ventured the seamstress, at a loss to understand what the trouble could be.

"Oh, dear, no, 'tain't that, for he's a crack player! I don't know anything about such things, but I've heard them that does say he can play any music they can print, right off!"

"Dear me, that's wonderful!"

"Yes, 't is; and he earns money enough, but we think, from her letters, she's kind of lonesome, and mebbe he don't take pains enough to be company for her."

"You don't think there's any other woman a-making trouble, do you?"

Miss Walker was a diligent reader of sensational literature and always on the lookout for startling developments.

"No, we don't go so far as to think anything of that sort, for we ain't seen 'em since they got settled, and I suppose he's all right."

"No doubt," said the sympathetic seamstress, "but, of course, he must see lots of pretty women, and 'twouldn't be

an unheard-of thing if he *should* fancy one of them. It always seemed strange to me that a girl could be willing to leave a good comfortable home, father, mother and friends, for a person she's only known a few months, perhaps."

"Yes, 't is queer, but I suppose they'll do the same way as long as there's any good looking youngsters to coax 'em away."

"You're about right there. This sleeve'll have to be turned. How do you like your new neighbor? You must be pretty well acquainted by now."

"The man that bought Wright's place? We think he's a first-rate sort of man. Martin's his name and a quieter person I never saw. They say he's awful rich, and most likely it's so, for he don't do nothin' but sit around and tend his flower-beds."

"Is he married?"

"No, he's a widower, lost his wife a year ago, poor man; s'pose he ain't got over it yet. If Millie'd married a man like that now, what a comfort 't would be to all of us! I must go and see to the dinner, though, Marthy does better when *I'm* around!"

Mrs. Town betook herself to the kitchen, while the hands and thoughts of Miss Walker kept pace with each other as she occupied herself with conjectures regarding the interesting widower.

Sew as briskly as they would, the work could not be finished for Thursday, so the trip to the city was postponed till the following Monday.

Mrs. Town was in a state of intense excitement as the time for her departure drew near. She would hurry to the kitchen again and again to find Marthy, a trusty servant who had been in her employ for years, first to tell her "not to use the best table-cloth, even if elder Barnes come, for the second best's good enough!" Next to "be sure and shut the window of the north room if you go away from the house, for if it rains on that carpet it'll be ruined," and, at another time, "you'd better take the forks and spoons into your own room and hide 'em in the cushions of the old

rockin'-chair, for Mr. Town wouldn't wake up if a bomb-shell was to explode right in his ears," which would seem to be a self-evident fact, though the good lady laid a great deal of stress upon it. At last she felt satisfied that all was in order, and believed she might with safety trust Marthy with the responsibility of keeping the house for a few days.

"I'll be back by the last of the week, if Millie's all right," she said, as she closed the garden gate, then taking the mammoth bouquet she had gathered, into the house, she wrapped the stems carefully about with a moist paper, covered that with an old handkerchief, and declared herself ready.

Arrived at the depot, she was seized with dire misgivings concerning the cream, and begged Mr. Town to "remember and tell Marthy to be sure and churn twice a week, for the butter wouldn't be fit to eat if she didn't."

The whistle heralding the approach of the train put a stop to her worrying for the present, and in a twinkling she was stowed away in a snug corner, with her old-fashioned valise under her feet, a small shopping bag grasped tightly in one hand and the bouquet in the other. The novelty of the surroundings made time pass very pleasantly at first, but as evening crept on she was beginning to look forward with longing to her arrival in the city.

Mr. Town had drilled her over and over as to her course of action when she should find herself at "that everlastin' pandemonium of a union depot," and with a great deal of confidence she walked briskly past the long line of carriages and their voluble drivers who made night hideous with their noise, and at last secured a hansom, in which she seated herself without loss of time. Fortunately the distance was short and she was standing at Millie's door before she was fully aware of it. The bell was answered by the servant, whose half opened eyes and quickly arranged clothing told plainly that she had been enjoying her "beauty sleep."

"Does Mrs. Hausen live here?" said Mrs. Town.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hausen live here, yes'm!" the girl answered. "They're both at a party or something of the kind."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the old lady.

"Who shall I say called?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Town stepped back, lifted her valise from the garden bench where the cabman had deposited it, and stalking past the astonished girl, seated herself quietly, saying:

"You won't have to say any one called. If they've gone to a party I'll give 'em a surprise when they get home. Fix me a place to sleep and carry my satchel up,—for I s'pose its upstairs—and I'll just sit here a spell and wait for 'em."

The servant hesitated an instant, and Mrs. Town divining her thoughts said complacently:

"You needn't be in any doubt but what it's all right. I'm Mrs. Town, Mrs. Hausen's mother!"

"Of course," stammered the girl, "I'll fix you a bed right away, and carry up your things. You'll find 'em in the room at the head of the stairs."

"Very well! You needn't wait up on my account, for I'll be all right."

The servant disappeared, and the tired old lady curled herself up in an easy chair, and unmindful of her aching head and empty stomach, soon slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

CHAPTER V.

"Better ends may be in prospect, deeper blisses
(if you choose it),
But this life's end and this love-bliss have been
lost here. Doubt you whether
This she felt, as, looking at me, mine and her souls
rushed together?"

* * * * * never fear but
there's provision
Of the devil's to quench knowledge lest we walk
the earth in rapture!
—Making those who catch God's secret, just so
much more prize their capture!"

ROBERT BROWNING.

Mr. Crosby had chosen this particular evening to give a reception to his friends and admirers; and for once Millie had been induced to join her husband, and spend an hour

among his acquaintances while the good old mother awaited her return, she was all unconsciously running the gauntlet between rows of sharp eyes and tongues. That she did not realize her position was due to the supreme selfishness which made the question "how do I like *them*?" so much more important than "how do they like me?"

"I don't think she's very pretty?" said one lady.

"Nor I, and it's *too* absurd! Mr. Hausen is *so* delightful, but she isn't one bit like I thought she'd be! A lovely complexion though, don't you think so, Mr. Wilder?" asked another.

"Talking to me, Mrs. Cleugh?"

"Yes, and I was saying what a lovely complexion Mrs. Hausen has; a regular doll's face though, *I* think!"

"I can't say I'm sure," answered Ralph, "for unfortunately I wasn't one of those good little boys who play with dolls. As mild and lady-like as my appearance may be it's very deceiving, for they tell me I was a regular 'terror' when I was young."

"I didn't suppose you *did* play with dolls, but I want to know what you think of Mrs. Hausen?"

"I have to hurry and think then. Well, in the first place, I think she's very pretty!"—with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, of course, you gentlemen always think these blonde people charming!"

"There you go! didn't you ask me for my opinion?"

"Yes; go on!"

"I think she knows how to dress," with another sidelong look at Mrs. Cleugh, who never looked well dressed, and was dimly conscious of the fact.

"I can't see that she's any better dressed than any other lady in the room!"

"I suppose not," dryly, "but notice the pure pink and white of her complexion, and how exquisitely the pale blue of her dress heightens it. Then those forget-me-nots instead of a great rope of pearls, or a bushel of diamonds——"

"Ralph Wilder! you are the *most* absurd man, for who ever heard of "bushels" of diamonds?"

“Why, let me see—doesn’t Dumas mention something of the kind in ‘Monte Christo’?”

“Not that I can remember.”

“Well *I* say a bushel of diamonds, and *I’m* somebody.”

“Of course; but you’re running away from the subject. We were discussing Mr. Hausen’s wife. *I* think she looks decidedly lacking in character.”

“You’re mistaken, Mrs. Cleugh; she’s got enough of the article. Her blue eyes have a power of will in them, and I’d rather she’d believe *with* me than *against* me if I had her to live with; but isn’t it rather ill-natured of us to discuss her in this way? Why hasn’t she appeared in society before?”

“I’m sure I can’t imagine, unless because she wanted to create a sensation. Here’s Lily, now. I wonder if she’s been introduced yet. Have you met Mrs. Hausen, daughter?”

“Yes, and I think she’s real nice,” returned the young lady who looked much more like a full blown peony than a lily as she fanned herself vigorously, and tried in vain to be quiet; for her mother often assured her she would always have a red face, unless she succeeded in curbing her appetite for beef-steak, and cultivated a quiet and reposeful manner. Mrs. Cleugh was very proud of her daughter—the eldest of seven—and put her forward in society in a way that proved excessively annoying to the girl. The mother had taken a violent fancy to Carl, and could scarcely forgive the fates for allowing him to marry any one save her favorite child.

“There’s Mrs. Coleman!” exclaimed Mrs. Cleugh, “that woman’s an enigma to me!”

“Why so?” enquired Ralph.

“Because I can never quite make up my mind whether she is happy or not.”

A slight shade of annoyance passed over Ralph’s face as he answered rather tersely: “None of our business, is it?”

“Bah! what creatures you men are! If either of the ladies I’ve spoken of had been old and ugly you’d have expressed your opinion unhesitatingly; but they’re young and pretty, and that’s different. How you can all

worship that Mrs. Coleman I can't imagine! She seems like a tropical iceberg to me."

"Whew! who ever heard of a tropical iceberg?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but her beauty is of the warm oriental type surely, and her manners just the reverse. That Mrs. Hausen must have bewitched her, for they're laughing and talking as briskly as possible and I never saw the doctor's wife unbend like that."

"I must leave you Mrs. Cleugh, for Mr. Crosby wants me for something," said Ralph profoundly grateful for his release from the mother of the fair Lily.

That energetic lady made her way to a chair at Millie's side, seated herself and began to scrape acquaintance at once. "Mrs. Hausen? I'm Mrs. Cleugh! You've met my daughter Lily, and she's quite in love you."

"I'm surprised!" said Millie, coldly.

"Yes, she is! your husband gives her lessons, you know."

"Yes," interrogatively.

"Yes, and she *dotes* on him, and wouldn't be *hired* to take lessons of any body else. I suppose you're awfully fond of music, ain't you?"

"No, I'm not."

"Oh my! and *such* a husband as you've got. I suppose you play, don't you?"

"No I don't!"

"Well, I never! I should think musicians would marry musicians."

"So should I!" said Millie with some asperity, "but you'll excuse me," and rising she left the inquisitive lady and found a corner close to Mrs. Coleman who was holding a little court of her own.

Cleo's lady friends frequently asked of each other the question: "In what consists this woman's charm?" but none of them could give a satisfactory answer.

She was handsome, to be sure, with large soulful black eyes, black hair, a warm, rich color, and a tall graceful figure; but other ladies equally good-looking played the wall-

flower while she was surrounded by the most agreeable and intelligent members of any assembly she chose to grace with her presence.

Carl had been watching her for several minutes, and was about to seek Millie when he saw her move toward her friend; so he stood still, loath to mingle with any of the cheerful groups around him, in his present mood.

He had presented his wife to Mr. Crosby upon entering the room, and five minutes conversation terminated the interview leaving Carl—who had watched the face of his old friend with no little anxiety—convinced that Millie, with her usual disregard of every one beside herself, had only succeeded in inspiring with a mild contempt, the man whose opinion he valued so highly.

She had scrupled to show him how little liking she had for music or musicians, and rated Carl in no very gentle terms, for choosing so slavish an occupation.

Mr. Crosby left her as soon as he could do so with decent civility, and Carl felt that with all her beauty she would be a social failure.

His pride was bitterly hurt by the pitying glances bestowed upon him from time to time, and an unreasoning anger welled up in his heart against these people who so coldly passed judgment upon the woman he had chosen for his wife, not the least bitter drop in his cup of wretchedness being the conviction that they were right. As he stood half hidden by a heavy curtain, a handsome, distinguished looking gentleman entered the room, and bowing to one and another as he passed along made his way directly to Mrs. Coleman's side.

"Her husband," thought Carl, "he's fine looking surely."

Dr. Coleman—for it was no less a personage, bent over his wife for an instant in the most devoted manner, and though he could not hear their conversation, Carl thought he had never beheld a lovelier picture than they made as she raised her dark eyes to her husband's face, nodding and blushing at something he had said.

"I can't imagine what Crosby was thinking of to pity her," mused the young man, "for she's a successful society woman with a very devoted husband who thinks the world of her, I should say. But what ails *that* big booby?"

Hidden from the occupants of the room by a curtain, but visible to Carl who stood in the adjoining window almost near enough to touch him, Ralph Wilder was standing with clenched fists glaring at Dr. Coleman in a way that would have done credit to the heavy villain of the most thrilling melodrama. Only a moment he stood in his place of concealment, then sauntered across the room to join the group of which Cleo and the doctor formed so important a part. "Ah, you big baby," murmured Carl, "I know your secret and can't admire your taste. Anything but a society woman with her airs and graces and nonsensical twaddle! Guess I'll see what's going on," and he followed Ralph, stopping a few steps from Cleo's chair.

"Come Ralph, what do *you* say?" Mr. Crosby was the speaker. "We're talking about Bert Bowlder's marriage. He wedded his housekeeper last week. Think of it, an artist who can paint a sunset like a dream of beauty, marrying his housekeeper!"

"I suppose," said Ralph, "he couldn't paint acceptable *dreams* without the reality of well cooked meals; and more than likely she understood that part of the business."

"Shame!" cried Mrs. Cleugh. "They say she's a splendid, good woman."

"I've never met her," said Mr. Crosby, "but Bert is a particular friend of mine. The same thing is done every day, of course, but I cannot understand how a man or woman of artistic tastes can choose a companion who is utterly matter-of-fact. Can *you* account for it, Mrs. Coleman?"

Carl felt as if they were all sitting in judgment upon *him* and his motives, and as he stood before Cleo he looked into the speaking face, waiting with an anxiety out of all proportion to the point at issue, for her answer.

His fixed gaze drew her eyes to his for one instant and

the volume of appeal in the anxious glance he bent upon her was answered by a reassuring gleam from the eloquent black eyes.

He felt that she understood him, and her reply carried healing to his wounded spirit, for he was certain his own marriage was being thought of by every one present.

"I think the reason is easily found," she said quietly, "as the artist, whether he be a poet, expressing his thoughts in words, tones or colors, can only be himself when he idealizes all he touches, so, I fancy, 't is the ideal man or woman they marry, not the real one. They clothe all objects of their love with imaginary beauty and surround them with the halo their artistic temperaments find indispensable. And I think in the one so idealized, even when to the world at large but a common-place person, there must be *some* innate beauty, grace or virtue to attract even for a time a really superior mind."

She would never be to Carl "only a society woman" again. The past year had been one of starvation to him, though he had wasted no time in either regret or self-pity. Millie had been too completely engrossed in *self* to even attempt understanding her husband, and the half-contemptuous manner she had of late assumed toward him, had become like a continuous succession of pin pricks, extremely trying to one of his nervous, sensitive disposition.

But here was a woman who could understand his soul's disquiet with but a fleeting glance through its windows, who read his heart by the light of her own large sympathies, and proved her friendship for the unpopular young wife by upholding her, in idea, as something much more desirable than appeared to a casual observer.

As his anxiety had been extreme, so his gratitude knew no bounds. His one desire was to free himself from his friends and live over again the delicious experience of that one instant of perfect sympathy with one he believed worthy all the praise so freely lavished upon her. Dr. Coleman, as he occasionally touched a flower among Cleo's dark braids, or paid her some trifling attention—for like most

men who care little for their wives, he delighted in asserting his proprietorship by an appearance of excessive devotion—became utterly obnoxious to the imaginative Carl.

The remainder of the evening was a blank to him. He was aware that every one laughed and chatted with every one else, that he walked about and answered questions, and bade people good night, that he helped Millie into the carriage like one in a dream, but it all seemed very unreal and uncertain. "Very silly," you say? No doubt, but for centuries a great many people have gone through similar experiences, from as simple causes, and the strangest part of it all is, they are often looked upon as perfectly sane and sensible members of society.

He arrived at his own door soon after midnight, and Millie forgot her fatigue in the glad surprise of finding her mother, who was almost crippled from her nap in the arm-chair awaiting her. Carl rose with alacrity to bid the old lady good-night when Millie declared she must go to bed at once or she'd be half dead in the morning. Millie accompanied her mother, and while Carl thought of Cleo, the mother and daughter held a council which would have proven interesting to him, could he have believed it possible for Millie to look upon their marriage as an injustice practiced upon her by the fates whose one work should have been to make her happy.

CHAPTER VI.

"We live by admiration, hope and love,
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.
But what is error? Answer he who can!
The skeptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:
Love, hope and admiration—are they not
Mad Fancy's favorite vassals? Does not life
Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin.
Guides to destruction?"

—WORDSWORTH.

There was, among the most intimate friends of Mrs. Coleman, great diversity of opinion in regard to her various virtues or faults. The gentlemen were almost unanimous in

their verdict, and agreed to sing her praises. The older women with marriageable daughters were not slow to accuse her of flirting. A great many of the younger ones were envious, and thought it very unreasonable she should possess so handsome a husband and so beautiful a home while they waited for both.

Cleo was proud of her elegant home, the large roomy house with its well-kept grounds. The rich carpets, costly hangings and faultless upholstery satisfied her almost orientally luxurious taste. The library was her favorite retreat, for Cleo's best friends were her books, and many an hour that must otherwise have passed in loneliness and despair was profitably spent in the company of favorite authors.

The morning following the reception, she was seated in a cosy chair, slowly cutting the leaves of a magazine, when a hurried step in the hall followed by a peremptory rap upon the door caused her to drop the book in some trepidation and hasten to answer the summons. A relieved smile passed like a ray of sunlight over her face as she recognized the intruder, a big, loose-jointed Irishman, who had left the "emerald isle" less than a year before, and entered the service of Dr. Coleman immediately upon his arrival in America, through the recommendation of a friend. He did not wait for Mrs. Coleman to ask his errand, but slipped into the room, closing the door softly, then stood turning his hat round and round, as an accompaniment to his speech.

"Whisht! Come in an' shut the dure. Oh, worra worra! but if ye'd see the masther, ye'd be murthered in tirely, so ye wud. He's that mad, he do be shwearin' an' cursin' an' tearin' troo the barrun in a way as 'ud sthrike terror to the hairt o' Saint George himsilf—the Lorrud ha' maircy on 'is soul—an' fwhen I axed 'im fwhat I'd be doin' fur 'im, himsilf turrned on me quicker nor a shnake an' siz he to me, siz he, 'Go to the *divil!*' an' I came to yersilf at wanst, that is to say," noting Cleo's amused smile, "'t were in me moind I'd be betther wid the likes o' a saint loike yersilf, tahan wid a roarin' divil—savin' yer prisence

—loike the masther do be makin' o' himsilf this blissid minnit."

"But what has happened to annoy him so excessively?" asked Cleo.

"Happened is it? shure nothin' fwhativer, barrin' a loine—I know that be the token uv his droppin' it on the barrun flure, an' whin he'd lucked it troo he turruns, an' wid a vice loike t'under, only not quosite so much so he siz, 'Pity't hadn't been 'er neck,' an' thin, az I wuz tellin' yez, the cursin' an shwearin' wuz gone troo wid, an' I made up me moind—murther an' Moses! he's comin' round to the hall dure, an' I'm not ayqual to an interview wid 'im at the prisent time o' shpakin', " and before Cleo could answer, he vanished through a side door.

At the same time Dr. Coleman came through the hall. Cleo turned hastily, seated herself at the table, and had barely time to right the book she had opened upside down, when he entered the room. It was a peculiarity of this gentleman's behavior in his own house to revel in noise. When in the sick room his step was light, his voice carefully modulated, but a certain aggressiveness seemed to take possession of him when he crossed his own threshold, as if he felt the need of asserting the fact that he was master here, and might make as much noise as pleased him.

"A confounded pretty mess, ain't it?" was his greeting, as his eye fell upon the figure of his wife.

"What is it?" she asked quietly.

"I'm in the worst muddle! I promised to go out to Bridgeman to-day, case I was called to for consultation and didn't expect to be back until to-morrow, but that fool of a girl must sprain her ankle."

"What fool?" enquired Cleo, without any show of annoyance or surprise at his evident ill-humor.

"That Lily Cleugh, the red-faced ninny! I wouldn't go a step if they hadn't such a crowd of young ones and some of them always sick, making the bill a tidy sum at the end of the year. They're deuced good pay, too. I suppose I'll have to go, but don't look for me back to-night,

for I'll leave on that 12:30 train if I can catch it. What are *you* doing to-day?"

"Nothing," said Cleo a little wearily, "but if you're going to be away till to-morrow I guess I'll go to Millie's.

"The musician's pretty wife? I was quite struck with her," he remarked, arranging the various articles in his case.

"By the way, he's a good looking chap, Cleo, just your style, I should fancy."

"Should you? I wasn't aware I favored any particular style."

"No? I think you do; interesting looking fellows, who stand in corners and gaze pensively at you, you know. Never had any great disappointment, has he? He'd be just that much more taking if he could boast one."

"Not that I am aware of." Cleo's manner was quiet, but her eyes flashed as she replied, and a bright red spot mounted to either cheek. "You must remember, he is as much a stranger to me as to you, for I barely met him the day I called upon Millie."

"How awfully innocent you are! I suppose that silly wife of his must prove a great attraction to a woman like you. Strange, the interest two such people as you and the musician take in so know-nothing a nonentity."

"You are mistaken, Millie is far from being a know-nothing. We were school-friends, and a more amiable, sweeter dispositioned person I never saw."

"And your girlish affection for your amiable friend has lasted all these years? Consoling, isn't it? for *some* of your loves have not proven so lasting. Shall you visit the—*lady*, all day?"

"I shall visit no one to-day, and if you are satisfied, may be you'll leave me to finish my book in peace."

"Certainly, my dear, but I would remind you before starting, the capricious ways of nineteen are not so becoming at twenty-six. You should be grateful instead of disagreeable to me, as I take all possible pains to tell you your faults, and thus keep your virtues in the ascendant. Good morning!" The handsome doctor raised his hat with a

mocking smile and hastened to the home of Mrs. Cleugh.

"I am so glad you've come!" exclaimed that lady before he could fairly get into the house, "so fortunate you was in, wasn't it?"

"You are always fortunate," answered the doctor. I am on short time this morning, and if you'll let me see my patient at once.——"

"She is right in here," interrupted Mrs. Cleugh, leading him into the back parlor where Lily reclined upon a huge sofa, looking very white and frightened. The ankle was badly swollen, but the sprain proved but a slight one; and the doctor having arranged bandages and written a prescription, supposed to be for the benefit of her nervous system, ordered the young lady to remain perfectly quiet, and took his leave.

He had sent Mike home, saying he should not require the carriage again, and hailing a passing cab he was borne rapidly from the Cleugh's, but not in the direction he might reasonably be expected to travel if Bridgeman was to be his destination.

Through the more densely populated streets, he passed into the suburbs, where rows of cottages and flat-buildings proclaimed the existence of a new subdivision. "Handsome Flats" was the legend over the door where the cabman drew rein, and judging from the noise they were well occupied. Groups of children of every age and size played at "Jacks" or rolled squeaking tricycles over each other's toes. A tall woman, with her hair in curl-papers, leaned out of the first floor window of number 23, and like a general reviewing his forces, cast her eye over the squabbling groups; then opened her mouth and the word "Loreeny," came forth in a voice resembling the treble tones of a caliope. A little girl standing directly beneath the window answered: "Here I am, ma!" at the same time boxing the ears of a diminutive boy, with praiseworthy zeal, as she said: "I'll learn you to steal my caramels!"

"*Loreeny!* ain't I told you times enough to answer when I call you? If you don't take to mindin' pretty soon, I'll

make you smart for it; an' ain't I learnt you better'n to be quarrelin' with them loafin' young ones? I've brought you up better'n the children hereabouts, I'd have you know and you'd better bear it in mind an' thank your lucky stars you ain't like these yere onmannered heathens."

"Good gracious! what a handsome turnout; it's a doctor's. 'Did you speak to me, sir? I'm such a sight you'll excuse me; my hair——'" one hand covered the curl-papers, while Dr. Coleman said:

"No apologies necessary, madam! I'm looking for a family by the name of Merlin, and I think this is the number they gave."

"Yes, I've no doubt you're right, a new party moved in the front flat, third floor, last week. I'd show you the way but——"

A very suggestive backward movement convinced the doctor the woman was barefooted, and thanking her he entered the hall and betook himself to the third floor while the woman after listening a minute, scudded across the hall without troubling herself to find the missing shoes to tell a neighbor of her interview with the "handsomest man, so tall, with such a lovely moustache and the most heavenly eyes of deepest blue and a bewitching smile, just like a hero in one of Bertha Clay's novels," she concluded.

Meanwhile Dr. Colemann knocked at the door of the front flat, waited only an instant, when it was opened by a very pretty woman who stepped back with a low cry of welcome. The doctor followed her into the room and closed the door quietly; then drew her close within his encircling arm while he pressed kiss after kiss upon the upturned face. At this moment a carriage rolled quietly up the street and as the driver assisted Mrs. Cleo Coleman to alight, he said:

"This'll be noomber twinty-tree, if what yer lookin' fur's to be found wi'din ut."

(CONCLUDED.)

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

JUNE MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

RESUMING the record of music at the Fair where the last account left it, we begin with the first festival concert, the Wagner programme, given on page 238 last time, an account of which was accidentally omitted. This performance was excellent throughout, and towards the last the sensation reached an intense feeling which musical performances rarely excite. Mr. Thomas had left a sick bed in order to conduct, and under the influence of the music and the enthusiasm of Mme. Materna he showed more than his usual mobility. Mme. Materna herself is a little stouter than formerly but retains all her good nature. Her voice is still large and expressive. In the lower range it is, perhaps, less effective. She sang this music grandly, and in the final scene of the "Götterdämmerung" rose to a climax such as the concert stage rarely knows. This was the most stirring musical performance of the Fair so far, except the "Messiah" performance, which will be mentioned later.

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The Wagnerian programme was repeated May 30th, "Decoration day," but not with the same effect. The enthusiasm had subsided, nor was the attendance so good.

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The first appearance of Mr. Tomlins' Columbian chorus of 1,200 children's voices was postponed from May 26 to June 3, when it came off. A pleasing programme of songs was given, along with some orchestral numbers led by Mr. Thomas. The songs were mostly from the "Columbian Souvenir Collection" lately compiled under Mr. Tomlins' direction. Owing to the distance which the nearest of the children stood from the conductor, and the wide territory

covered by the children, this performance was not altogether so successful as had been expected. The entire programme was the following:

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| 1. Chorus, "The Heavens Resound," | Beethoven |
| 2. Songs { a. "Mother Darling," | Reinecke |
| { b. "Rippling, Purling Little River," | Gilchrist |
| { c. "Evening Prayer," | Randegger |
| 3. Overture, "William Tell." | Rossini |
| 4. Columbian Song. "Land to the Leeward." | Arthur Foote |
| 5. Solo and Chorus. "Largo," | Händel |
| 6. Fantasie for Violoncello and Orchestra, | Servais |
| MR. B. STEINDEL. | |
| 7. Songs { a. "The Little Star." | Foster |
| { b. "Lullaby." | Foster |
| { c. "Vocal March," | Becker |
| 8. "Invitation to the Dance." | Weber-Berlioz |
| 9. Song, "Voices of the Woods," | Rubinstein |
| 10. Columbian Song. "Freedom, Our Queen," | John K. Paine |
| Words by Oliver Wendell Holmes. | |

To the ear of the present writer the most notable feature of the whole concert was the singing of the soprano solo. "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," from Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," by all the children together. It was beautifully done, without apparent straggling or tendency to flatten from the pitch. When it is considered that the day was cold and damp, and the singers far from the conductor (which makes a great deal of difference when the conductor is so magnetic as Mr. Tomlins) I consider this one of the most creditable things concerning the training of the class that could possibly be said. Think what it means to have a chorus of children sing intelligently and sympathetically such a solo as this! There are many choir sopranos, paid as solo singers, who are incapable of doing it well. Think also what it means to the children to become accustomed in early youth to such a musical experience as this. It will be a leaven affecting their musical taste all through life.

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Although not properly the place for it, I may as well speak of this book of Mr. Tomlins here as later. It has a peculiar history. The idea was to make a child's singing

book which should be like the “wonderful one hoss shay” —equally good in every part. Accordingly about a year ago Miss Squires, Mr. Tomlins’ assistant and captain of hosts, went east interviewing all the leading American poets in order to procure new poems suitable for children’s music. The experiences during this quest were very interesting, and if they could be written out in full without violating confidences they would make some mighty interesting pages. Most of the poets began by saying that they did not write children’s poems. Later, when the plan had been fully opened, they generally remembered one of their old ones that might do, and then presently added promise of a new one written expressly for this book. So in time a collection of words was made of a quality above that of other books for children. Among the names of writers of new poems for this book are those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, E. C. Steadman.

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No sooner were the poems provided for than the music was taken in hand in the same spirit. All the good American writers, such as Arthur Foote, Ethelbert Nevin, George W. Chadwick, were appealed to, and most of them are well represented by compositions which are easy in their movement and characteristic in spirit. All the songs have piano-forte accompaniment, and the songs are not “written down” for the children. Mr. Tomlins believes that a child’s appetite for good music is as reliable as that for pie, and needs no more stimulation. His whole art consists in having the pie good, and offered at the proper time of the child’s life and experience. Hence the “Columbian Souvenir” is a child’s song-book very much the same kind of a thing musically as the well-known “Nursery rhymes” of J. W. Elliott, with this difference, that in the latest case the poems while written for childlife are all earnest, or nearly all of them, and the music instead of being the work of some *one* good musician is the work of *many* good musicians. It is, therefore, exactly such a book as cultivated people would like

their children to have upon the piano and to use when music in the family is desired.

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While the singing of the children did not quite come up to the expectations of those who have known of Mr. Tomlins' work and have seen it illustrated before, this was not the case a week later when the concert was given in honor of the Princess Eulalia. This concert took place on Saturday afternoon, being tendered her by President Higinbotham and Mrs. Palmer. The audience was by invitation, and was sprinkled over the festival hall quite liberally. The boxes were full.

The Apollo club filled the front seats of the choir loft, about five hundred voices in number. Their songs were delightfully done—with all their old-time finish and oneness of purpose. When the children's time came, they were brought down and stood in the same places as the Apollo singers occupied sitting. Thus brought near the conductor and the class reduced to its best voices, about six hundred in number, the effect was charming. The instrumental numbers were done in Mr. Thomas' most finished manner, and the selections had been made with express reference to affording the Princess pleasure. It was therefore a concert the like of which she could never have heard in her own country. For in Spain it would not be possible to gather such an orchestra as this. Still less a chorus like the Apollo club. And still less children trained as these were. Nevertheless it deserves to be placed on record that her young womanship came into the hall while the orchestra was playing the Spanish rhapsody of Chbrier, and after remaining there about three or four minutes left at the close of this number, without having heard a single note of the children or the Apollo. Nevertheless the concert was a gem, and no matter whether appreciated by the Princess, it at least attracted most favorable and appreciative attention from the foreign delegations, commissioners and the like, who were present in full force.

While one would like to make a proper allowance for the Princess, as a young woman of innate disposition to have some kind of a good time for herself, and therefore not willing to offer herself up as *piece de resistance* for all sorts of social functions, it must be said on the other hand that her play on this occasion was both ill-bred and ignorant. The concert was over her head. The Midway plaisance was more to her taste.

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Most successful of all the concerts to date was the "Messiah" performance of the Apollo club, under Mr. Tomlins' direction, June 14. The solo consisted of Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Nielsen-Dreier, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ericsson F. Bushnell, Mr. Chas. Rodenkirken, trumpeter—who did not appear. To dispose of the solos first, all are deserving of praise, and all were rather too small for the place excepting Mr. Edward Lloyd, of whom more will be said a paragraph or two later. The work was cut extremely—in regular managing-editor style. Thus shorn of its tedium, even an oratorio may be tolerated. The main thing was the chorus. The numbers sung comprised "And the glory of the Lord," "Oh thou that tellest," (with the solo omitted—an appropriate comment upon the singer,) "For unto us," "Glory to God," "His yoke is easy," "Behold the Lamb of God," "Surely he hath borne our griefs," "Lift up your heads" "Hallelujah," "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Amen." A number of good ones were omitted, but the expert will immediately see that the numbers retained afford great opportunities to a choir. It is within bounds to say that the performance must have been a revelation to many who heard it. The four hundred voices in attendance sang with that unity of purpose, and with that delightfully musical technique which distinguishes this choir from all others that I have ever heard. Although the organ was not ready, and only the orchestra could be depended upon for volume at the climaxes, the effect was excellent. The "Surely" chorus was not done with the pathos which Mr. Tomlins sometimes gets. I have

heard the Apollo do this when it remained upon the memory as the most intense moment of the entire oratorio. Notwithstanding the magnificent singing of Mr. Edward Lloyd, who is an oratorio tenor without any superior, the choruses carried off the honors, and applause after their numbers was like that after a prima donna's song. The orchestra also was quite satisfactory.

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Quite another account must be given of the performance of the Bach "St. Matthew Passion Music," which was given by the same singers two days later—namely June 16. The choir was smaller, scarcely more than 250 singers being present. The work which had been fairly well done by them a year ago had not been properly re-studied. Then Mr. Thomas led, which in itself is bad for a chorus which has prepared its effects for another leader and especially a leader so individual in his manner as Mr. Tomlins. So there were two hours of Bach, played by an orchestra which as yet was not in sympathy with the music; and sung by solo artists who had not properly learned the parts, still less become in sympathy with them, and mastered them; and a chorus which was often feeling its way. Result—tedium, bore—a bad dose.

In no single chorus was the choir in first class shape. The famous and soul-stirring "thunder and lightning" chorus was taken at a tremendous presto, which did not leave the singers time to get in all their notes. Then the organ was still absent and the effective pedal tones were wanting, which make such a shrill when the tonic changes in the sequence of sevenths, where Bach gets such an astonishing effect by a very simple means; so that even this number which scarcely ever fails of effect amid so much that is caviare to the general—this went with passing notice merely. The best singing of the chorus was in the two soft choruses, the "I'll watch with my dear Jesus" and the slumber chorus at the end. These were smoothly and appreciatively sung.

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Nevertheless it would be a mistake to permit the impression that the performance was great in no sense. Mr. Edward Lloyd, in the role of the narrator, occupied probably forty-five minutes of the hour and a half which the concert took up. It is safe to say that no better exposition of the art of singing recitative in English has been heard by any person present than he gave on this occasion. In all respects it was admirable—in voice-management, phrasing, general intelligence and treatment of the text. It was the one redeeming feature of the performance. The other solo singers did the best they could under the circumstances. Miss Bella Tomlins for instance, did some creditable work in the alto number, and Mrs. Thomson, who had taken up the part at very short notice, sang in a well-meaning manner. So also did the two gentlemen, Messrs. Bushnell and Maish. But Mr. Lloyd was something more than well-intentioned. He was an artist.

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And this reminds me again of the small number of American singers who can sing the English language after after they have spent some time in England and been obliged to master the art of it there. We have altogether too many foreign teachers of singing, many of whom cannot even teach to sing their own language correctly. Then altogether too many of our American teachers do their work in foreign languages. The result is that we have some thousands of half trained singers, who have a stock of ‘‘Il Bacio’s,’’ ‘‘Ernani Involami’’ etc., not one word of which you or they can understand; and never a single song in their blooming repertory such as one would care to put in any programme where music was being given from musical motives. Schubert, Schumann, even the whole range of writers of good English ballads, are unknown to them unless they may chance to have one or two left over from the days when they learned them without instruction, for singing at choir sociables. In fact we have no good English singing—or so little that it is not worth mentioning.

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In this connection I should do wrong not to refer to the work which Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have been doing here in the line of ballads and what I might call songs with a rational motive and an unrestrained reason for their being. I understand that in their recitals they have covered a wide range of the better class of songs, and have brought to the undertaking a high order of vocal training.

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Mrs. Clarence Eddy, also, is a teacher of singing who has always been successful at this point, her pupils forming an honorably large contingent of our local concert and church stage. In the line of oratorio singing she has been perhaps more successful than almost any other of our local teachers. I mention this inasmuch as I have known her work for about than twenty years. Mr. Fred. W. Root is another teacher who has given his native language a chance, and has been rather successful in making good ballad singing. Among the pupils of Mrs. Eddy are to be mentioned Mrs. May Phoenix Cameron, Mrs. Nielsen-Dreier, and Mrs. Katherine Fisk. Among the best known representatives of Mr. Root's work I would mention the young and lovely tenor, Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, who would seem to have a future. Another of his more creditable representatives is Mr. Webster, a rich baritone voice, who came to Chicago a few years ago as a crude singer.

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In mentioning these well-known names, I am not forgetting other favorites, Messrs. Gottschalk, Baird, Miner, Mme. Varesi, and Mr. Bicknell Young, (who has shown some excellent work). I am merely speaking of a very important point and illustrating it with the names which at the moment happen to occur to me.

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On Saturday, June 17, there was a popular concert in festival hall, when there was a fairly large attendance. The orchestral numbers were rather of the popular order,

closing with that queer "Entr' Act" from Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII." This is ballet music in which Scotch melodies are taken for local coloring. It is very clever, and is one of the best examples of idealization of rather common dance melodies for art purposes that I happen to remember. In the concert Mr. Edward Lloyd sang two pieces, the second being Balfe's "Then you'll remember me." This brought out his good tones admirably, and it was well sung. But I was amused at it, for it also had the "old-stager" earmarks—the liberties, the queer mannerisms, often acquired early in the training long before a really high standard had been reached. For a recall, for there was a great recall, he sang an Irish song, the subject and meaning of which are as unknown to me as if they had been in Sanskrit—which for anything I know they may have been. I do not think the song was in German. Mr. Cady, who sat next me, thought it English, but neither of us could make it out. This brings up again the excellent and very much-to-the-point remarks of St. Paul, apropos to prophesying in unknown tongues. St. Paul makes the admirable point that when you prophesy in an unknown tongue, except you afterwards interpret, you are no farther along practically than if you had not prophesied at all. I admire St. Paul at this point, and always try and bear it in mind. I wish our singers read their bibles more; perhaps they would stumble upon this point also.

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The symphony concerts have rather fallen off in number, owing to the multitudinous demands upon the time of the players. Late in May, the 26th it was, there was a Raff programme. The pianist was Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, and the performance was in many respects good. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Thomas was ill, and the conductor's place was filled by Mr. Arthur Mees—and not successfully. The playing was rough and indifferent, and the accompaniments were too loud. The consequence was that poor Sherwood had to "work his passage," for the tempos at times lagged

behind his intentions. The piano was by Mason & Hamlin, which is the first tally there has been for the so-called "loyal exhibitor"—who after all has spent more time in ventilating his wrongs than in offering attractions competent at the same time to please the public and illustrate the superiority of his pianoforte. As for the composer Raff, the concert was a little unkind to him. He was above all the prophet of the fluent and the well-sounding. He had fancy and taste.

It needed the strong hand of Mr. Thomas.

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There was a Schumann concert on June 9th, when the programme consisted of the Overture to "Manfred," the pianoforte concerto in A minor, and the "Rhenish" symphony. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler not only played the Steinway piano (which under the circumstances was not quite wise) but complicated matters by allowing herself to be interviewed in the papers in its favor—which was still more embarrassing to her friends in the Fair. The *Evening Post* rose to the occasion with the calming headline "Steinway Again on Top." One can imagine the heartaches and chin-tribulations likely to grow out of a bit of seed like this. The national commission has been taking a much needed rest, but later in the season one may be quite sure of hearing this text exploited at its full worth.

Meanwhile Mme. Zeissler played very beautifully, but without the power shown by Paderewski in this work, and not with so much play of fancy. She gave a good and creditable interpretation of it. The orchestra played the symphony very well indeed.

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The handling of the music at the Fair by the daily press of Chicago and by the musical papers as well, has not been what it ought to be. By this I do not mean that I am alarmed because some have criticised Mr. Thomas. Far from it. He is able to take care of himself. Thomas might be described as "a hardy, out-of-doors perennial, requiring a rich soil, and under ordinary circumstances of climate

blossoming all the year round, with a tendency of the higher blossoms to open in the winter. The bark is rather tough and rough in places, and when irritated an acrid juice exudes, but in ordinary states of the weather the plant is wholly free from noxious qualities." Such a plant needs no fence around it. Nor need we protect it from the frost.

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It is not a question of Thomas, Tomlins or Wilson. It is a question of Music.

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For example I cut the following from the *Musical Courier*, of June 14:

"The Providence *Journal* last week contained this apt criticism of music at Chicago :—'The whole scheme of the Bureau of Music at the World's Fair has been based upon a mistaken idea of the musical necessities and requirements of a great exposition. The generality of people who attend a World's Fair do not care to spend time in sitting down for a couple of hours to listen to a severely classical concert without any particular feature of special attractiveness, more especially when they have to pay a large additional fee for so doing. If it was the intention to educate and develop the great American public musically, all music should have been free to all the visitors at the Fair for the ordinary price of admission. Who, for instance, visiting a World's Fair, after having come a long distance, will devote a couple of precious hours out of the afternoon to listen to a concert of chamber music, even of the best possible quality? There is a lack of proportion and of a sense of general fitness in the idea which is positively ludicrous. One might as well try to make a miniature do duty as a fresco in the dome of St. Peter.'"

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This plausible paragraph very cleverly sums up the Philistine position. It is the reasoning of every narrow man who goes through a great exposition and regards as superfluous all parts which do not have immediate bearing upon his specialties. It amounts to a total misunderstanding of

the ground upon which the musical display has been planned, and the reason for its planning. If the sapient author of this criticism were to go along by the north end of the lagoon he would find there a very large and expensive building wholly devoted to showing pictures. This large building having proven too small for the pictures offered and accepted by the commissioners of the different countries participating, was later enlarged by other great buildings, something like one hundred feet square each, called pavilions, which also are wholly occupied by pictures and statuary. The pictures here shown are the most of them the property of the artists who painted them, and have been offered for this exposition in part in the hope that purchasers may be found for them. Others of the pictures are owned by individuals who have paid great prices for them, and have loaned them to the galleries in the hope of making a better showing of contemporary art. The pictures have all passed under the criticism of able commissioners, and out of many hundreds offered these have been taken as on the whole representing existing styles and tendencies. The art galleries cost the Directory something like \$1,000,000. No purpose of utility is served by them. Nobody sees them at all but the few thousands who wander through the gallery. Probably not one in many hundreds of all who walk through the gallery really understand the meaning and tendencies of the phases of art there represented. Still fewer comprehend the technique by which such works are possible.

What follows? Is the art gallery a mistake? Is it true that any one having "come a long distance" will spend a couple of precious hours out of the afternoon in order merely to look at a collection of pictures by artists whose very names and reputation are unknown to him?

Facts show that there *are* exactly such people as this. They *do* come long distances and spend many couples of hours looking at paintings so numerous that in after life they will not be able to recall the details more than a very small number if any.

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What is the exposition for? Is it not to illustrate the entire compass of our twentieth century civilization? It is to measure the distance mankind has come from barbarism. To this end have been collected the illustrations of the primitive nations. According to our sapient critic it would not be expected that any one having come a long distance would spend a couple of hours out of an afternoon for the crude products of primitive nations when the same time might have been spent in contemplating the advanced types shown in the magnificent German and French displays. But when the primitive man comes thus face to face with the most advanced, we are able to measure more surely our own advance. This is the philosophy of the whole exposition. It is a question of *completeness*. To have confined the exposition to the products of utility and commerce would have been to ignore some of the most creditable achievements of mankind. Why show the books of foreign countries when no one is permitted to stop and read, even if he had time? Why but for the sake of bringing together a summary of all that man has done.

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Our critic might pass through the gallery of the liberal arts building and condemn most of what is shown there as a useless occupancy of space. What boots it, he might ask, all these school examination papers, these exercises and the like? Was it not enough that the pupils, having performed them, were duly recognized for the effort by their school superiors? Surely. But stop! What are these educational exhibits but suggestions, explaining the method by which have been trained the minds producing all the various kinds of marvel shown in material things. Completeness is the whole story. The exposition as a whole illustrates the entire movement of the nineteenth century mind.

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The position of the art of music towards these others, the great things of which can be set up to be looked at for a long time, was carefully examined in the very first number

of Music, November, 1891, in which it was shown that music stands in a peculiar position. It is at once more limited than the others, and at the same time more universal. You can buy a great painting and bring it home and hang it on the wall once for all. Every passer by may look at it when he will. You cannot buy a symphony in this way. You may buy the score and the parts, but when you wish to realize what the symphony *is* you have to reproduce it in sound—which means that you must bring together some scores of expert players under the leading of competent artists. *Then*, if you happen to be in the mood at the moment when the players have completed their preparations, you may realize what the symphony is. Or, once in your life-time you may have chanced to be in a concert hall when this particular symphony which you have in mind was played. Just once. A mere cursory hearing, for nine chances out of ten you made no preparation for hearing it well—the incident taking you by surprise. In this sense music is more limited than painting or sculpture.

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Music is also more universal. In this, your painting is hung in *one* place. It appertains to one country, and to one house in that country. It may be carried around and a few here and there may see it. But it is always in some one place. Copies there may be, but the real picture, the genuine work of the artist, can never be in more than one place at a time.

Your symphony is different. You can have it any time or place when your players have the parts. The conditions are rather expensive, but they are quite practicable. Every city of any size has original symphonies of Beethoven, every year, which are just as genuine in the interpretation there given as they were in Vienna in the early part of this century when Beethoven himself directed a new one for his own annual concert.

All the concerts of the exposition are so many parts of one prodigious whole—that whole being the entire art of music. Great music, folk song, part song, oratorio, sym

phony, rhapsody, as Hegel says. "everything that sinks or swells in the human breast," here comes to its expression.

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And as already shown, the exhibit of music is in one respect on a higher plane than that of painting, because the exhibit of music contains the great works of the old masters, no one of which in the line of painting is or can be brought to our shores. Go through the art gallery. Suppose one is a student of art. One has read and has studied engravings. One has the great names at his tongue's end. But when he goes through the gallery where are the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Rubens, DaVinci, Albani, Turner, and the like? There is absolutely not one single work by any of these here. In place of them we have a vast number of living or very recent painters where all grades of prettiness and a few of something greater are illustrated, but always in the style of to-day. We look in vain for the grace of Raphael, the force of Michael Angelo, the brilliant colors and daring imaginations of Rubens, the tender grace of Claude, the beautiful skies of Turner, the intelligent animals of Landseer.

In music it is exactly the opposite. Händel and Bach stand in music where Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci and Rubens stand in painting. We have already had here representations of the greatest works of both these great masters, done sufficiently well to show what manner of spirit they represent. We have here Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Saint-Saens, and the whole retinue of musical masters, (always saving a full representation of our own country) and their works are well done, too.

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When the waters were most stirred up it was formally charged that Mr. Thomas had no sympathy with the common people, and the common people no sympathy with him. His programmes, they told us, were of such a character that the people care nothing for them. This tune has gone into a decline in face of the very evident fact that the people *do*

care for the popular concerts. Audiences of two, three and even four thousand hearers are not unknown. And if the writers in the *Providence Journal* had been asked to specify the one work which there was least sense in undertaking in a place like the exposition, I doubt whether anything would have stood higher on the list of impossibles and unsuitables than Händel's "Messiah," yet this work, with the rather indifferent appointment of solo artists, completely filled festival hall, at the much lamented one dollar fee. Nothing succeeds like success. I take it this disposes of one work. Bach's "Passion" drew a much smaller audience, and it had also the disadvantage of not furnishing during its whole duration any one single moment when the listener experienced the thrill belonging to great art. But it drew a couple of thousand hearers. And surely many of these will count it for an event to have heard so great and celebrated a work, even if the sound thereof somewhat disappointed them.

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There was no way to have a music exhibit on a high plane but this which has been chosen. A great orchestra has been brought together, the peer of any in the world. One of the best directors of the present time is at its head. He has at his command the largest private library of orchestral music in the world, containing a vast collection of works of all kinds and schools. Nothing had to be expended in this direction, or but little—a very important consideration when one reflects that the scores and parts for a single symphony concert, or an oratorio might cost some hundreds of dollars.

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It is open to inquiry whether Mr. Thomas has taken as wide a range in his programmes as he ought. Music thinks that excepting in the direction of American composers he has done all that could have been asked. Besides he has not got through. He is only one-fourth through. Wait. The French and Italian and other national schools have many

illustrations to follow. That German should predominate belongs to orchestral music, for this nation has cultivated it more extensively and found in this form of art expression for much of its ideality.

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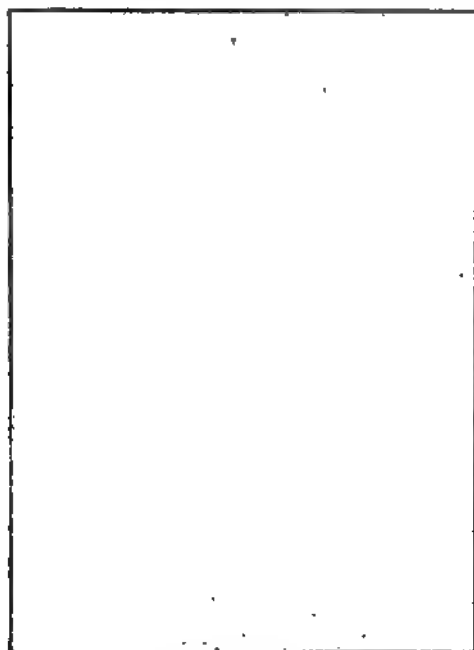
The fee of one dollar was, perhaps, too high. But the idea of charging any fee rested upon the intention of restricting the audiences for the higher concerts to the music lovers, who might profit by them, and the exclusion of mere loafers. During June quite a number of concerts were given at a fifty cent fee. The amount is not impossible. One might economize on rolling chairs. This is one of these questions of detail which may be settled a half dozen ways before the Exposition is done. The popular concerts are free, as are all the band concerts. Only the symphony concerts and those by visiting artists are charged.

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During the first week of June the principal feature of the music hall concerts was the Russian folk-songs by Mme. Linieff's choir. This lady, a good musician and director, travelled extensively in Russia and brought together a large collection of peasant songs, which she here illustrates by means of a choir of thirty mixed voices. The choir is well-trained and the songs are quaint and pleasing. They are some of them accompanied by dancing, but the ballet consists of only one man. In this respect the ballet of the Russian troupe at the Trocadero is much better. The orchestra has given several numbers, generally three at each concert, under the direction of a St. Petersburg director, Mr. V. J. Hlavac, who comes to America as expert juryman, and as part of the Russian commission. He is a strong director and a good musician. Up to the middle of the month he had used only such music as he found in Mr. Thomas' library. Later he expects to receive his own and make other illustrations of Russian music, which will be, no doubt, interesting.

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June 19, Mr. V. J. Hlavac (pronounced "Glavatch") gave a recital in recital hall, for the purpose of exhibiting a pianoforte and a harmonium, improved after his suggestions. The pianoforte, which was from the factory of Schroeder, of St. Petersburg, contains an apparatus for maintaining the tone, after the manner of the harmonium. This is accomplished by means of a set of little hammers, standing just behind the usual hammers, and closer to the strings. When wanted these tone-sustaining hammers are



MR. V. J. HLAVAC.

actuated by power, and set in vibration at the rate of, perhaps, twenty times a second. This is done by operating a pedal, like the blowing pedal of a reed organ. When this is operated all the hammers are set in vibration. When a key is pressed the check liberates the tone-sustaining hammer, which goes on repeating the tone until the key is released, when the check again engages the tone-sustaining hammer and retains it away from the string. There is a crescendo

possible to the tone-sustaining effect, accomplished by means of a knee pedal, which causes the hammers to approach the strings or retire further, thus increasing the power by lengthening the travel of the hammer. He has also a tone-sustaining knee stop, which holds a chord or single tone, and releases it at will, in a manner analogous to that in which the same device has often been accomplished before.

When the tone-sustaining power pedal is not worked, the piano is the usual tone. When it *is* worked, the piano plays the ordinary sforzando tone according to the touch, but at the same time the tone-sustaining hammers come into action and prolong the tone as long as the keys remain depressed, and the crescendo may be made, as already mentioned. Should it be desired to use the harmonium effect without the usual piano effect, all one has to do is to touch the keys very gently and depress them very little. The hammers do not sound, while the tone-sustaining harmonium effect goes on. Should one wish to make a piano tone with one hand, and the harmonium effect with the other, he has simply to play very gently with the hand desiring the harmonium effect. We have, therefore, in this mechanism the long sought desideratum of a harmonium effect combined with the pianoforte, without the disturbing influence of disagreements in tune, which always occur when reeds are associated with strings in the same instrument, the strings stretching and the pitch of the two tone-producing departments parting company very soon after the tuner has done his work.

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In illustrating the capabilities of this instrument, Mr. Hlavac showed himself an excellent pianist and a fine musician as well as artist. He gave a variety of pieces and many of the effects were beautiful and novel. The improvement can be added to any pianoforte at an expense of about \$200. It is protected by letters patent and I do not know what arrangements have been made, if any, with regard to its practical introduction.

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The harmonium, also from a St. Petersburg maker, is a fine instrument of two manuals. It has eight and a half sets of reeds, two manuals and thirty-two stops, besides four knee stops. This instrument, besides some fine characteristic voicing of reeds, has a tone-sustaining stop, by means of which single tones or chords can be maintained and released at will, without the intervention of the hands, after originally taking them. On this Mr. Hlavac played several

MISS ZOE HLAVAC.

difficult selections, such as the overture to "Tannhauser," with very beautiful effect. I do not see that this instrument affords materially finer voicing than the celebrated orchestral organ of Mason & Hamlin—but on this point there will be more to be said later, after that instrument shall have been again revived and the two compared.

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Mr. Hlavac has his daughter, Miss Zoe Hlavac, with him. She has a strong contralto voice of wide compass, and very good cultivation. She appeared in this concert in several numbers by the best Russian composers, especially by Glinka, and made a powerful impression. As she is not yet a finished artist, though highly gifted, we will probably hear more of her later.

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The week of June 19 to 25 was mainly devoted to a great choral festival, in which participated the choral associations of St. Paul and Minneapolis, under the direction of Mr. S. A. Baldwin; the Arion society of Milwaukee, led by Mr. Arthur Weld; the Cincinnati festival chorus, led by Mr. Thomas, but trained by Mr. W. L. Blumenschein. The week opened with a concert of the St. Paul and Minneapolis societies, under the direction of Mr. S. A. Baldwin—who is doing excellent work. The St. Paul Choral Association in two part songs, Peslie's "The Lullaby of Life," and "Maturna, Lovely Maiden," by Orlando Lassus.

It numbered on this occasion about sixty-five. They sang with intelligence and taste, and with very good vocal quality. The Minneapolis society was larger on this occasion, and, perhaps, contains a few more advanced singers. Their numbers were: "Cradle Song," Smart, and "The Sands of Dec," Macfarren.

Their singing indicated the same structural principles as the previous one—as might have been expected. Mr. Baldwin seems to have a very fair idea of vocal effect, and is able to carry out what he desires. Later both the societies sang together, in Gounod's Third Mass. The interpretation was sound and well received, but it threw no new light upon the qualities of the choir.

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On the whole, it is evident that the twin metropolis of the northwest has occasion to congratulate itself upon the existence of material there so good as here shown. The full strength of the two choral bodies is about 400.

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Mr. Baldwin is a fine musician, with more than a little of the artist. As a director he still lacks repose, easy command and a graceful beat. In the latter respect he is very unfortunate. Thomas and Sousa are good examples of the kind of beat which is at the same time easiest to play under, and most effective in securing results, provided there is discipline behind it and artistic apprehension and conception—without which no kind of a beat is of much account.

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The festival proper opened on Wednesday, with a programme containing a selection of Händel's "Utrecht Jubilate" and the first half of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The chorus numbered about 800 voices, and the material was very good. Probably the Milwaukee Arion Society furnished the best trained voices, and the Cincinnati chorus the most reliable lot of music-readers. The chorus as a whole, however, needed at least three more rehearsals under Mr. Tomlins, before anything really satisfactory could come of it. The Händel "Jubilate" is in his well-known style, so like all his other works in many little turns of phrase and cadence, that every now and then one might suppose himself listening to bits of some of the best known parts of the "Messiah." The treatment of the text, however, is simply cruel. What Händel did in this work was to write a lot of extremely sound and well made organ pieces, of high contrapuntal potency. This being done he affixed words, or some one did it for him. The words have no inner connection with the music, and owing to the manner in which the syllables are applied, and the involved character of the music, nothing is to be made out by listening. Therefore, the music does not properly belong to any such order of art as the "Messiah," where in many places Händel reached a wonderfully poetic and dramatic truth in associating beautiful and sublime texts with music. The solo work also is of no account.

It is evident that if Händel thought at all in composing this work, (which does not by any means surely appear), that he must have been hampered by the supposed necessity

of filling a certain amount of space. The text of the venerable canticle of St. Ambrose might be set in modern style, or might have been set in Händel's style, with sublime effect, for it has in it large potency of musical expression.

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Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" is also somewhat conventional, especially in the way in which he relapses into fugue, as easily as Mr. Silas Wegg into poetry, and often without any more reason. But the recitatives are often well done, and the arias are very clever and musical, and the choruses at times have great power and truth. Moreover, the instrumentation is modern, and it was a fortunate combination for Mendelssohn to have his work come after the Händel "Jubilate." Whatever Mendelssohn may have been in moments of weakness, in the first half of "St. Paul" he is very interesting. The chorus sang very well indeed, without special vocal effect, but with good body. Mr. Tomlins directed, and his beat was materially reduced in its gyratory embonpoint upon this occasion. In fact, it did not appear to me open to criticism at all. Of the solo work something will be said later.

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The second day of the festival consisted of selections of Bach's "A Stronghold Sure" and "Lohengrin," led by Mr. Thomas. The Bach work had not been sufficiently rehearsed, and Mr. Thomas took some of the tempos very fast indeed, much faster than they had been rehearsed, whereby the singers must have been rather surprised at the rapidity with which they saw the music getting away from them. The beginning was excellent, but later, in the first chorus, "darkness covered the face of the deep" the singers did the best they could. Meanwhile the orchestra went on in great shape. The rehearsal had not reached the point where true expression had begun to arise out of the players' inner consciousness of the music. All the expression there was came from Mr. Thomas, and I fully believe that he is capable of giving a much finer interpretation of this music than

on this occasion. There were good points in the singing, and in the effects as well. The solo work was a failure—a fact for which Mr. Bach must be held chiefly responsible. One exception must be made to this: The soprano “Within my Heart of Hearts” was sung by Miss Emma Juch with delightful ease and musical feeling.

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The “Lohengrin” selections consisted of the prelude, the “Swan Song,” the “Prayer,” “Elsa’s Dream,” the “Bridal Chorus,” the “Wedding Procession,” and the great duet in the third act. The chorus, sang in the opening appearance, the prayer, the bridal chorus, and in the finale, where Mr. Thomas has made a chorus where Wagner wrote the great melody for brass. The effect of so many singers in the earlier parts was not altogether satisfactory, since their number and volume over-balances the orchestration, which was designed for a smaller body of singers. This was mostly the case in the “Bridal Chorus” which was here sung by about 400 female voices. In the finale, however, the mass came out magnificently. The playing of the orchestra was very fine indeed, the tone being refined and homogeneous to a degree. The solo work also was admirable. Miss Emma Juch has a very pure soprano which lends itself well to the music of Elsa. Neither her middle register nor her disposition fit her for an ideal Elsa, but short of one of the great Elsa’s, with genuine poetry and deep feeling. Miss Juch is very commendable. Mr. Lloyd also might be thought a trifle too mature for a good Lohengrin, but it is rare that one hears so fine and true a voice, or so finished a method and so true an art. Throughout, his work was very delightful. Mr. Emil Fischer has a powerful voice, and at times is capable of good work. He seemed to be suffering from a cold, or something, whereby he was not at his best. The alto was Miss Lena Little.

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The festival came to its close with the third day, when part of Händel’s “Judas Maccabæus” was given, and two

pieces from Berlioz's "Requiem"—that extraordinary early conception of Berlioz, in which he attempted the impossible. The selections from "Judas" contain a number of pleasing pieces, and the singing was generally creditable under Mr. Tomlins' bâton. The performance paused at the "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which has been instrumented in the modern manner. Among the choruses which might please in general use are "O Father, whose Almighty Power" "Hear us, O Lord!" "Hail Judea," and "We Follow."

The solo numbers in Judas are certainly pleasing. "From Mighty Kings He took the Spoil," and "Sound an Alarm."

The selections from Berlioz were given with the original appointment of instruments, the orchestra being increased to about 160 men, (eight bassoons, twelve horns, etc) and the four brass bands at the corner of the stage. The latter location, in the circular building, was interpreted rather liberally, whereby two of the bands were nearer the conductor than were the singers.

The vocal parts of the "Requiem eternam" and the "Dies Irae" are not at all melodious, and the entire effect is purposely kept vague for some time until the great fanfares of the "Tuba mirum;" it is no wonder, therefore, that unaccustomed hearers, ignorant of what was coming, became discouraged, and went out in considerable numbers just a few minutes before the trumpet business began. On the whole they lost little beyond a grand noise. For some reason I found the effect upon the present occasion less satisfactory than when the entire work was given at one of our May festivals.

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One day later the Cincinnati chorus was heard under Mr. Thomas' bâton, in Music Hall, in Brahms' "A German Requiem," before which the orchestra played Schumann's symphony in D minor.

This great work of Brahms, never before performed in Chicago, was written to celebrate the close of the Franco-Prussian war. It is set to texts from the Protestant burial

service. Seven numbers make up the work. "Blessed are they that go mourning," "Behold all Flesh is Grass," baritone solo and chorus, "Lord, make Me know," "How Lovely is the Dwelling Place," soprano solo and chorus, "Ye now are sorrowful" baritone solo and chorus, "Here on Earth We have no Dwelling Place," and "Blessed are They." The writing is deep, rich, true, and noble. From its nature it is mostly in a subdued emotional key, and there is very little attempt at sensation. The part writing is marvelous, and much of this music is capable of great interpretation, since the phrases are long and truly conceived and thoroughly vocal in character. On the present occasion the orchestra played very well indeed, and the singing was firm and reliable, but quite too common-place, both in sentiment and from the standpoint of vocal possibilities. The Cincinnati chorus sang with about two hundred members, the soprano and alto good, the bass fair, but the tenor rather common in quality. It would not have been very difficult to have added to the singing on this occasion a still finer and nobler grace, by a higher style of phrasing.

On the whole it was made quite sure that the ideal of training is not the same in these visiting choruses as Mr. Tomlins has maintained in the Apollo club. And there may be also more liability to err, in this super fine training. For if any visiting chorus had sung any work so badly as the Apollo chorus sang the "Passion" music, they would have been invited to go home and practice. But then, on the other hand, there has not been any singing as yet from any visiting chorus in the same vein as the Apollo singing of the "Messiah." Here, along with marvelous vocal technique, which shows not alone in the runs and general matters of intonation and vigor of imitative response, the melodic phrasing is truly noble, and solo-like in quality. Moreover, there is a oneness of purpose, a concentration of spirit in the tone, which gives an effect altogether higher than anything we have had from any other chorus. But this, however, means a very different and more sided system of training than most choruses get. The point is made in this con-

nection because it is so important. It is possible to have finished choral technique and along with it the poetical and spiritual conception of solo work, together with a unity which makes the entire mind of the different parts like a one. The test of this quality, applied to the interpretation of high music, is found in the impression made on untaught hearers. When a great work is done with this inner something, it impresses those who ordinarily know nothing about artistic music. They hear and feel, and are moved. It is of the same piece as the playing of a great artist: *anything* sung in this spirit becomes impressive, and great things so sung reveal themselves in all their inner greatness. It is this which is needed in order to recommend artistic music to listeners who are not sufficiently well informed to take it down as an art duty, irrespective of immediate interest in it. The kind of work in music which has in it the seeds of after growth is that which makes the music attractive.

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The outdoor experiences of the Fair have been greatly livened by the agreeable and often artistic playing of the three great military bands, of Sousa, Brandt, of Cincinnati, and Liesegang. Mr. Sousa has now one of the finest military bands that has ever been maintained in this country. He is young and full of energy, and much more will be heard from him later. Early in July he goes to Manhattan Beach.

DEFENDS THEODORE THOMAS.

THE following communication was originally sent to the *Musical Courier*.

Des Moines, Iowa May 29th, 1893.

Editor *Musical Courier*:—I have been a reader of your journal ever since it was established, and for the most part I have agreed with you in the positions you have taken and advanced on many matters of interest to musicians and the public, but your hostile attitude towards Theodore Thomas and music at the Wold's Fair pains me, and I cannot find words to express my astonishment and disappointment.

Theodore Thomas need ask no apology from press or public; he needs no defense on the part of his friends, for they know him to be in the right; but for the sake of decency and in the name of justice and right, and to resent an insult to musical art and artists, I beg of you that I may be heard, notwithstanding. I am but an obscure music teacher in a small Western town, and lay no claim to possessing any ability as a writer or logician. I am one who thoroughly believes in the musical doctrine laid down by Theodore Thomas, and which he has preached and practiced with such loyalty and fidelity—all these thirty years. His career is an open page and it has been read by men, and they know him and believe in him. He is the musical prophet of America, the Moses that led us through the Red Sea.

Why do you thus assail Mr. Thomas at this most critical time of his career? And when there is so much at stake and the eye of the musical world upon us? This is no time for fault finding; this is a time for action. Mr. Thomas is placed in a position to do more for the cause of musical art and artists than any opportunity ever before offered in the world's history. Now that he is more than weighed down with the great responsibilities of his position and anxieties that would break down a less strong man, he needs must put

up with all these bitter attacks from those to whom he should naturally look for help and encouragement in this great crisis. I say for shame! upon the journalist or musician that would assail him at such a time as this.

Are you not glad that the "Thomas row is on?" You say you predicted it from the first. Have you said or done anything to turn public sentiment in his favor; have you tried in any way to avert it? Your attacks upon Mr. Thomas began as soon as you learned the fact of his appointment as musical director. You denounced him because it was not of his nature to extend a liberal and generous invitation to representative musical societies and orchestral organizations of the country. Immediately upon his return from his vacation in Massachusetts he issued invitations to the choral societies of the land. Were the invitations generous and magnanimous? Was there anything lacking? Was there any uncertain sound? And did you apologize for your too previous and unfair strictures of what you imagined he would do? You said Nikisch and Damrosch and Seidel would be ignored. Were they? You say Mr. Thomas is not the right man for the position, that the "American public has been long suffering under the iron, despotic heel of Theodore Thomas." Who would you have advised as a proper man for the position? Not Gericke, because he possessed the same peculiarities and qualities that you so much condemn in Thomas: he was "despotic," "self willed" and dominated everything with which he was connected: he was "too cold and exacting." Not Nikisch, for that would greatly displease the Boston musical critics; for we all know that war was declared upon him, and he returned to Europe with his side filled with their poisoned arrows and javelins of criticism. Not Damrosch, because he is the "son of his father," a "protogé of Carnegie" the "son-in-law of Blaine." I can imagine you rising up in holy horror at the mention of his name. Not Richter, because "Our own Mr. Florsheim" says that "Richter is growing old, and his conducting shows indifference and carelessness, and he is not the Richter of former days." Not Seidel, because he is "too exclusive"

he belongs to the "Vogner cult," too un-American, and then the New York critics could never be reconciled. Not Vanderstucken, because he would not be considered a conductor of the first rank. Not Zerrahn, because he is a "relic of the past." "Too old fogy." Now then if it is a fact that musical journalists and critics could never agree on a man for the position; and were never known to agree among themselves, are you not glad that the matter of selection was placed in the hands of men of brains and sense?

You say "Mr. Thomas' career has been an unfortunate one." Will you mention the name of a conductor of his rank whose career has been a success? Do you believe in the musical gospel as laid down by Theodore Thomas and as preached by him? If so, has he fulfilled his mission with such a degree of success as in your opinion would be possible for any one man to do considering the environments surrounding him, to say nothing of financial embarrassments, and the hostile attitude of the Courier. In the interest of musical education in the West, will you give us the name of a musical conductor, either in Europe or America, who has done more for the development of musical art, one who has carried through more great and successful musical festivals, symphony concerts better made and better contrasted programmes of the greatest works by the greatest composers of all lands and schools, than Theodore Thomas? You know you cannot do it, and you know, too, that Theodore Thomas made the success of Wagner Operas in New York and Conductor Seidel possible. Were they more successful financially than Mr. Thomas, musical enterprises? Is New York now anxious to repeat the experiment? Do you regret that Theodore Thomas took his orchestra through the country years ago and taught the American people to recognize the genius of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner? Or do you admire more the career of Damrosch, as you say "the son of his father," etc., or Chapman, Sassieties' darling child, the husband of his wife and whose praises as a conductor you delight in ringing?

You seem to be much exercised concerning Mr. Thomas'

position toward piano manufacturers. You will agree with me when I say that there are, say, six firms in this country who make pianos that show the highest development yet attained in artistic conception, skill and mechanism. I will mention Steinway, Chickering, Knabe, Weber, Decker, and Steck. I might add the name of Miller. Let us suppose that these firms were justified in withdrawing their exhibits, and Mr. Thomas left no alternative but to abide by the decision of the authorities, and select for his concerts only such pianists as perform on pianos on exhibition. What would be the result? We would not hear Paderewski, Bülow, D'Albert, Rummel, Joseffy, Mme. Ziesler, Rive-King, Carenno or Sternberg; only Liebling and Sherwood and a Kimball and Mason & Hamlin piano (and in saying this, I mean no disrespect to Mr. Liebling or Mr. Sherwood whose friendship I value highly). What then in your opinion is the duty of Theodore Thomas in his position between these warring factions? He is between the devil and the deep sea whichever way he decides, and as he places himself squarely and uncompromisingly on the art side instead of the commercial side of the controversy has he not taken the right stand? If he has, then you are in the wrong.

Then why do you assail Mr. Tomlins? He is a power in musical matters in Chicago and on the right lines. Your Oratorio Society in New York is not to be compared either in size or efficiency with the Apollo Club and Chicago. Is that your idea of journalism?

If this is not the time for you to speak words of encouragement, to lend a helping hand, I would like to know in heaven's name when the time would be? If, as you say, your journal is such a power and influence in musical matters (as was proven in the case of Damrosch the II.) why do you not look about you and see if there is anything that you can command. I wish too, that if you have not enough self-respect to treat a brother journalist with decency, you would at least think twice before inflicting such rot upon a "long suffering public."

M. L. BARTLETT.

MADELEINE.

I.

Alone I wander back to years long fled,
When youth and beauty, love and music reigned
In limitless continuation, led
By passion's unresisted sway. Ne'er waned
My former life while Madeleine retained
The full and swift surrender of my heart;
I cared not if all present thought contained
But her blest image, with its holiest part,
The heavenly light that from her eyes my soul would start.

II.

Shy and confiding in my youthful arms,
A Raphael face limned by a Hand Divine;
Won by her smile I scorned all fierce alarms,
And dared to call her mine and only mine.
O, Madeleine! That burning touch of thine
In its consuming fire conquered me;
Though many lovers missed thy secret sign,
I knew and felt thy soul's affinity,
And offered my young life and all its hopes to thee.

III.

A flame as from a heavenly sphere would shine
Upon my searching vision when we met;
A model form of rounded beauty thine,
The memory of thy presence haunts me yet,
As each new scene of love's young dream is set.
Shall not I always hover round thee still,
No later passion bidding me forget
The tender joy of that sweet early thrill
When secret sighs and sad regrets gave way at will

IV.

All of thy mother's regal eyes I saw,
If look or word equivocal reveal'd
To thy pure mind intent or wish to draw
Reluctant approbation. Ever seal'd
Thy lips against such flattery, and conceal'd
Within thy maiden heart all thought of it.
Thy native innocence full oft would wield
Perpetual barrier, and repose most fit
Against all hollow speech and passion counterfeit

V.

't Was in the Spring I saw thy glowing face,
 And held but momentarily thy flexile hand;
 The hand that quickly found its proper place
 Upon the instrument at thy command;
 With touch so magical it seem'd to land
 The list'ner in a joyous, fairy sphere
 Where tones seraphic struck by angel hand
 Fill'd all the exacting wants of mortals here,
 And left a vivid memory upon the ear.

VI.

O, ravishing delight! Near heaven's gate
 I thought I stood unconscious of all sin,
 All sorrow, every earthly ill, elate
 With a sweet, soulful ecstasy within.
 Shall not thy love-inspiring fingers win
 A golden seat in the celestial choir,
 Where harps, cherubic voices oft begin
 With angel and archangel's trembling lyre,
 In choral fraught with a resounding, holy fire?

VII.

A form with face so lovely could not walk
 Unnoticed through the varied scenes of life;
 High art lent her attraction to the talk
 Of numerous admirers in the strife.
 One learned in legal lore wooed for a wife,—
 I trembled when his suit he warmly press'd
 In language chosen, fluent, ardent, rife,
 With burning lustre in his eyes, address'd
 My Madeleine, who simply smiled at his request.

VIII.

Touch'd by her sweet simplicity I gain'd
 A higher faith in her firm constancy,
 My earlier love in all its strength remained
 To gladden me with a new certainty:
 No choicer consolation can there be
 To faithful lovers in suspense confined;
 It was a daily, nightly joy to me,
 This latest, strongest link of love, to find
 In Madeleine's true soul the feeder to her mind.

IX.

A delicate well-tempered youth next sought
 Her hand. Though crimsoned with the hectic heat
 Betokening early death, he fondly thought
 He, too, might win her if he oft could greet

Her gracious presence where they still might meet
 In the charm'd circle of his father's friends,
 Exchanging sweetest words and smiles as sweet.
 Alas! his latest heavenly smile he lends
 To Madeleine! Then on to paradise he wends.

X.

I lov'd him like a brother. Every one
 Received him cordially; his fresh young face
 Revealing friendship's zeal, while as a son
 He praised his father with a conscious grace.
 A trenchant critic could not fail to trace
 A living, breathing culture in his ways.
 I feared he soon might tear from my embrace
 My Madeleine! O sad and slow to raise
 From me, therefore, more truthful words of constant praise.

XI.

Peace to his long-loved memory! No word
 Of mine or Madeleine's shall cloud his name
 With faintest whisper of a love preferr'd,
 That hastened his decline, made void his claim,
 Effected no dishonor and no shame.
 A splendid youth! Too early called away
 From earthly effort and from earthly fame,
 While leaving friends with ceaseless tears to stay,
 And mourn him till they meet him in a happier day.

XII.

A quiet man next, from the tropics, stood
 With eyes cerulean, raven hair, and face
 Surcharged with expectation true and good,
 And asked my Madeleine if she could place
 This stranger in his niche by act of grace?
 He was her father, but she knew him not!
 For half her life he was afar, no trace
 Through memory had she of an earlier lot,
 Nor tender recollection of home's sacred spot.

XIII.

He brought home gold and diamonds, jewels rare,
 And for the house equipment countless goods
 Of varied forms and colors, everywhere
 To please the eye and mind in all its moods,
 And charm the heart in all its plenitudes.
 He spared no effort, but with purse profuse
 Arranged his house where never one obtrudes
 Without a secret wish to flatter or amuse.
 Admiring here and there whatever one might choose

XIV.

A convert from the ancient Hebrew faith,
 At Göttingen he rose to highest rank:
 Complete in every branch his record saith—
 Concededly in language he had drank
 From oriental wells, and deeply sank
 His mental plummet in the classic Greek.
 A Teuton purist, he would ever thank
 His father, who had bidden him early seek
 All modern languages with facile tongue to speak.

XV.

His English was a charm to hear, likewise
 His German, softened with Castalian flow.
 But when I sought his daughter as the prize
 Of years of ardent love and youthful glow.
 Encouraged by her mother, he said: "No!
 "She is too young, you can afford to wait."
 A fatherly request, and yet a blow
 To all my early hopes. It was too late
 For me to woo her through more years of worldly state.

XVI.

A wealthy Cuban was her father's choice,
 Whom with his swarthy skin and deadly eyes
 My Madeleine disdain'd with look and voice,
 Whereat I thought her more than ever wise,
 Unchanging in her sweet affinities.
 Long time this tropical hidalgo came
 With dazzling presents and strange courtesies.
 But found my Madeleine always the same,
 True to her youthful love and ever constant aim.

XVII.

Thus lawyer bright and genial youth had tried
 To tear my Madeleine away from me:
 In vain their passionate attempts they plied,
 While our first vows hold us confidingly.
 A father's will for Cuban blood would be
 The strong supporter of a third appeal
 That only proved a feeble strategy
 To separate two lovers who would feel
 That fate had joined them by a holy, heavenly seal.

XVIII.

Our union was assured. Parental ire
 Soon softened into tenderest sympathy:
 We stood before the man of God with higher
 Hopes of life and less dependency.

O crowning act of loving constancy!
 Two hearts made one in all of life's new ways;
 My Madeline ne'er seemed so sweet to me
 As on that brightest of my earthly days,
 Impressed upon my memory with lasting praise.

XIX.

One year of wedded bliss too quickly passed,
 A thousand nameless fancies gratified;
 An interchange of thought and feeling cast.
 A golden light where'er we might abide.
 t' Was Madeleine's sweet will that would decide
 The time, the place of each lov'd duty done:
 t' Was my delight to see her by my side,
 The lady of my home full fairly won,
 Presiding with a grace vouchsafed no other one.

XX.

A little stranger with a chubby face
 And roguish eyes then sang his matin song;
 He was the first accepted gift of grace
 Bestowed by Heaven upon a home ere long,
 Delighted with a voice more sweet and strong.
 Never doth woman look with fuller heart
 Than when at her first born she doth prolong
 Her gaze with blessings where they will impart
 Her smile reflected through her choice angelic art.

XXI.

Forewarned of an affection shared by two,
 The pleasing illustration met my eye;
 My baby boy claimed far the larger view
 And notice of his mother tirelessly;
 Concession promptly made and willingly:—
 The love of each expanding more and more.
 The sacred offspring was a joy to see;
 A token of new pleasures yet in store,
 For which we daily thanked the Lord and sought to adore.

XXII.

The months sped on apace. Another son
 Of stronger build and heavier weight appeared:
 More grave, more silent than the older one,
 But just as truly to our hearts endeared.
 What matter? Since my Madeleine ne'er feared
 Confusion while her influence availed
 For peace if e'er they bruskiy interfered:
 They sought confession as her love prevailed,
 Her smile subduing if her cheery words had failed.

XXIII.

't Was Christmas Eve a little daughter came
To charm and vary our bright fireside;
The friendly nurse maintained she had the same
Expression as her father's but allied
With Madeleine's dear eyes of saintly pride,
And eyebrows pencilled in artistic lines.
O precious offspring! Long may thou abide
To bless our household with a joy that shines
As morning's early beams the approaching day defines.

XXIV.

Companion to her sister see appear
A second daughter, Madeleine in form,
And features,—manner reproduced in clear
And well defined outlines. Serene and warm,
Like Mary lov'd of Jesus, on whose arm
Her spirit in its pure religious trend,
The ills of life would measureably disarm;
And on His promise with full faith depend,
In every thought of life and death her truest Friend.

XXV.

Two infant sons, two infant daughters more,
Allowed of Heaven, to Heaven returned again;
God! It had been a mercy if these four
Had lived to cheer the life of Madeleine,
The precious, living signs of blood and brain.
But not a murmur at Heaven's high decrees
Was heard: More closely still we clung through pain
And suffering, and cruel death—for these
At length prepared us higher, holier joys to seize.

XXVI.

Angelic teachers thus they had become
Amid the ever-changing scenes below:
Attending spirits from whose heavenly home
Shone looks of love in every scene of woe
That ardent lovers, man and wife could know.
To us they had been ever young, redeemed
From sinful dross and deadly worldly foe;
No look of sorrow nor of suffering gleamed,
But only from their eyes transcendent glory beamed.

XXVII.

Fathers and mothers on each side revered
Parted from us with mutual blessings shared
By looks and acts of love they were endeared.
Through years of patient faithfulness declared.

O love parental! Home and Heaven compared!
 The glory of the one shall gild the other.
 Shall we complain if thus in part prepared
 To leave this world of wonder for another,
 While trusting reposing in our Elder Brother?

XXVIII.

Friend after friend shall leave us and our lives
 Must be resigned to every loss and change;
 Time heals full slowly but the hour arrives
 When later scenes, hopes hidden, new and strange
 Revive the heart's desire to re-arrange
 In safer plans the quick successive days.
 Death cannot rob us of Heaven's power, derange
 One single law or promise while it stays
 Upheld by God alone forever to His praise.

XXIX.

Released from doubt and gathering strength to bear
 Life's later losses with serener thought;
 My Madeleine more quiet grown would wear
 The milder air that recent years had brought.
 Time's sterner battles had been bravely fought;
 Once more hope's vision shone auspiciously;
 Our children grown to adult age besought,
 Companions suited to them socially,
 Where mutual love and mutual choice always agree.

XXX.

Such happiness in married life oft seen,
 Is the blest prototype of future joy,
 On which the mind from day to day shall lean
 With faith so precious that it shall destroy
 All trace of meaner earthly things, the alloy
 Of one besetting sin, perhaps reserved
 For final penance ere we rise to enjoy
 A future life prepared for the deserved,
 The chosen like my Madeleine, by Heaven conserved.

MY LADY'S DREAM.

Last night, my love, I dreamt once more
 That in my youth you won me;
 I felt the crimson blush steal o'er
 My face that shone upon thee.
 My eyes seem'd lit with heavenly fire,
 And burned with true devotion;
 Thou could'st not daunt my wild desire
 To embrace with fond emotion.

My bridal dress appeared again
 In soft and silken gearing:
 The day was fixed,—I counted then
 The hours ere its appearing;
 Thy first best man—my chosen maid
 Walked in the plain procession:
 The man of God implored His aid,
 And we made sweet confession.
 The ring you gave me still I wore
 Just where your warm hand placed it:
 The kiss you gave me never more
 Shall Time or sorrow waste it.
 I trembled with this early joy,
 And thought thou falter'd never;
 I waked to find our long employ
 Love's mutual faith forever!
 Dear constant heart of forty years,
 Come sit thee down beside me;
 My smiles are oftimes hid by tears,
 And yet thou dost not chide me.
 O linger for a moment now,
 And bless this recollection;
 't Is but a dream,—but only thou
 Can'st catch my soul's reflection.

XXXI.

Seated beside my Madeleine I wept,
 Yea, tears of joy at our full happiness;
 But suddenly a withering chill then crept
 Throughout my frame, creating dire distress.
 In secret I had prayed the Lord to bless
 My wife and children with long life and peace;
 Thinking I should die first, I dared to express
 My thoughts to Madeleine, who bade me cease
 To call up visions of a coming short life-lease.

XXXII.

Next morning, O, the beautiful bright day!
 I walked with Madeleine through many a street;
 Her face beamed like a rose, her eyes alway
 Reflecting loving sympathy so meet,
 They were angelically mild and sweet!
 That night at twelve, death summoned her to rest
 In his embrace with lightning speed, and fleet
 As light her gentle spirit soon confessed
 Compliance with God's gracious will, since He knew best.

GEORGE HENRY CURTIS.

THE TONE FAIRIES.

"Oh, dear! I'm so tired. If I just didn't have to practice. I wonder why anything as beautiful as music can't be easy and pleasant to learn?"

Little Bess leaned her head on her hand, rested her elbow on the piano and stared at the page before her as she continued:

"I wonder if I ever shall know all the notes. I've tried so hard, and when I think I've got 'em all right I play the wrong ones and have to stop and count up. Dear old C. you're the only one I ever can find directly. How did you ever come to have such a cute little line all to yourself?"

"Would you really like to know?"

Bess started and rubbed her eyes, for before her stood the dearest little midget, with such dainty hands and feet, and dressed in a fluffy mass of green sparkling stuff that was like sunlight on the sea.

"Have I frightened you?" asked the silvery voice.

"Yes, a little," said Bess, but you're the very beautifullest little dear I ever saw. I s'pose you heard me grumbling about my lesson, but I *couldn't* feel like learning it this morning."

"I often hear what *you* say, though you could neither hear or see me had I not touched you with my wand. I couldn't resist the temptation to make myself known to you when I saw you so unhappy, for I think I can help you. I am queen C and I come from the land where the *tone fairies* live.

"Oh, my! a real fairy, and you came all the way from your beautiful home to see me?"

"Not exactly, for I always come whenever any one opens a music book where I have promised to appear. There are so many of us that each little girl may have her own particular fairies, though, all to herself."

"And are they all queens?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, no, that would never do. I'm the only queen, and no one beside myself has power to admit mortals into fairy-land. If you'll come with me, I'll take you to my home, and when you've become acquainted with us all, you'll never have the least difficulty in remembering our names."

"I'd give anything to go," answered Bess, "if you'll promise to bring me back again."

"I'll promise," said the fairy, and taking Bess by the hand, she led her by the loveliest paths, what seemed to the little girl a very long distance, but she was so interested in all her new friend was saying, she forgot to be tired.

" You wonder why I have such a cute little line all to myself, do you ? and why the letters which you find upon a line in one octave, are in a space in the next. I'll tell you as we walk along. We tone fairies are the happiest people in the world, and a long time ago it was thought that if we might visit girls and boys and older people, too, they would soon become much sweeter in disposition, as our influence is always good and is known to be both elevating and refining.

We couldn't go about the world like human beings, for they would often trample such mites to death, so a man who was much wiser than his fellows arranged in the books they then had, places for our use. He placed eleven tight-ropes at intervals upon the page, and whoever wished to hear our music had but to strike a key upon the instrument of that time corresponding with the piano of to-day, and the fairy who had that key in charge would sing at once. Of course, ignorant people always suppose *they* make the music, and that an extra good piano means extra good music, but the only difference is in the quick sympathy existing between the almost perfect instrument of our day and the tone fairies, who have become very expert in all these years of practice.

The man who invented the tight-ropes for us thought we would sing very much better if we could dance at the same time, and some of us were delighted with the idea, but as generally happens in every community there were some discontented ones.

The F's and A's who are very sad and sober people declared they thought dancing positively wicked, and declined to appear to the world if they must caper about in what they considered an unseemly manner. We, who loved to dance, urged them to agree with us, for everyone knows how hard it is for a fairy to keep still.

Some of the D's who are naturally a most vigorous family were wild with joy at the prospect of singing their rousing songs to the time of martial parade step, while others of them leaned toward the F's and A's.

The B's, who have the most piercing voices, agreed that dancing was the proper thing, and the E's, who are the most amiable family we have, expressed their willingness to do whatever was for the best comfort of all concerned.

The matter grew so mixed that one of the G's who is a fifth cousin of mine, said he thought *I* should have the central rope or line, so that they could all take care of me, and I could overlook the whole choir. Then E, who is my third cousin, thought if the families were arranged in alphabetical order at my right, counting forward, at my left, counting backward, no one would have any reason to complain.

So it was agreed that the families on my right should come in the order, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, and those on my left, B, A, G, F, E, D, C, and we thought as there were so many of us, and so much grumbling about the dancing, those who preferred to do so might walk quietly between the ropes, but they should all sing.

Strange to say after each family had chosen their place there

was one on a dancing rope and one walking by the side of it, on and between the eleven ropes and the ten spaces between them.

We thought everything would go smoothly now, but a new trouble arose. As I was always dancing upon the central rope, it was almost impossible for me to tell the Fs and A's apart as they both dress in such sober colors, and in like fashion we C's and the E's were always being mistaken for each other. So they stretched a tight rope directly over my throne, and whenever I am wanted in any particular locality they move me and set me down—throne, tight-rope and all. That leaves half of the choir at my right, and half at my left. The signs you call bass and treble clefs are only signs in fairy writing, saying that those who occupy the right half of the choir places are ladies, and the left gentlemen, though the two often dance and sing together, but here we are in the land of the Tone Fairies. Sit down and I'll tell you about these few whom you see."

Bess seated herself upon a velvety bed of moss, and Queen C, perching airily at the tip of a swaying fern leaf continued:

"You see those white-headed old men over there?"

"Yes, they look like grandpa, only they're so very little," said Bess, as she looked at the row of little old men seated upon a long bench in a shady corner. Their heads were silvery white, with the exception of a little fringe of hair around the face and neck, which was jet black. Their heads were very large but no bodies were visible.

"How do they get about?" asked the little girl, "haven't they any legs?"

"Yes," laughed Queen C, "but they don't amount to much. They have very little use for them, however, for the dear old white heads (whole notes, you call them), always stay in one place a long time. They are the grandfather fairies, and it is a rule with us that they shall sing or speak longer than any one else. You see those gentlemen with the same white heads, but dressed all in black?"

"Yes," answered Bess, deeply interested.

"They are the fathers, (half notes in your book), and play an important part in all affairs of state."

"How strong and hearty they look, don't they?"

"Yes, we all respect them very much. They are second only to the grandfathers, and are always expected to sing at least half as long as the old white heads in any public concert or affair of that kind."

"Who are those dressed all in black with such lovely black hair? They are black from head to foot," said Bess.

"They are the young men, (quarter notes *you* would say), and are allowed some voice in public affairs, but must never occupy more than half as much time as their fathers. Most of them are very staid and well behaved, not nearly so frolicsome as the next ones to their right, who are playing hide and seek."

"Those are boys and girls!" exclaimed the little girl clapping her hands. "How much harder the girls are to find, and don't they dodge about like fireflies?"

"Yes, indeed," said Queen C "and we, as well as you, often have sad trouble with them. You see, they, too, are dressed, like the young men, all in black; but the boys always have *one* long black plume in their hats, and the girls—who are like other little girls in in that respect—are very proud of the *two* black feathers they invariably wear. You would call the boys eighth notes, and the girls sixteenth ones, but, of course, you can only see that they are all black with the one or two feathers on their heads, and you can't even distinguish their faces in a music book.

They are so full of fun, these boy and girl Tone Fairies, that, I believe, this is sometimes the reason you have such difficulty making them stand still as long as they should. They are always in a hurry, and cause no end of trouble with their silly ways. But they've all the *most* musical voices, and if you once gain control over them they'll prove the pleasantest kind of little acquaintances.

I know you're tired now though, and if you'll curl up on that bed of moss and have a nice little nap, when you awaken I'll tell you about "Dot, the Dwarf," "The Three-legged Boy," "The Sister Bell-ringers," and our wonderful "Scale Armies."

HADOW'S "STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC."

Among the encouraging signs of musical progress in England is the fact that the music of Schumann begins to have a real popularity there—using the term popularity in a somewhat restricted sense. It is now the fashion in England to listen to Schumann with respect and at times with appreciation: whereas it is scarcely a score of years since Mendelssohn alone of the romanticists had genuine following, and everything new was praised or condemned according as it followed Mendelssohn's style or departed from it. The popularity of Mendelssohn was a benefit to England for a time, since only through the attractiveness of some rarely beautiful personality could a path of art have been found around the Händelian Colossus, which for nearly a century had placed an embargo upon English musical progress.

While in some respects more highly gifted musically than many other nations, England has always shown a somewhat one-sided phase of talent. In the early days of modern music, namely in the beginning of the seventeenth century and well along through it, England stood extremely well in the world's musical scale. Her madrigalists were a trifle later than the best of those of Italy, but they were excellent. Her work was not imitation but original production. Again in Henry Purcell she had a genius of a high type. But the musical talent of England has always been according to the Celtic rather than the Teutonic type. Plain melody, resting upon simple harmonies, was the fundamental form of musical consciousness proper to this nation. So also it was with Italy; but with an important difference. The Celtic type of melody, while resting upon fundamental harmonies quite as truly as the Italian folk-songs, nevertheless had a nobility and a tenderness which natural melody has never reached in the latin countries. If we take as types of this natural English music the well-known and world-wide favorites "Home, Sweet Home," and the Scotch ballads, we find in them a pathos and an innate nobility of expression which the highest advances of modern musical structure have not yet been able to render ineffective.

It is when the English composer proceeds to put his ideas together, and seeks to develop great structures, such as opera and oratorio, and sonatas, that his innate weakness becomes apparent. The national musical ear has long been preoccupied with these primary types, and the success of Händel's music in England had its foundation in the sturdy and folk-song character of his melody, and the common sense construction of his fugues—which always cease to be fugues at the point where musical interest is in danger.

of degenerating into scientific observation of contrapuntal skill. Henry W. Balfe was a legitimate development of the innate English ideas. His so-called operas are strings of more or less successful ballads. His descriptive music, when you do not attend to it too carefully, passes very well with those whose chief idea of musical delight consists in what is called "melody," using the term in the narrow sense in which they used to say that Wagner had no melody.

No doubt England has suffered much from her musical critics. The English people are conservative to a degree—sometimes to a fault. A singer once in their good graces is established for the remainder of his or her life; it is the same with a composer. One of the most repressive of all her critics was the late Mr. H. F. Chorley, who presided over the musical columns of that great social authority, *The Athenæum*, from 1830 to 1872. Chorley was a typical English critic. Well educated in the university, no doubt of engaging manners and presence, he had the misfortune to come under the influence of Mendelssohn's personality at an age when he was peculiarly susceptible. All the remainder of his life Mendelssohn stood to him in the place of a divinity. Whatever Mendelssohn did was right; whatever resembled Mendelssohn's music was commendable to that extent. Whatever differed with Mendelssohn was to be discouraged in every practicable way.

Musical criticism is one of the most dangerous of arts. It is so very easy to go wrong, and so dreadfully difficult to go right—unless, indeed, one have the solution to the whole matter, the *intuition*. This is the quality which English consciousness has generally lacked, owing to the one-sided nature of the Celtic heredity aforesaid. To go through a sonata with Beethoven and feel the moods and transitions means a very different exercise of musical receptiveness from that of hearing a Balfe opera, or being moved to tears by a "Home, Sweet Home." In the latter case the harmonic many-sided consciousness is feeble, or wanting. Whatever one may conclude in advance from reading a score, there is no excuse for such a verdict as Chorley passed upon the first works of Schumann and upon Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Of Schumann he said "that the music was a display of unattractive cacophony," and he ventured to predict that "not many more experiments among this composer's works—bad because generally ugly and essentially meagre—would be ventured in England." And of "Tannhäuser" he wrote: "I have never been so blanked, pained, wearied, *insulted* even (the word is not too strong) by any work of pretention as by this same 'Tannhäuser.' It would seem as if chance had determined the proceedings of a musician more poor in melodic inspiration than any predecessor or contemporary: that when a tune had presented itself he used it without caring for its fitness, that when tunes would not come he forced his way along a recitative as uncouth and tasteless as it is ambitious, and as if his system had come upon him as an after-thought, by way of apology of himself and depreciation of his betters." Among the parts of "Tannhäuser

which had no melody to this discerning soul were the "Romance of the Evening Star" and the "Prayer." These verdicts of poor Chorley it is true, were but little more condemnatory than many which were printed in Germany about the same time—where there was less justification for them, since Wagner was a legitimate development of the German harmonic consciousness. All such mistaken judgments arose from the same cause, total ignorance of the art in which they were exercised.

Musical intuition is something which a hearer has or has not. If he have a little of it, he may greatly increase it by judicious cultivation, namely by much hearing without too much attempt to judge or determine. The first condition of musical reception is that it go into the consciousness through perception and feeling and not be delayed or diverted into the region of conscious reflection. The latter is of great use later, after the musical consciousness has something living to work upon. But to load up with a lot of musical opinions and prescripts and to hear music intellectually, with reference to its conforming or non-conforming to certain standards, is an infallible way of missing its real power. It must first be heard and felt as music, and only after this compared and analyzed and conclusions deduced. The critic, therefore, must be in a true sense a *musician*. By this it is not meant that he must be able to compose a symphony or sonata. On the contrary, experience shows that kapellmeister facility in imitating classic forms is about as fatal a bar to real intuitive appreciation of musical beauty as it is possible to set up. Here, in addition to the intellectual preoccupation of mind during the hearing and consequent sluggishness of the musical intuition proper, there is a way blocked up by a set of rules received from eminent teachers and perhaps mastered practically—rules, however, which it is altogether certain that a good composer would violate in his very first page; certainly in the first page, where they stood in his way.

It would be possible to educate a critic whose conclusions might have a degree of validity. Taking a child of proper heredity, both musical and spiritual, he might hear and learn to love first Mozart, then Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Chopin and Wagner. All the hearing from the beginning until the age of at least sixteen should be directed to becoming more and more familiar with the individual beauties of the works of these different masters. One would seek to make the young man a many-sided musician, appreciative of the kind and quality of beauty residing in every great composer. Meanwhile he might also, and ought to learn something of musical technique. Let him play, and let him study. And then very late in the development permit him to learn philosophy, and master what little is known of the criticism of art. Having in his mind now a store of musical impressions from sources of unquestioned validity, he would begin to form opinions of his own. Later would begin his education in current music. A young man educated in this sense might become a critic having rea

insight, and capable of an opinion which would not be shown false by the immediate course of development.

Among many signs of good progress in England during the present century the work of Mr. W. H. Hadow called "Studies in Modern Music" is one of the best. Not that it has yet attained; it is simply going on towards perfection. Mr. Hadow is a Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Apparently he is still a young man, and most likely in orders—for the ecclesiastical bias appears at several points of his work. The book consists of three essays, upon Berlioz, Schumann and Wagner, respectively, preceded by an essay upon musical criticism, which, while performing good work in clearing the ground of defunct halos of critics gone by, nevertheless shows upon its own part many of the characteristic English imperfections in the way of looking at art and particularly at such an art as music, which rests upon an advanced specialization of the auditory function. He attempts to reduce musical criteria to certain typical forms. According to Mr. Hadow the first essential value in a musical work is "vitality" by which he appears to mean originality. Here he comes very near to the real truth without, however, quite reaching it. The root principle of good composition is what the Germans call "musical phantasy"—imagination moving in musical planes. The real musician has an inner consciousness of music; just as thousands of even mediocre writers have an inner consciousness of ideas, thoughts, trains of thought, which might be made into articles or literary productions by the aid of suitable technique. Thousands of readers have such an inner world of imagination where verbal forms and ideas disport themselves, play out their little stories, work out principles, and the like, who never take the ensuing step of externalizing them into literary form. The writers who distinguish themselves never write more than a very small part of matter which they think. The unwritten books, the unsung poems, the essays conceived in a glimpse, but never worked out, far exceed in number the published writings upon which their fame depends. Thus it is with musical composers. Without such an inner world of musical imagination, where one hears music playing itself along to the inner sense, exactly as one might listen to a concert, it is hopeless for a composer to expect to gain the ear of his contemporaries. Think what must have been the fantasy of such a master as Sebastian Bach, ranging in subject-matter from the lightest gavottes to the great B minor Mass; and in sentiment from the tenderness of the famous air for G string to the great organ fugues, the spirit-stirring Chromatic fugue, and the "Thunder and Lightning Chorus" in the "Passion." Or of Mozart. The sweet melodies which he wrote so many were but the crumbs from the rich man's table. And Schumann. Consider the spontaneity and rapidity with which he wrote when he once took up the composer instinct. Whole books of pieces in a single year—nay in a month.

The next principle which Mr. Hadow mentions is that of industry by which he means technique. The general ideas must be worked,

out. Upon this point much misapprehension exists. There is no merit in a working out which works out and nothing more. The "kapellmeisters" do so much. A work of art is subject to certain fundamental laws. It must have unity, symmetry and contrast. Unity is the point in which the vigor of the imagination shows itself. Beethoven, whose works are more characterized by unity than those of any other composer, (not even excepting those of Sebastian Bach), was formerly condemned by the critics for his lack of good form. Beethoven is a writer who often carries a discourse with long sentences and without full stops, for several sentences in succession, in order to bring the hearer more surely to a foreseen conclusion. This art the early critics could not understand. Bach had the same, but then they forgot that, for in Bach they were looking for skill in working out ideas, and they missed the fundamental fact with Bach, which is, that despite his colossal technique the emotional is the primary consideration in nearly all his works. He works out, but always to an end foreseen and inherently involved in the very nature of the subject itself, and in the mood which the composition was intended to perpetuate. Here, again, is where the element of musical fantasy enters into the account. For when grammar and rhetoric have done their little best for literary art, there is no performance like that of the heated imagination, which soars with the thought and leads by all sorts of unforeseen paths to a conclusion none the less logical by reason of its having been reached by a new way.

Mr. Hadow very well says that rules of counterpoint and musical structure do not have eternal validity; they are conventional. This is not quite true. Rules are of two kinds—true and false. The true rules are those which represent some part of the legitimate method of genuine musical fantasy. The false rules are those which do not represent any part of this working, and are, therefore, merely hindrances to real progress. Men like Schumann, gifted with musical imagination in pre-eminent degree, compose in spite of the rules with which their teachers attempt to bind them. For the less gifted composer, on the other hand, all the rules may be helpful. When a man has imagination, real imagination, he sees things, he hears musical discourses, and he can follow them and decide whether they are worth preserving or not. The less gifted composer hears little bits, which, perhaps, by the aid of art he may develop into complete wholes.

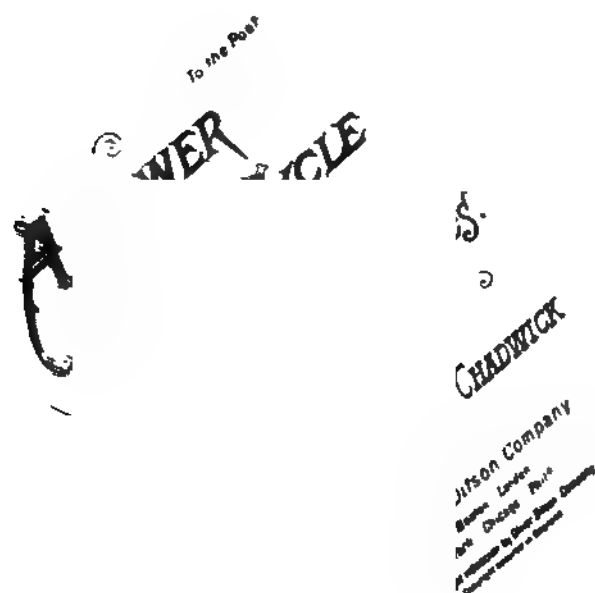
Musical fantasy has its laws. Some day they will be formulated. Musical thoughts have their forms of crystallization, and we already know a few of them. There are the common chords, a few certain dissonances, and counterpoint shows many more—for nearly all of the rules of counterpoint are legitimate and enter into the working of almost any serious development of a musical idea, but always unconsciously. Just as a novelist would not pause to overcome the difficulty of making his nouns and verbs agree, so a musician, in full flush of musical fantasy, does not pause to resolve his dissonances

according to such or such rules, or to count his measures in order to discover whether his periods and stanzas have the necessary proportions for symmetry. If his imagination is in good working (or playing) order, all these things will come of themselves. They belong to the vitality of thought, which has in it not alone its actual form of first appearance, but all the later forms of development—every one of which takes place according to innate laws which cannot be violated any more than one kind of solution can be made to take the crystallization forms of some opposing substance.

In the same spirit of missing the central core of the whole matter, illustrated in the points already mentioned, Mr. Hadow devotes considerable space to the question of musical quotation, by which he means innocent plagiarism, such as those of Händel, if they were innocent. Upon this point it is, perhaps, necessary to say that from its nature music is, perhaps, more liable to the appearance of this literary vice than any other form of art. For in the nature of the case musical fantasy creates itself out of material which has been stored up in the mind. When the mind is very strong, the material undergoes a change, and the creative ferment of the composer may be so vital as to transform all the material, as if it had been fully digested, until no vestige of its original individuality remains. In other cases the form may still survive, yet with an entire change of spirit. Something of this kind is illustrated in the Beethoven heroic symphony, where the principal subject is quite like a phrase by Mozart. But then the way in which Beethoven uses this phrase makes it his own. Moreover, the phrase itself is a very common progression in the common chord of the key. To hamper one's thought by the effort to avoid the use of any kind of material which had been used before would be too much like trying to sustain life without employing any material which had ever entered into organized form. We live on the past—spiritually no less than physically, and out of the past the future comes. If science teaches anything more surely than this, it has not yet been recorded. Original musical fantasy is the protection against plagiarism in music the same as in any other literary line. The smaller forms of thought may still appear in one's work from older writers, but if there be real fantasy the new form of the idea will assert itself. This takes place with Händel even, who must have been rather lax in his musical morality. Perhaps he asked himself the John Wesley question, why the devil should have certain good tunes.

After discussing the question of originality and inherent vitality as the corner stone of a composer's chance of fame, Mr. Hadow goes on to the further consideration of form, especially in respect to its two fundamental principles, namely proportion and unity. Here he is more successful, both because the principles have been more fully discussed before and because they are more external. But considerations of form have no more real bearing upon the development of a musical conception into a complete art-form than

REVIEWS AND NOTICES



The foregoing is the title page one of the most charming cycles of songs that has reached the reviewer in a long time. The verses are clever and on the whole well-suited to music. The musical settings represent Mr. Chadwick in a favorable light, being fresh, original, and characteristic. The traits of the different flowers are represented in a manner which will be more intelligible from the musical examples than from any other information at hand. Of these the following are all that have reached the table until the present.

The Crocus begins thus:

Andante

VOICE. *p* Brave Crocus, out of time and

PIANO. *p*

rash You come when skies are all a-mort and chill To

The Wild Briar presents a very different effect, with its animated movement and interesting rhythm.

VOICE

Animato assai.

PIANO

The
The
The
For the

wild ——— briar dab - bles his fin - ger tips,
wild ——— briar clam - bers from spray to spray,
wild ——— briar ri - ots the thick - ets through,
fire ——— of love and the fire of youth,

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

v

Semplice (quasi Menuetto)

VOICE.

p

In grand-ma's gar den in shi ning
In grand-ma's gar - den a child I
In grand-ma's gar - den the fox gloves
In grand-ma's gar - den still I

PIANO,

p

rows, The box smells sweet as it trim - ly
played, With naught save bees to make a
gay, With ev' - ry wind would nod and
walk, And still the fox gloves seem to

The Jasmine is set in a style not unlike that of Robert Franz's sweet slumber song.

VOICE.

sostenuto.

p The
The
A

Amabile.

PIANO.

p

soft, warm night wind flut - - - - - tans,
warm air beats with pas - - - - - ston,
spark from the case ment flick - - - - - ers, And

The Lupine again brings a quicker movement, and more sprightly air.



G. W. CHADWICK.

VOICE

Ah Lu - pine, with sil-ver-y leaves and
 Fair Lu - pine, the dew-drop shines, a
 Oh Lu - pine I pluck thy bloom, But

Allegro

PIANO

blos - soms blue as the skies, I know — a maid like
 gem night gives to thee, So pure — her radi - ant
 how her grace may I win? So fair — so pure is



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TRADE DEPARTMENT.

The Columbian Organ, of Henry Pilcher's Sons.

A conspicuous object in the musical exhibit of the fair is the great three manual organ erected by the firm of Henry Pilcher's sons of Louisville, Ky. In this instrument are applied several very important improvements in construction, originally invented by this firm and now exemplified upon a large scale for the first time.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION

Showing the arrangement of

KEYBOARDS, REGISTERS AND OTHER ACCESSORIES.

The entire scheme of the organ shows 74 stops and accessories, disposed as follows: GREAT, 12 stops; SWELL, 12; CHOIR, 7; PEDAL, 6; COUPLERS 10; PISTON COMBINATION, 6; COMBINATION PEDALS, 8; Accessories, 8. Total, 74.

Pilcher's Patent Tubular Pneumatic Windchests.

In the chests of this organ the individual valve system has been adopted. Instead of a number of pipes being supplied with air from one valve, a valve of suitable size is provided for every pipe, thus insuring a full and perfectly steady supply under all circumstances and avoiding the defect of "robbing" that is so often found in other chests. It will be noticed that this provision for supplying the pipes with compressed air gives them a fuller and purer tone than is possible with the other system, the improved quality being noticeable in the individual registers, as well as when different combinations or the full power of the organ is used. Another feature of special note is the abolition of all springs from the valves, thereby reducing to the minimum the possibility of derangement.

This mode of construction also dispenses with the usual "sliders," (which have always been a source of more or less trouble), each set of pipes having a separate chamber which is supplied with compressed air controlled by valves in connection with the Register Keys at the Key-board.

Pilcher's Patent Tubular Pneumatic Key Action.

Instead of the usual tracker action for connecting the keys with their respective wind chest valves, their own system of Tubular Pneumatics is applied. This comprises small wind chests of novel construction at the Key-boards, one for each manual, which are connected with the main chests by means of tubes through which compressed air passes to actuate the pipe valves. It will be seen that such parts as "trackers," "rollers," "elbows," etc., are dispensed with, and as these portions of organ mechanism are frequently known to become deranged, and show the effects of wear and atmospheric changes, their absence will be appreciated. The Tubular action, on the contrary, will be found reliable at all times.

Pilcher's Patent Tubular Pneumatic Couplers.

In the coupling system the wind is introduced directly into the channels of the organ coupled, no "flap valves" being used to check the back-action of the wind, the key valves performing the double function of supply and check. As the "wind retarding flap valves" usually introduced are discarded, and no additional working parts are brought into operation in this system, the response of the organs coupled is absolutely simultaneous.

Heretofore the use of "sliders" for operating pneumatic couplers has been considered indispensable, but in this system these have been entirely done away with, the wind in the coupling channels being controlled by valves which allow of no escape of wind, and can always be relied upon for positive action.

The simplicity of these couplers allow of their introduction in unusual numbers, and by their use the power of the organ is largely augmented, and a greater variety obtained from a given number of stops than is possible by any other means.

The application and use of these couplers does not increase the resistance of the key touch, as might be supposed, as even in the largest organs the action may be made as light as that of a piano.

Special attention is directed to the quickness of response and delicacy of the Tubular action, which they claim can not be excelled.

Pilcher's Patent Register and Combination Action.

Another noticeable feature in this organ is the introduction of what are termed Rocking Register Keys (in place of the usual draw stop knobs), which have been adopted on account of their accessibility and the ease with which they are manipulated. These Register Keys are placed in rows immediately above the upper keyboard. Being pivoted at the center, a slight touch at the upper end brings "on" a set of pipes or other register as the case may be, and a similar movement at the lower end throws it "off." The tonal condition of the organ is always apparent, as these Register Keys remain in the position in which they are disposed.

The names of the stops are engraved on ivory tablets which cover the faces of the Register Keys, and a separation or change of color is made to designate the different departments of the organ.

COMBINATION MOVEMENTS.

The Combination Action will be found to possess many advantages and will be of material assistance to an organist, particularly where peculiar combinations and sudden changes are desired.

The "Adjustable Combinations" are operated by pistons placed below their respective manual key-boards and are very comprehensive, as they allow of the "setting" of any pedal stops and couplers upon them, as well as the stops of the manual to be effected, being brought on at pleasure by the touch of a piston, and do not in any way interfere with the movement of the "Register Keys" individually or with other combinations formed. These combinations may be changed as often as desired by simply re-arranging the "Register Keys" and the touch of a pedal or piston.

The "Set Combinations" are always useful, as they are arranged for standard groups of stops, including appropriate pedal stops and couplers. These are operated preferably, by small pedals placed in the most convenient position over the Pedal Key-board.

Pilcher's Improved Patent Crescendo Movements.

By a movement of the "Balanced Crescendo Pedal" the stops of the organ are brought "on" in the order of their power, from the softest to the loudest, and reduced in the reverse order without changing the position of the "Register Keys." It not only operates on the "full" organ and serves, as a sforzando movement, but by the use of the Crescendo Separation Pistons the same effect may be confined to any individual manual, while the other manuals may be used independently of it. This Pedal also operates the shades of the "swell" boxes, thereby giving the most pronounced effects.

Another remarkable feature of this movement is, that it is immaterial in what condition of power the organ may be (as indicated by the Register Keys); by the use of a "Register Separation Piston" a Grand Crescendo may be pronounced, from the softest stop to the "full" organ, without changing the position of the "Register Keys," or interfering in any way with combinations that may have been previously formed.

By releasing the "Register Separation Piston" the tone of the organ is restored to the condition it was in before the "Crescendo" was used.

This pedal, being balanced, may be left in any position, and an indicator is provided to show the degree of power which its engagement would bring "on."

Having described the special features of this organ which relate to their own inventions, it may be of interest to refer in a general way to some other details of its construction.

MUSIC.

AUGUST, 1893.

B. J. LANG.

WHEN a man has been a prominent and often a leading figure for thirty years or so in the musical life of a distinctly musical city, his career is well worth considering, even while it is still in full activity. Such a man is B. J. Lang, of Boston, Massachusetts. His career as pianist, organist, teacher and conductor has been, so far, in many ways a remarkable one.

He was born of American parents (albeit there is a Scotch strain in the blood) on December 28, 1837, in Salem, Massachusetts. His father was an organist and pianoforte-teacher with a large *clientele* in his native town, and it was under him that the subject of the present sketch began his musical education. His talent for music showed itself at a very early age, and the progress he made on the pianoforte and organ under his father's teaching, and later under that of Francis G. Hill, of Boston, was exceedingly rapid. Indeed, he narrowly escaped a period of child-wonderhood when a boy. On a flying visit to Boston, when about sixteen, he played Rink's flute-concerto on the organ of the old Trinity church in Summer street (the first organ he had ever played on that had a pedal-board running up to F) in the presence of Hayter, the regular organist of the church, and a few invited friends; his performance excited no little astonishment in those who heard it, all present agreeing that "they did not know that that sort of thing could be done on the organ!" Such were the notions of organ-playing then current in Boston. Young as Lang was, he already held a

regular post as organist at Dr. Neale's church in Somerset street (1852). In 1855, being then eighteen, he went to Europe, studying composition in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany, and meeting Franz Liszt, under whose personal direction he for some time continued his studies on the pianoforte. Although he has never publicly claimed to be a pupil of Liszt's, having indeed always been singularly reticent about the sources of his musical education, he was in reality quite as much Liszt's pupil as hosts of other pianists who are generally known as such. Liszt never gave regular pianoforte lessons to any one.

On his return from abroad Lang made his first public appearance in Boston as a pianist in 1858 at a concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, taking part in Beethoven's C minor trio, Op. 1, No. 3 (its first performance in the city). Thus at his first appearance before a Boston audience, he already gave evidence of a tendency that has since become characteristic of him—a constant desire to introduce new works to the public.

His career as a teacher began when he was about fifteen, and has continued with increasing brilliancy ever since, interrupted only by occasional visits to Europe. Its beginning was peculiar, one might almost say unique. Most pianoforte teachers begin with one or two pupils, and then gradually increase their list as they become more widely and favorably known. Not so Lang. His father was suddenly taken sick, and the teaching of all his father's numerous pupils as suddenly devolved upon him, so that, instead of beginning, as most teachers do, by giving two, four or six lessons a week, he began outright by giving lessons all day and every day. In this matter a lucky chance aided him—as his own never-sleeping spirit of enterprise has since helped him in others—in wasting no time in acquiring practical experience. His finally leaving Salem and settling definitely in Boston came (I think) shortly after his return from Europe. About this time Gustav Satter was astonishing American audiences with his wonderful playing and daring transcriptions. When he visited Boston, Lang tempor-

arily gave up almost all else to be constantly in his company. Satter had taken a strong fancy to the young pianist, and, after being with him all day, and playing at his own concert in the evening, would take him up to his room in the Tremont House, and there play to him night after night, far into the small hours of the morning. To a close and keen observer like Lang these nocturnal sittings *a quattr' occhj* were of inestimable value. Whether it was about this time or in the course of his stay in Europe, that he took lessons of Alfred Jaell, I do not know, but he certainly was at one time or another Jaell's pupil.

On January 30, 1862, Lang gave the first performance in Boston of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," in the Old South Church (on the corner of Milk and Washington streets), of which he was at that time the regular organist. The performance was by a chorus of twenty-eight or thirty voices, with organ accompaniment. As Lang himself has steadily upheld the principle that "a performance of a work, otherwise than according to the full original score, ought never to go on record *as a performance*," I will follow him in not considering the "Hymn of Praise" as one of the compositions that he introduced for the first time to the Boston public, as it was given on this occasion only with organ accompaniment.

Lang's real *début* as a conductor came four months later, in May of the same year. At a concert of his own in the Music Hall he gave two successive performances of Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," with chorus, soli and full orchestra. The work had never been given before in the city, as far as I know, and this was the first instance of a new work being given twice over at the same concert, a plan that has since been adopted on several occasions, and always with excellent results, by Henry Leslie, Hans Von Bülow and others. The "Walpurgis Night" was a decided success, the performance being an excellent one for those times. Next year Lang again took up the *bâton*, sharing with Carl Zerrahn the honor of conducting the music at the jubilee concert in the Music

Hall on January 1, 1865, celebrating President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. It was a memorable occasion. Ralph Waldo Emerson read his famous poem, which, with its "God said: I am tired of kings!" sent a thrill through every listener, August Kreissmann sang Otto Dresel's "Army Hymn," with chorus and orchestra, the words by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "The Shadows of Death," followed by the great chorus "The Night is Departing," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" Dresel played Beethoven's E-flat concerto; a large picked chorus sang "He, Watching over Israel," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the "Hallelujah!" from Händel's "Messiah," and the concert ended with an inspiring performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony. No one present will ever forget that day! Lang rehearsed and conducted the choral numbers, the rest of the concert was conducted by Carl Zerrahn.

Next year Lang followed up these successes by giving the first performance in Boston, with soli, female chorus and orchestra, of Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" entire, in the Music Hall on the tri-centennial anniversary of Shakespere's birthday, April 23, 1864. Soon after this he conducted a performance of Haydn's "Seasons" entire, also for the first time in Boston. Then came a lull in his conducting. In 1865 the Harvard Musical Association began its symphony concerts (Carl Zerrahn conductor), which for seventeen years played so important a part in the musical life of Boston. Lang was not only a member of the association, but also on its concert and programme committees. But, if he withdrew from the field of conducting new choral works during the first few years of the symphony concerts, his most brilliant period as a concert pianist may be said to have begun about this time.

Hitherto, for one reason or another, he had been rather overshadowed as a pianist by other resident players in the eyes of a large part of the musical public. Those were the days of an almost exclusive devotion to everything that was German in music; outside of Germany and Germans there was no hope of musical salvation according to the then Bos-

ton creed. *Dwight's Journal of Music* (taken for all in all, the best musical journal in any country at the time) was generally considered to take the lead in propagating this faith, but its supposed exclusive Teutonism was much exaggerated by too careless readers and embittered opponents, its tendencies were always strongly classical, and, in the departments of oratorio, orchestral and instrumental chamber music, Germany had unquestionably almost a monopoly of classicism. It was this, more than anything else, that gave *Dwight's Journal* its not entirely deserved reputation of being exclusively German in its views and predilections. But, if the exclusive Teutonism of *Dwight's Journal of Music* was considerably exaggerated, that of most of its constant readers and of the Boston musical public in general could hardly have been outdone. The Boston Music Hall Association had committed the pardonable, but none the less unlucky, blunder of ordering its great organ of a German builder, when the French had really left Germany far behind in the art of organ-building, German music and German musicians were cocks of the Boston walk, and had been so for some time.

And Lang was an American! Before 1865 he had generally excited considerable momentary enthusiasm whenever he played in public, he certainly could complain of no lack of applause at his own concerts, at those of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, nor on other occasions when he appeared as pianist. But the enthusiasm he called forth was not of the lasting kind, people seemed surprised at the brilliancy and solidity of his playing when they heard him, and then would straightway forget all about it, and go to hear him the next time without particularly high expectations or any ready-made enthusiasm. He had succeeded in making himself admired, but not in making himself remembered by the public; as a pianist he was not yet popular. Gottschalk, to be sure, had shown no slight appreciation of his playing. On one of his visits to Boston the great virtuoso, having some things with accompaniment for a second pianoforte, engaged Lang to accompany him at his concerts, but Gott-

schalk soon recognized that such work was far beneath the younger artist, and ended by urging Lang to play a real two-pianoforte piece with him, one in which both parts should be on an equality, saying that he never should forgive himself for putting a pianist like Lang in the position of a mere accompanist. But, much as Gottschalk's opinion might be worth, it had little or no weight with the more serious part of the Boston public just then.

The prevailing German sentiment in Boston was, however, not all that stood in the way of Lang's immediate recognition as a fine pianist, indeed, some of his listeners at the time I am speaking of really thought he was a German, confounding the Scotch surname Lang with the German Lange. His own personality had a good deal to do with the matter. He was then a young man, tremendously busy and very much absorbed in his work; he was inordinately shy, not sociable in his instincts, and his address was rather brusque and repelling. He entirely lacked the faculty of personal propagandism, of winning people over by charm of manner; his brusqueness often made him enemies where it was particularly important for him to make friends. He was too proud to blow his own trumpet, and others did not feel encouraged to blow it for him. In a word, he lacked backing. Those who have known him only during the last twenty years or so will find all this hard to believe, for he is personally a very different man from what he was at the time I am now speaking of, but it is, nevertheless, quite true that he then stood considerably in his own light—in the most unconscious way in the world—and the tardiness of his recognition in Boston as an exceptionally fine pianist was largely due to it.

But, with the beginning of the symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, a noteworthy change came over Lang's local reputation as a pianist; he made giant strides in the direction of popularity. Both at the symphony concerts and at the chamber concerts he gave himself with greater and greater frequency, his playing was more and more appreciated; the old cloud that had hung over his

reputation was thoroughly dispelled, and soon he not only stood but was generally recognized as standing in the first rank. His proclivity for bringing out important works not heard before in Boston showed itself as unabated. Already before 1865 he had been the first to play Beethoven's concertos in C major, B flat major, and C minor (Nos. 1, 2, and 3), Mozart's concerto in E flat major, and Mendelssohn's in D minor; and at the symphony concerts he brought out Liszt's transcriptions for pianoforte and orchestra of Weber's E flat polonaise and Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia in C; Sterndale Bennett's concerto in F and Capriccio in E; Ferdinand Hiller's concerto in F sharp minor; Hummel's in A minor; Schumann's *Concertstück* in G; Hans Von Bronsart's concerto; Rubinstein's in G major; Saint-Saens's in G minor. At his own chamber concerts he gave for the first time in Boston Rubinstein's trio in B flat; Von Bronsart's trio in G minor; Goldmark's quintette for pianoforte and strings, Op. 30; the last book of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words;" Saran's fantasia-sonata in B flat minor, Op. 5; Bennet's "Maid of Orleans" sonata, and many other works of importance. To this list should be added, although belonging to a much earlier date, the first performances in Boston of Mendelssohn's quintette in B minor, for pianoforte and strings; and capriccio in B minor for pianoforte and orchestra. Much later he brought out Brahm's concerto in B flat.

When his reputation as a pianist had been thoroughly established, and he felt he could at any time command what audiences he pleased—for no pianist ever had a more brilliant local success than his between 1865 and 1880—he felt himself impelled to try his luck once more with the conductor's bâton. The Harvard Musical Association's concerts had proved successful beyond expectation—it may not be generally known that these symphony concerts had made enough money during the first five or six years of their existence to enable them to continue for eleven or twelve years more in the face of ever decreasing audiences, without any deficit in the end—and had at the time (1870 or '71) nothing to

fear from competition. Lang, who had always been prominent among those who considered the Music Hall too great a place for really good orchestral effect, began giving orchestral concerts of his own with a small but complete orchestra, in smaller halls; the old hall of the Mercantile Library Association, the old Mechanics' Hall in Bedford Street, later in Dr. Lothrop's church in Commonwealth Avenue. Of late years he has also given several courses of "concerto concerts" with orchestra in Chickering Hall, many of his pupils playing concertos, and he conducting the orchestra. Whatever he played himself, he was always sure of the best audience Boston could furnish.

Lang's first official position as conductor was offered him by the Apollo Club, the leading male choral society in Boston, founded in 1868; soon after this he accepted the conductorship of the Cecilia (mixed chorus), founded in 1874. He has from the beginning continued to conduct the rehearsals and concerts of these two societies. His principle of training the one and the other was found much fault with at first. Nothing like such drilling has ever been known before in Boston; the immediate results were not found to be satisfactory by a considerable proportion of the audiences, and it took no mean amount of pertinacity and back-bone on the conductor's part to follow out the plan on which he started. His principle was that in chorus singing as in every sort of musical performance, the indispensable basis is technique; without a solid technique nothing worth while can be done, and technique is to be acquired only through severe drilling. He carried out this idea ruthlessly. He subjected the Apollo and the Cecilia to a sort of rehearsing that hardly any one would dare to inflict upon amateur choruses whose members had come together for the *pleasure* of singing, and not for pay. Nothing but enjoying the entire confidence of the singers could have enabled him to carry his plan triumphantly through. At first the singers were required to pay such strict attention to just the sort of details that amateurs as a rule are most prone to overlook—giving every note its proper value, not sing-

ing a dotted-quarter and an eighth like two quarters, holding the final note of a phrase its full length, etc., etc.,—that, when it came to the concert, they had no attention left for anything else, and the performances sounded rigidly correct, but rather dry and lifeless. But no expostulations nor adverse criticism could drive Lang off his chosen track for a moment; he persevered in spite of all, and the singers persevered with him. After a while this exact attention to correctness of detail, this singing music just as it is written grew to be a habit with both the Cecilia and Apollo Club; when this time had come, then Lang began to egg on his choral forces to vivacity of style, emotional vigor, in a word to thoroughly artistic performance. Then both singers and listeners began to earn the enviable reputation they enjoyed among the choral clubs in the United States. I have been led to dwell particularly on this point, if only to place it on record that at least as far as Boston is concerned, that arduous system of drilling to which Gericke subjected the present Boston Symphony Orchestra, and which was so much commented on at the time, both favorably and adversely, as something utterly unprecedented in its severity, was really first applied to the Apollo Club and Cecilia by Lang, and with very similar results.

Another good influence exerted by Lang over these two societies, and one, too, which met with some opposition at first, was his favoring the performance of larger choral works with orchestra rather than adhering wholly to unaccompanied part-songs. As Lang was only the engaged conductor of these societies, and had nothing officially to do with the making-out of programmes, he could exert his influence in this matter only by dint of persuasion and forces of personal character. At first he made but slow head-way; nine out of ten of the singers, especially in the Apollo Club, disliked singing with orchestra. The general feeling was, and not entirely unnaturally: “After we have been working like oxen over our music, and have got it all down to a fine point, we don’t want to be drowned out by a band!” But by degrees Lang succeeded in enlisting the sympathies

of more and more of the active members of the two clubs of his side, and for some years past both the Apollo and the Cecilia have given as many concerts annually with orchestra as without. The list of works for chorus and orchestra (with or without soli)—many of them of notable importance—that have been brought out in Boston by the Cecilia and the Apollo Club is long; naturally they should be counted among the works given under Lang's direction for the first time in the city. The following list is not quite complete, but few important works are wanting in them. They are:

APOLLO CLUB.

Berlioz: Arrangements of "la Marseillaise" for double chorus and orchestra.

Brahms: "Rinaldo."

Bruch: "Frithjof;" "Roman Song of Triumph;" "Salamis."

G. W. Chadwick: "The Viking's Last Voyage."

Arthur Foote: "The Farewell of Hiawatha."

Goldmark: "The Flower Net."

Grieg: "Discovery."

Hiller: "Easter Morning;" "Hope."

Lachner: "Evening;" "Warrior's Prayer."

Mendelssohn: "Sons of Art;" "Antigone;" "Edipus."

J. C. D. Parker: "The Blind King."

Ebenezer Prout: "Damon and Pythias."

Raff: "Warder Song."

Rubinstein: "Morning."

Schubert: "The Almighty;" "Song of the Spirits over the Waters."

Schumann: Foresters' Chorus (with horns).

Schwalm: "Mila."

Templeton Strong: "The Trumpeter;" "The Haunted Mill."

"The Knight and the Naiads."

Arthur W. Thayer: "Sea Greeting."

Geo. E. Whiting: "March of the Monks of Bangor;" "Free Lances;" "Henry of Navarre."

CECILIA.

Bach: "Contata per ogni tempo."

Beethoven: "The Ruins of Athens;" "The Praise of Music."

Berlioz: "Danrémont Requiem;" "The Fifth of May."

Brahms: German Requiem.

Bruch: "Odysseus;" "The Lay of the Bell;" "Fair Ellen."

Dudley Buck: "The Golden Legend."

Durante: "Magnificat."

Dvorak: "Stabat Mater;" "The Spectre's Bride;" "A Patriotic

Hymn; Requiem (conducted by the composer).

G. W. Chadwick: "The Pilgrims."

Arthur Foote: "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

Gade: "Comala;" "The Crusaders;" "Spring Fantasy."

Händel: "Acis and Galatea;" "l'Allegro," "il Penseroso ed il Moderato" (omitting the third part.)

Heinrich Hofmann: "The Fair Melusina."

Liszt: "Saint Elizabeth."

Hamish MacCunn: "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

Massenet: "Eve;" "Mary Magdalen."

Mendelssohn "The Loreley;" "Athalie;" "Camacho's Wedding."

Schumann: "Paradise and the Peri;" "Manfred;" Scenes from Goethe's "Faust."

When Hans Von Bülow came to Boston in 1875, the first series of concerts he gave there was with orchestra; the late Carl Bergmann was engaged to conduct. But, for one reason or another, Von Bülow could not get on with Bergmann, and, after the first week, the latter's services were dispensed with, and Lang invited to take his place. Of course he accepted, and was thus the first to conduct a performance of Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto "on any stage." When Von Bülow got to Philadelphia, he wished to give at least one concert with orchestra there, and telegraphed to Lang, asking him if he would not come on and conduct for him. Lang went on immediately, and having heard reports that the Philadelphia orchestra was none of the best at that time, beside knowing that Von Bülow was liable to be nervous and at times rather obstreperous at rehearsals, thought it wise to have some rehearsing without his presence. Among other things Beethoven's G major concert was to be played; Lang agreed with Von Bülow to have the rehearsal at ten o'clock the next morning, but privately sent word to the orchestra that it would be called at nine. This would give him an hour's rehearsal before Von Bülow appeared on the ground. The orchestra assembled as ordered, the orchestral numbers and accompaniments were rehearsed; when it got to be six or seven minutes to ten, Lang and the orchestra were still hammering away at the accompaniment to the G major concerto. But it happened that Von Bülow got there some minutes before his appointed time, and, finding Lang already rehearsing with-

out him, took a seat at the back of the hall to wait until this unexpected preliminary rehearsal should be over. Lang standing with his back to the house, of course did not see him, and went on with his work unsuspecting of his presence. When the orchestra got to the *tutti* hold on the dominant that ushers in the cadenza, and Lang had cut the chord short with a wave of his bâton, he was not a little startled to hear Von Bülow shriek out behind him in his sharpest and most acrid voice: "The wooden wind may go to h--ll!" Lang turned round just in time to see the infuriated pianist jam his stove-pipe upon his head and rush out of the hall as fast as his legs could carry him; Von Bülow was not to be found again that morning, and the G major concerto was played in the evening without rehearsal with the pianoforte.

In 1890 the news of Edouard Colonne's astonishing success with Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" in Paris, and hearing the work given in New York by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, incited Lang to bring it out in Boston also. Since his performance of Haydn's "Seasons" in 1864 he had mounted no large choral work on his own account, his conducting having been confined to his own occasional courses of orchestral concerts and to those of the Cecilia and the Apollo Club. The time was singularly propitious: he was at the height of his popularity with the Boston public and still continually before the public. But the task was an arduous one. None of the singers available for choral productions in Boston had ever grappled with an important work of the advanced French school; they had never sung anything bristling with such trying rhythmic complications as this work of Berlioz's, and were moreover unaccustomed to the peculiar distribution of the voices in his choruses. Instead of the familiar *soprano*, *alto*, *tenor* and *bass* of the German choral writers, the choruses in Berlioz's "Faust" are for the most part written, for male chorus with first and second *soprani ripieni*, the female voice seldom having independent parts to sing. (A still more serious difficulty was afterwards found by the Cecilia in the three and four parts choruses in Berlioz's "Requiem," in which there

is no *alto* part and the *tenor* is written unusually high. This difficulty was got over, and with immensely fine results, by having the alto voices double the tenors—in the four-part choruses the first tenors—in *unison* in all the high and medium passages and stop singing when the part ran too low, the lower tenor voices likewise stopping when the part ran too high for them.) But in spite of the unusual difficulties of the music, the “Damnation of Faust” was triumphantly brought out, with Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, Mr. William J. Winch, Mr. Clarence E. Hay, and Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger in the solo parts. The performance was one of the most brilliant successes Lang had ever had, and the work was repeated several times, later with the Henschels and others, and afterwards by the Cecilia.

Some time after the production of “The Damnation of Faust,” Lang purposed giving Berlioz’s great “Te Deum” in the same way, having been much struck with the beauty and grandeur of the composition. But a sense of loyalty to the Händel & Haydn Society, of which he was and still is the regular organist, made him relinquish the undertaking in favor of that society. Here we come upon a trait in Lang which is little known save to them who have benefited by it; his unswerving loyalty to the interests of any organization to which he may belong. In the dark days of the Harvard Musical Association—when the symphony concerts were dragging out a penurious existence before miserably small audiences, and were supported mainly by money wisely laid up in opposition to it, and some years before Mr. Henry L. Higginson had founded the present Boston Symphony Orchestra, Lang might easily have made a *coup d’etat* and swept the whole orchestral field in Boston single handed. He was particularly ambitious to conduct an orchestra; he was at the time the strongest musical power with the public in the whole city, and was perfectly well aware of the fact; he had never failed in anything he had undertaken, and could be sure of all the financial backing he needed. He might have established annual courses of symphony concerts on his own account, which would have made the Phil-

harmonic Society impossible, and might have postponed Mr. Higginson's enterprise for several years. No sane man who knows what the times then were in Boston, and what Lang was, can doubt this for a moment. He, for one, was sure of it. But he was a member of the Harvard Musical Association, was on its concert and programme-committees, and, although one of the most disgruntled members in the whole Association (not a few of us were more or less disgruntled by the majority votes and the turn matters were taking about that time), his loyalty to it would not allow him to take any step in antagonistic competition with the Harvard.

The founding of the present Boston Symphony Orchestra by Mr. Higginson effectually closed the field for orchestral concerts to any other private or public undertaking. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if the hour had struck for all other musical organizations, for the Cecilia, the Boylston Club (George L. Osgood conductor), even for the Händel and Haydn Society itself. I think the Apollo Club was about the only musical body in Boston that did not feel the shock. But that shock has since been lived through: the Händel and Haydn and the Cecilia are still alive and prosperous. But for Lang nothing was left in the way of conducting, except the Cecilia and the Apollo. He also began to play the pianoforte in public less frequently than formerly, and devoted himself almost wholly to teaching and to his two choral clubs. The amount of work he would get through in a day, what with pupils and rehearsals, seems almost fabulous. No one but a man of the most vigorous constitution and of his regular and singularly abstemious habits—he has never touched beer, wine, spirits, tea or coffee in his life, and his experience with tobacco is limited to part of a cigar that Scatter once gave him when he was a very young man, and which he has not forgotten to this day—could stand such work: sometimes fourteen to eighteen lessons in a day!

No notice of Lang would be complete without at least a word or two about his work as a teacher. How his pianoforte teaching began I have already said, it still continues un-

abated. To give some idea of his activity in this field, I will merely say that, a few years ago, I saw a page of fool's-cap covered (in his undecipherable handwriting) with the names—not of regular pupils, but of persons to whom he could telegraph at any time when he had an unexpected hour's leisure, to come on to Boston and take *one lesson*. He counts more pupils—twice or thrice told—among concert pianists who are before the public to-day than any other teacher in the United States.

In the spring of 1891 he once more came before the Boston public as a conductor on his own account: with a complete concert performance in the Music Hall of no less a work than Wagner's "Parsifal," with the New York Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra and the finest singers that could be collected in the country. It was a stupendous success, a wonderfully fine performance; it was repeated with equal perfection, the only important change being the substitution of Mr. George Henschel for Mr. Theodor Reichmann as Amfortas. Upon the whole, Lang, as pianist and conductor, introduced more new works of importance to the Boston musical public than any other one man, with the possible exception of Carl Zerrahn, who was the regular orchestral conductor in the city from the time when he succeeded Carl Bergmann at the head of the old Germania Orchestra in 1880, and has conducted the Händel & Haydn Society for more than a quarter of a century.

That a steadily successful career like Lang's must have very solid personal qualities behind it is evident enough. Even admitting that he must have been lucky, one can easily see that such a career as his can not have been owing to good luck alone; no man is such a favorite of fortune as that! In truth his has been the sort of luck a man makes for himself. He may be accounted a remarkable instance of the soundest musicianship united with an exceptionally fine executive faculty. Great stress has been laid upon his business judgment and Yankee enterprise; it is quite true that these practical traits are very marked in him; his success has been largely due to them. He has ever had the keenest discern-

ing eye for what was to be done, and when was the right time to do it; he has ever had the gift of perceiving what iron was hot, and the power to strike it a decisive blow when hot. He is as good a manager as he is a musician. But, rare as his "business" faculty is in highly cultivated and talented musicians, the use he has made of it is rarer still. Although exceptionally clever in diagnosing the popular taste, in feeling the public's æsthetic pulse, he has never for an instant catered to a low musical taste, nor allowed himself to do anything for mere personal display. As a pianist, since he was a mere boy, he has never had anything to do with (properly so-called) "show-pieces," with operatic fantasies, virtuoso variations and the like. I believe he has never played even a Liszt Hungarian rhapsody in public. During the first few years after the great organ was set up in the music hall, when organ concerts and recitals were given in shoals, he played as often as, or oftener than, any one else, but he persistently turned the cold shoulder upon all music of the then popular, sentimental French organ-school, and had nothing whatever to do with composers like Lefebvre-Wély, Batiste, or others of that ilk. In a word, he has played no music in public that he did not himself respect, he has never prostituted his talent nor his conspicuously brilliant technique to virtuoso display or clap-trap effect. If he has seldom, if ever, tried to force an unwelcome composition upon an unwilling audience—as some musicians have done at times—he has never so far given in to popular taste as to play anything unworthy of his own artistic ideals. He has always believed in driving a wedge where it would go, with gentle taps at first, not with sledge-hammer blows that would frighten people. But, the small end of the wedge once inserted, he would keep on driving until he had got it well home.

A good instance of his tactics in this matter is the attitude he assumed with the Apollo Club and the Cecilia, especially during the earlier years of these organizations. At their rehearsals and concerts he conducted a good deal of music of exceedingly slight value, such as some other musicians of

his standing might have refused outright to have anything to do with. But he wisely felt that he could gain moral ascendancy over the active members of these clubs—who, after all, came together to sing more for their own amusement than for anything else—only by making certain concessions to their musical predilections. He saw that he had under his command forces capable of doing great things, but that, under the circumstances, they must be led on to do these great things willingly, for he had no official power to compel them to do anything. The result has shown the wisdom of his attitude in the matter. Without his winking at Abt or Kücken part-songs in the beginning, the admirable performances given later of Mendelssohn's "Antigone" and "Edipus," of some of the Bach cantatas and Berlioz's mighty "Requiem," would never have come to pass. The game was worth the candle!

One of the most striking features of Lang's musical nature is his broad, genial catholicity, his power of appreciating what is fine in music of the most various and often seemingly antagonistic schools. This catholicity of his springs from no mere ostrich omnivorousness, from no unsettled weakness of judgment and lack of firm artistic principle, but from a certain innate and cultured universality of appreciation, a willingness to make allowance for this or that shortcoming if it is to be recognized as the reverse side of a striking merit. He is willing to admire a work for what is good and fine in it, no matter whether it be as a whole entirely consonant with his own æsthetic principles or not. Few musicians have been so utterly devoid of prejudice as he. From Bach and Händel to Berlioz and Wagner, all that is great, beautiful and true in music compels his homage. He has no fads, his admiration for and enjoyment of "Parsifal" or the "Meistersinger" cast no shadow upon his delight in the "well-tempered clavichord" or a Mozart or Haydn symphony.

As a man, quite as much as a musician, his character claims unmixed respect. He has always shown himself ready and eager to hold out a helping hand to younger

musicians, whether his own pupils or not, to offer both social and artistic hospitality to foreign musicians who have visited Boston, or have come to establish themselves there, if he saw that in them that was worth encouragement. Indeed, not many men in this country or elsewhere have borne the high name of musician and artist more honorably and unstainedly than he.

BOSTON.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

MUSIC AND ITS PROCESSES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the marvelous perfection to which the science of music has been brought, and the very exhaustive treatises which have been written on the theories of the art, not to speak of the wonderful mastery which has been obtained over its technical difficulties, the subject of the specific processes by which it acts upon those who come under its influence does not appear to have received an equal degree of attention, other than in works too abstruse for general reading. Our purpose in this paper will be to inquire briefly into the processes of the several *factors* in music as relates to their effect upon the listener; and while not indulging in the vain presumption that we may “extend the horizon” of the more knowing few, we shall not entirely have failed if we succeed in throwing some light on the subject for the many.

In undertaking to offer an answer to the question—“how does music act upon its auditor to impart that pleasure which it so universally affords?” it is important to have in mind two facts. First: That this pleasure, in its aggregate, is a complex emotion, comprising many simple emotions, which latter, it may be suggested, consist of still other more subtle refinements of feeling. Thus our inquiry must be into the nature of those primary factors in music, and their processes which give rise to the individual emotions; and if we can trace out these we shall have gone far toward reaching a solution of the question presented. The second fact is that the high distinguishing power of creative minds in the arts in general is that faculty which enables them to go beyond the limit of personal experience and to comprehend the whole range of human emotions, (of which we have the highest example in the art of Shakespeare) which faculty, as need scarcely be suggested, is the godlike attribute of genius.

As all understand, among the arts, music takes a high place as an exponent of the emotions, which indeed was its primitive, as it has ever been its chief mission, its first crude forms having been no more than the spontaneous utterance of human feeling.

And first let us direct attention to the identity and consequent immediate relation which exists between the inherent properties of music and those of emotion, which need only to be mentioned to be recognized, pointed out by Dr. Haweis in his able book "Music and Morals."

The properties, both in music and emotion, have been identified as *velocity*, *intensity*, *complexity*, *elation* and *depression*, which in the respective cases may be approximated as follows:

	IN MUSIC.	IN EMOTION.
VELOCITY.	By the several <i>tempi</i> employed, as various as are numerous the degrees in the range included within the terms <i>largo</i> and <i>prestissimo</i> .	By successive impulses of feeling such as are experienced in situations which excite a series of emotions, following each other in various degrees of velocity.
INTENSITY.	By the infinitely minute gradations possible between the signs <i>ppp.</i> and <i>fff.</i>	By the various degrees in which feeling sways us, ranging from the simplest emotion, which may be all but neutral, to the condition of highest excitability.
COMPLEXITY.	By the countless subtle interwoven quantities of harmony worked upon the web of melody.	By a concatenation of emotions, which succeed each other at a rate of velocity so great that even the "lightning of the mind" can scarcely distinguish where one state of

		feelings cease and the next begins; the appreciable result of which is one complete, complex sensation or "Complexity."
ELATION AND DEPRESSION.	By the tones and their intervals from the lowest to the highest pitch.	By the various states of feeling, ranging from the lowest despondency to the topmost heights of exultation.

Thus are indicated corresponding planes between music and emotion, and these will assist us in realizing to the mind the processes by which one acts upon the other.

As the primary, and consequently fundamental constituent of music we consider melody first in order, and, secondly, its grand accessory and beautifier, harmony, for it is *melody* which serves in the art as the articulate voice medium of expression as related to emotion, becoming, under the inspiration of the composer, the embodiment, so to speak, of particular states of mind and feeling. By *melody*, is, of course, understood the rhythmic progression of notes, as distinguished from the grouping of notes or *harmony*.

It may be safely premised that most of us who have reached the years of maturity have experienced all of what may be termed the fundamental human emotions, varying, of course, in intensity and continuity with the susceptibility of the nature acted upon, and modified by attendant circumstances. Of these emotions, rising from time to time, those with which it is the peculiar province of music to deal do not always find commensurate expression, and this is particularly true of those tender sentiments with which music so continually employs itself, which emotions, in the majority of cases, are afforded but partial expression or lie voiceless within, ever ready to welcome opportunity for expression. As it is true that the major portion of mankind have experienced the fundamental emotions common to hu-

manity, so, conversely, is it true that all human emotion has been given expression through the repective media of art by the master-workers therewith; and this may be said of music alone within the limitations of the art. Thus it follows that all who can place themselves in sympathy with music may find therein expression for the fundamental emotion of the soul, inarticulate though it be as compared with the art of speech, while at the same time it is true that music serves as a medium of expression for deep-lying refinements of feeling, too subtle for the symbols of speech.

It is not unusual to meet in the course of our reading with a thought which we at once recognize as one which we have ourselves before known; in many instances, perhaps, in a form equally positive as that in which we find it preserved. It may be, however, that we have not given it expression, or if at all, we have not uttered it with any special definiteness. Some of the thoughts, however, which may thus be recognized, have presented themselves so evanescently to our consciousness that we can hardly claim them as our own, their merest outline only having passed before our mental vision without leaving any distinct impression, just as the prepared plate in the *camera* may be said to receive an imperfect outline only of an object if submitted to it but for an instant. Yet, again, we can conceive that there are still other thoughts in *embryo* which have only just reached the border-line of consciousness, as yet on the nether side, but the moment these come in contact with their related expression, they become quickened into action, as the electric spark springs forth the moment the complete conductor touches its source; up to that instant remaining dormant, though living. In like manner we conceive it to be the case with feeling. From the most neutral to those most actively alive, are there emotions waiting upon expression; their permanent, unfathomable nature making repeated expression ever welcome to them, which, indeed, may be said of all emotion. Others have been but partially expressed, while again there are those, (if we may be allowed to anticipate their existence) which, like the thought in

embryo, have not as yet taken their definite form, but which when brought in contact with their adequate conductor become vivified and produce their corresponding sensation.

May it not be that those nameless emotions which are experienced when we come under the influence of certain passages in the music of such magicians in the art as Beethoven, which we are unable satisfactorily to fix or define to our understanding, belong to the class last named, which, undefined though they be, afford us a pleasure of a very positive, albeit mysterious character? If the doctrine of metempsychosis were admissible, these stranger emotions might be accounted for by supposing them to pertain to some prior condition of existence, emotions which such music as that named alone is capable of awakening or giving utterance to in this present existence.

Admitting the theory that the master-workers in the art under consideration have comprehended all human feeling and created therefor adequate channels of expression, it follows that when we place ourselves under the influence of the art, in the hands of the interpreter, the active or latent feeling responds thereto, affording that pleasurable sensation which the expression of emotion always yields.

Let us apply our premises: In listeneng to a musical composition, we recognize it as dealing with some given sentiment. Not, perhaps, apprehending the exact phase of the sentiment treated, but the fundamental emotion to which it is related and, therefore, one which, accepting the hypothesis submitted, each auditor has already experienced in some degree—hence recognizes. Thus identified, our emotional nature responds thereto; in various degrees in each individual, as such of their several experiences as harmonize with the given sentiment vary—for as the composer colors the emotion interpreted with his own individuality, so does each auditor receive such interpretation in its application to his own particular experience, and more or less intense as the emotional nature prevails in the case of each listener respectively.

Furthermore, the effect will, of course, be in propor-

tion as the composer has possessed a nature capable of feeling and power to adequately interpret, through the art the given emotion.

Each auditor thus recognizing (by the intuition of feeling rather than by an intellectual apprehension) in the given *motif* the expression of a more or less familiar emotion which, in each particular case, may never have found adequate or but partial utterance, the emotional being which, so to speak, has been bearing the burden of the unuttered feeling, gladly welcomes and rests itself upon that expression, making it its own; thus experiencing that sense of satisfaction, the ultimate of which we know as pleasure.

Not only is it true, as has been said, that all mankind have experienced, in various degrees, the fundamental feelings of our human nature, but it is also a fact that most have known something of the more exalted emotions, such, for example, as those of the sublime, the heroic and the like; and it is more particularly true of these, (especially in this materialistic age) that they but seldom find exercise except that which may be termed the sympathetic expression afforded when we come under the influence of art.

Thus, such music as represents martial cadences, the pageantry of arms, or as relates to the more religio-sublime, those grand choral-form progressions and magnificent passages, as in oratorio, which we intuitively recognize as the utterance of emotion pertaining to the most exalted planes of feeling, may be said to awaken that profound sentiment which springs worshipfully from the apprehension of the divine conceptions presented in these grander creations of the art, and afford an expression to the sublimer emotions which elsewhere for the most part they know not, and the man or woman with but little of the religious or heroic in their nature may by this agency be moved to a depth which no other influence might ever reach. Under the inspiration of the class of music which excites the heroic sentiment, we feel that satisfaction which a quickening of the nobler impulses of the soul affords, while in the latter case, where the religious sentiment is brought into action, the soul is sub-

duced into a state of devotion and repose, or is exalted by the sentiment of reverence and adoration.

Moreover, it is to be remembered that this pleasure is largely enhanced by the "association process," which contributes in a large degree to the pleasure experienced, (as it does, indeed, in all analogous processes of mind) industriously gathering about such pleasureable feeling as a given theme or passage may awaken, all individual experiences in consonance therewith, which add their coloring to the dominant emotion.

Herein, then, seems to lie the primary source of the pleasure afforded by music, that it is an articulate voice, whereby we may find more or less adequate expression for the deepest emotions which inhabit the unfathomable recesses of the soul. Over and beyond the delectation which is thus derived from what may be termed the *soul* of music, there is a supplementary pleasure afforded by what may be termed the external *forms* of melody. This clearly arises from the perception, in its numerous rhythmic designs and varying cadences, of the beauty of symmetry, proportion and the like, thereby outlined before the mind, while at the same time, by the process of assimilation, may be suggested some of the multitudinous rhythms in the world of nature, in its familiar or more sublime manifestations. And here again is the "association process" found occupying itself, calling up before the mind the scenes where such manifestations are known, thus giving rise to other simple emotions, each contributing its pleasurable sensation, the aggregate of all being the "complex" or complete pleasure.

Moreover, the forms of melody delight us by their variety, elaboration and embellishment, affording a pleasure very similar to, if indeed not identical with that, experienced through the eye in contemplating the graceful or fantastic designs of line and curve wrought into delicate arabesques and infinite forms of beauty in a sister art.

Let us accept melody, then, as the prime source of that pleasure which music affords, not, of course, wishing to be understood that melody *per se* affords this pleasure, but that

as presented in musical compositions, it is the *primary* factor which produces the pleasurable emotion experienced. First, as being the embodied expression of human feeling, that is, the *soul* of it, and, secondly, by its external beauty of form and embellishment, all interwoven by harmony into the perfect whole.

The meed of pleasure which harmony contributes to the aggregate derived from music plainly results from the character and *color* which it imparts to, and from the rich vestments, so to speak, woven from its "concord of sweet sounds," in which it robes its subject.

As presented to the imagination, its innumerable combinations of beauty delight us now by their embroider-like richness, following which the imagination is conducted amid ingeniously developed progressions, from one enchanting surprise to another, now dazzling by their regal splendor, scintillating with rich decoration, as might the brilliant caparisons of a royal pageant glistening in the sunlight, awakening the more pleasurable phases of wonder and admiration; or again by their closely interwoven, yet, in point of continuance, broadly extended beauty, through which run the golden threads of melody, suggesting the velvety richness of superb tapestries, into which are woven uniquely delicate or boldly figured designs, and unnumbered other mental pictures of beauty, giving rise to other various and amplified phases of the emotions named, and so forth. All these harmonic variations, infinite in number, being ingeniously and artistically proportioned and combined, now in powerful contrasts, or again in the most delicate interfusions of sound, their effect upon the sensibilities may be said to be akin to that experienced in contemplating perfect combinations, gradations and interblending of colors, especially if in action as in a fine sunset, as when viewed across an expanse of water, upon which the rich masses of color are cradled into innumerable combinations of beauty. In this connection is recalled the thought, suggested by the author already mentioned, that the time may come when ingenuity will have devised instruments whereby *color* may be manipulated and

expressed in rhythmic action and harmonic combinations, *i. e.*, symphonies in color, which shall impart the same pleasure through the sense of sight that we now derive from symphonies in sound.

We have sought thus briefly to outline the view that the pleasure derived from music is produced:

First, by its fundamental constituent, *melody*, as furnishing a direct and most potent medium of expression to the most noble, most tender and consequently most demandful of human emotions, the importance of which service makes apparent the divineness of its mission;

Second, by the countless designs of beauty presented to the mind in its various and ever varying forms;

Third, by its riches of ornamentation and embellishment;

Fourth, by bringing into action the *association process*, which calls up before the mind that which amplifies emotion and delights the soul; and

Finally, that *harmony*, the grand auxiliary and beautifier of melody, completes and elevates the art until it may be said to become, in the result of its higher forms, a condition to which the soul (meaning that highest conscious being in which the emotional and intellectual natures are combined), is exalted, and abiding for a time attains the most supreme degree of pleasure known to the spiritual nature.

CHICAGO.

ROBERT R. MANNERS.

THE VALUE AND APPLICATION OF THE MINOR MODE.

WHERE is the lover of music who has not felt the peculiar charm produced by the intermingling and alternating of Major and Minor?—At the latter part of the seventeenth century when composers such as Domenico Scarlatti, Georg Haendel, Bach and all his glorious successors broke with the old church modes and adopted our modern system of Major and Minor, then the Minor had an opportunity to develop its beauty with rapidity. In all greater compositions frequent alternations of these two keys took place, sometimes only affecting a phrase or a section, at other times whole periods, parts and movements. Smaller pieces, it is true, were sometimes written in the major key only, but whenever one was composed in Minor it had to modulate into Major before it could return to or close in Minor. This peculiarity explains itself when we take into consideration that the great pillars of Harmony, the Tonic, Dominant and Sub-dominant consist all of major chords whilst in Minor the Tonic and Sub-dominant are Major but the Dominant Minor. Both keys contain besides a mixture of Major and Minor triads, but they are mainly used as substitutes or convenient mediums of transient modulations.

At all times, but especially before the 17th century, the scale was considered only as the material out of which the piece had to be constructed. Later on when the scale became an important exercise for singers and players it was also looked upon as an integral part of music besides being the progenitor of melody as well as of harmony.

Musical science tells us that each tone produces its own harmonic complement and that consequently harmony is of as antique date as melody ; but just as aluminium was existing long before it was discovered and its precious qualities

turned to practical use, so harmony had to wait for its discovery before it could bloom up in its splendor. In the ninth century it was discovered, in the fourteenth brought into actual use. In polyphony it played yet comparatively a very subordinate part, but under monophony it soon attained that independence which it preserved to this day.

The progress in the study of harmony reacted on the Minor Mode which was the so-called harmonic. It was not deemed sufficient any more for the demands of time; so it was supplanted by the melodic—or rather the melodic was added to it. Under the plea that the increased second between the sixth and seventh degree was unmelodic a foreign tone from another mode under the name of “passing note” was substituted for the sixth degree in its upward course and another for the seventh downward.

I said “under the plea.” But how could that be the true cause when even an author as A. Panseron in his “*Methode de Vocalization*” made the pure harmonic the foundation of his vocal exercises in minor? And does not the “well-tempered” pianoforte level that interval to that of a minor third if not in theory but in practical application? If it is so obnoxious in applying it to melodic forms why did Tausig use it exclusively in his “*Tägliche Studien*?” Herman Schranke in his “*Grammatik und Technique*” (Carl Simon, pub.) adds what he calls the “natural” to the harmonic and melodic; Lebert and Stark bless us with still another “variante” waiting for its baptism. I propose the name “mixed” for it is melodic ascending and the harmonic descending.

In instruction books it seems customary to introduce scales and chords and exercises without explanation, and Lebert and Stark did well to adhere to that custom, for the “mixed” is obviously not a variation from or improvement on the melodic but, to use a term in evolution, a degeneration; one step further and it submerges into the harmonic, for it re-establishes that odious interval—the augmented second.

It is only to be wondered that there are so few minor modes when the door has been opened to the invention of ever so many more.

How shall we then explain those aberrations from the original minor mode even reaching back as far as the Eolian with its leading tone occasionally raised?

Simply if we give up the idea that the scale is anything else but a well assorted material, not an integral part, a thing in itself, but a complement to a broken chord for different purposes, especially for that form of melody.

Melody clings to harmony and so does the scale to the chord. Here then comes the explanation.

The "harmonic" serves the Tonic, Dominant and Sub-Dominant; the "melodic" completes the Tonic ascending, the Sub-Dominant descending.

The "mixed" the Tonic ascending, the Dominant descending. The "natural" refers to the Eolian without the leading tone raised.

The Science of harmony is progressing steadily; it will revolutionize music as the science of evolution has revolutionized botany and zoology. It will reverse the order of classification and species in music. And all laborers in that field of art have to progress with it or stand back. There is for instance Hugo Rieman who marked that progress when he introduced in his "Klavierschule" the new forms of diatonic scales, calling them Tonic, Dominant and Sub-Dominant scales.

The time is not far when the chromatic scale will be considered as the only true scale, furnishing the material for both Major and Minor Modes and in fact for all kinds of compositions.

E. VON ADELUNG.

THE MUSICAL JOURNALIST.

Paper read by Mr. George B. Armstrong, editor of the *Chicago Indicator*, before the Illinois Music Teachers' Association, Thursday morning, July 6.

I HAVE discovered that the musical journalist has a mission, somewhat circumscribed, somewhat lower than the mission of the poet, the orator, the warrior, considerably lower, indeed, but a real mission nevertheless, and one that in the absence of something better will do very well. Let the young critic, the creature of recent growth talk about art and its relation to the public and the public and its relation to art. Let him write until the muscles of his fingers are weary about elevating the public taste and diffusing knowledge among the masses. If that does him any good let him have full sway. But an experience of fifteen years as a musical writer on the *Chicago Inter Ocean* and the *Chicago Evening Post*, and later as an editor of the *Chicago Indicator* convinces me that in the matter of elevating the public taste and diffusing knowledge there is a great gulf between the ambition and the realization.

The bee has its place in the economy of nature. It stings and it makes honey. So the music critic fills his place in the economy of society. He often stings and sometimes makes honey. His chief use is to bring the musician nearer to the public, to keep him in good form, to make the people acquainted with his or her talents, in a general way to dress him or her, up in their best attire, and then to raise them on a pedestal, "like patience on a monument smiling at grief," where the art worshiping community may inspect them at leisure. When the musical writer does that he fulfills his mission in this world about as well as he can.

The time will come when musical criticism in the United States will approach nearer to an ideal condition than it does now. It is nearer that condition in the east than it is in the

west but even here we have made great strides towards perfection. When I look back and think of the evolution in newspaper criticism that has taken place during these fifteen years, I find an abundance of food for reflection. To-day the reader of the newspaper demands that the newspaper critic shall be honest and capable. He must understand his business, and if not a practical musician he must know enough of musical history and musical literature to steer clear of rocks and shoals and to write intelligently upon the topic. The great public is becoming cultured more and more as the years roll by. The critic must keep pace with it. The people take a wider interest in music, and that means that they not only like to hear good music but that they like to read about the compositions and the composers. There is nothing quite so silly, as the man, young or old, who tries to pose as a teacher when he has not the requisite qualifications, when his knowledge is only skin deep.

That unfortunate Chicago newspaper man who, in an evil moment two years ago, eulogized a great performance of "Faust" at the Auditorium, in which those consummate artists, the two DeReszkes took part, and who dwelt with misplaced earnestness upon the great master piece of Verdi instead of letting Gounod have the author's credit, will always be held up by his co-critics for public obloquy in company with the dramatic critic on the same journal, who about fifteen years ago elaborately reviewed a fine performance of Shakspeare's "Richelieu," forgetting all about Bulwer's bones when he wrote it!

Neither of these men could get a position on a Chicago newspaper to-day in a critical capacity, for their mistake sticks to them like a burr on a woolen garment. The newspaper editor knows that a man who errs in this way once is likely to err in the same way again. It shows a constitutional defect in the memory. Newspapers in these times of broad culture demand that their critics shall be masters of the common details of their art.

Musical criticism has kept company with taste in its evolution. There was a time in the history of Chicago jour-

nalism when the horse reporter, or the base ball reporter or the police reporter would be assigned to write a review of a concert or an opera. If he interjected something about a certain singer in a duet passing under the wire a neck ahead, or of a pianist getting in on the home run in elegant shape, or that another singer screamed on a high note as if a policeman had her by her hair, all that was relished by the public, callow as it was, and the newspaper man who could do this work uniquely was rather a good deal of a fellow, indeed! Then the public were inclined to ridicule the critic who wrote about cantabile style, the singing quality of a piano, and legato touch, as if that were vain and useless display. The newspaper editors were not much better. I remember when I was the musical writer on the staff of the *Inter Ocean* that, in the latter half of the '70's, I wrote an article on Clarence Eddy's organ playing on some particular occasion and referred to his masterly pedal technique. The next day the editor of the paper, Mr. William Penn Nixon, met me with a broad and merry grin upon his kind face. "Pedal technique," he said by way of greeting, and he broke into a hearty laugh, "Pedal technique, what in the name of Heaven is that?" He knew that it was something about the feet, but what the feet had to do with a musical performance seemed to be beyond his ken. All of the older members of the staff laughed at me and my pedal technique as if I had been the victim of an o'er-leaping ambition, and in my attempt to appear wise had only made myself extremely ridiculous.

Now the critic who cannot intersperse his article with technical terms if necessary, and use them in the right place, is a useless appendage in a newspaper office. The public knows these things and the critic must know them too.

Musical criticism in Chicago amounted to nothing as a distinctive branch of the newspaper business until Mr. George P. Upton fashioned it. He is the father of the modern style of music criticism in this city. He is a polished writer, a man of keen discrimination and a student of musical history and literature. He made his paper, the

Chicago *Tribune*, a power in musical circles, and his opinion was always respected. To Mr. Upton the older musicians of this city are deeply indebted. He aided many of them to realize their hopes, and to all he ever extended a helping hand and the necessary amount of fatherly counsel, for musicians are only human, after all. For years we worked together in the same field and I am well acquainted with his virtues. Even after he gave up fighting in the front line of battle, in a musical way, his influence and learning have maintained their potency. He fires off, now and then, his musical broadsides in the editorial columns of the *Tribune* when there is any heavy shooting to be done, and his works on music have filled up many an empty critic with knowledge and helped many a connoisseur and student to find the goal of all research.

Few of the musical writers on the press really understand the power that they can wield. They do not understand it because they do not stop to think about it. For that reason a critic should always be generous. Musicians may smile at the want of profound learning on the newspaper critic's part and may say that he can do them no harm. Nor can he when the musician has reached a height far above mediocrity. Profound learning is not absolutely necessary in a newspaper critic. He should have a thorough knowledge of his subject but it is not necessary for him to be able to write a symphony or an opera to be a good critic. He must be honest, granting that he is familiar with his subject, and he must be above all an entertaining writer. This latter quality is absolutely essential. The public want to be entertained as well as instructed nowadays, and if the critic cannot write entertainingly he cannot attract the attention of the people. It is this ability to write entertainingly that gives him the greatest part of his power. The profound musician often makes a poor critic because he is apt to measure every one else by inflexible personal standards, and personal likes and dislikes.

The honest critic is necessary to the musician, and there he newspaper writer is one ahead. The musician is not

necessary to his happiness. The critic individualizes him, and helps him to win a name. Some of you may be inclined to doubt this. If you will think that a newspaper with 50,000 circulation, which is reasonable for Chicago, is read by 200,000 persons, you will appreciate the extent of his influence. How could you reach this army of people if it were not for the kindly disposed musical journalist? By putting a page advertisement in the paper? That would cost too much in proportion to its benefits, and granting that every music teacher in this city can afford an outlay of \$400 or \$500 twice or thrice a year for printer's ink, yet the display "ad" will not go as far as a few words of praise from the musical writer.

Therefore treat the critic with consideration. If he is not fair or honest haul him over the coals for it. Spare him not. But if he is fair and honest, and is entitled to your respect, give it to him. He can help you more than you think he can. The world is not only big enough for both of you but you ought to go up and down the hill of life together, like John Anderson, my Jo, John, and his gude wife.

The lion and the lamb should lie down together in harmony, even if it is not necessary for a little child to lead them. And I for one will be unselfish enough, if it will reconcile these conflicting elements, to let the critic be the lambs, and the musicians be the lions!

GEO. B. ARMSTRONG

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

PART III.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VII.

“He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind.....He applies the definition of real evil to bodily suffering exclusively——.

She holds Nature more clever.....She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.”

Charles Lamb.

Cleo followed the course her husband had taken, and climbed the two flights of stairs, but when the third floor was gained she advanced to a door communicating with the rear flat, where a cardboard sign announced:

Mrs. Dawley, Seamstress.

After knocking several times without receiving an answer, she turned the knob and entered a tiny room where a pale little man sat writing, looking like a bird in its nest, curled up as he was in a huge invalid chair, surrounded and half smothered by pillows.

“I beg your pardon!” exclaimed the intruder, “I knocked, and knowing you might be alone, ventured to enter. You are Mr. Dawley, I presume?”

“Yes,” a little irritably. “Come nearer, for I’m deaf!”

She came to his side saying gently:

“I came in search of your wife, who was once a very dear friend to me.

That’s right,” said Mr. Dawley, “she’ll be very glad to see you. She stepped out but now to do a little marketing. I’m an invalid and a sore care to the little woman, but I’m

blessed above most mortals for I've the best wife in the world. If you knew her years ago, you know her now, the same busy, cheerful little body always thinking of every one but herself. I do a little writing for Dr. Dodd, and that helps a trifle. I'm sorry she isn't here, but don't feel compelled to talk to me; I know you'll excuse me if I keep on writing, for this has to be finished this evening. Here are some fashion books, maybe you'll amuse yourself with them while you're waiting."

"Like most men," thought Cleo, "he fancies nothing but style and dress can interest a woman," but instead of looking at the books she busied herself with studying the man before her and his surroundings. The room was small, but so neat and restful. Every corner bore impress of the same oversight. The carpet was worn and shabby, but mended with care. A large old-fashioned "lounge" almost filled one side of the room, and the snowy pillow and rose-colored blanket were undoubtedly arranged in the prettiest way to coax the invalid into taking much needed rest. Upon a small table at his elbow were a pitcher of water and glass. An ingenious device attached to the arm of his chair furnished him with a writing-table. A small rocking-chair and work basket occupied the opposite corner. A bed covered with the whitest of counterpanes and adorned with lace-bordered "shams" filled nearly all the remaining space.

Mr. Dawley seemed to belong to the room. A spare, shrunken form slightly stooped, hair whitened prematurely by suffering, face perfectly smooth, and mild blue eyes all spoke of a nature refined and ennobled by years of pain and inaction. His clothes were worn almost threadbare, but guiltless of spots or stains; his linen pure and clean and the plain black tie knotted in the most precise fashion. When Cleo had gotten as far in her observations as the bird cage over the work basket, the door opened and a little woman entered. Her face was alive with kindness and good-will and the honest gray eyes were full of tears as she welcomed her visitor.

Mrs. Coleman had heard of her old friend's misfortunes

and hoped to be of some assistance to her, though no one could mention charity in the same breath with the independent little creature. A time was set when she should come to Cleo, who declared that everything in the house needed sewing, and Mrs. Dawley accompanied her friend to the door, saying, as she cast a backward glance at the quiet form in the invalid chair, "Poor fellow! he's to be pitied and no mistake. He's been an invalid for fifteen years, and what that man has suffered no one knows but himself. You see, he's most helpless now, but when we were married twenty years ago he was as handsome and active a man as you'd wish to see, and for five years I didn't know what a care or sorrow was. Then one morning when he was getting out of his buggy his foot slipped, he fell to the ground and struck his back, and the doctors said his spine was injured and he might never be able to sit up. He got well enough to be propped up in his chair, and has been as you see him for fifteen years, and it's a blessing to think he's as well off as he is, for a better, kinder, truer man never lived, and if he can't practice medicine as he was doing, he turns his studies to account, and writes for the medical journals, so I'm thankful it's no worse. I mustn't leave him any longer though. You can't guess how thankful I am for your kindness!"

Cleo closed the door and stepped into the hall. At the same instant, Dr. Coleman walked briskly from the front flat and hurried toward the staircase, reaching it just in time to confront his wife as she, too, gained the landing. Though accustomed to guard against surprise at every turn, for many of his doings would scarcely bear inquiring into, his face paled, and he grasped the railing to steady himself. Cleo was also lost in astonishment at this unexpected *rencontre*, for she had every reason to suppose he was at Bridgeman. She would have looked upon his presence there as a professional necessity, however, but for his cowardly conduct. His behaviour convinced her that he was there for no good purpose, and without a word she hurried down the stairs and was seated in the carriage before he appeared in the doorway.

Once at home, locked in her own room, the storm broke and waves of passionate anger and scornful self-pity swept through the outraged woman's heart, as she walked rapidly back and forth in a perfect fury, looking like some queen of tragedy as she stalked up and down the room, the society mask thrown off as she feels for a brief time secure from intrusion. Her dark eyes flash and the mobile lips quiver, while she lives over again similar scenes, where she has feigned indifference while suffering such humiliating torture.

"How *can* I bear it?" she murmured. "What have I ever done that I should be cursed in this way? If he possessed any quality of mind or heart which I might in the least respect, but low, base, cunning and suspicious, all that is bad, the whole mass of deceit hidden beneath that everlasting smile, worse than a devil's. If I might only go away how willingly I'd work. What would I not do if I might only have my freedom. If there *is* a God how *can* he see his children suffer so? I wonder if it will be possible to go on year after year like this. I am alive and love life so well, but can I always live without human love and companionship as I am doing now? Always, as long as we both shall live, until death parts us! Oh, God above!" she cried, dropping to her knees in a paroxysm of despair. "Help me! save me from the awful crime of wishing him dead!" Her torture might well turn her brain. Groveling there, dry-eyed with white, drawn features, no one would trace any resemblance between her and the queenly Mrs. Coleman, whose most intimate friends were wont to say:

"Cleo's a grand woman, but so cold, almost too still and indifferent," little imagining the coldness they deplored was but the cloak that covered her passionate loves and hatreds, which, once let loose, swept all before them, like the flame and lava belched forth from the volcano, but yesterday so peaceful and quiet.

While she remained there totally oblivious of time, the afternoon drew to a close. She arose at length exhausted, crossed the room wearily, and paused a moment at the open

window. A sombre silence had settled over the landscape, even the whispering of the trees being stilled in an expectant hush, save when a shiver of anticipation stirred the leaves as with an electric current. Afar off labored an incoming train, the deep breaths of the locomotive being borne in regular pulsations to her. As she listened a mad desire for liberty, an inexpressible longing to break from the present monotony of misery, came over her.

"If I could only go away, only fly from the horrible lying existence I now lead," she murmured, "but I am accursed! It is hopeless!"

Suddenly, as if in sympathy with her distress and weary of the stillness, myriads of birds began to twitter and chirp, their cries coming to her overstrained senses with an ominous foreboding sound. A knock at the door made her start and shiver. She asked, without moving, "What's wanted?"

"I want *you*," came her husband's voice.

"I cannot come now," she answered coldly.

"You've barely time to dress for dinner. Don't keep me waiting, for I've an engagement," said the doctor.

She tore open the collar of her dress as though she were about to suffocate, muttering with parched lips:

"Dress! go on and live the lie to the end, no matter what one suffers, so others may remain blind!"

She stood listening until his steps could be no longer heard, then, with a sigh of relief, turned again to the open window. The rain was falling softly, pattering upon the green leaves in a monotonous undertone. The birds were chirping briskly as they hopped from twig to twig in search of a sure retreat. Suddenly the sun showed his bright, glad face, making the rain drops seem like falling diamonds, while a distant hill, behind which an inky cloud hung like a pall raised its brow toward a beautiful rainbow hovering lovingly above. With one fluttering smile it was gone, but Cleo looked upon it as a bow of promise for she was easily influenced by circumstances too trifling to be noticed by wiser people.

As the sun came out clearly to occupy his throne for a

few brief moments, before he should abdicate in favor of the Lady Moon the watcher turned from the window with the light of hope shining once more in her beautiful eyes, and as she hastened to dress, she thought: "It is surely a good omen and if I do my best it will be brighter bye and bye."

She had finished dressing and stood with the key in her hand about to leave the room, when a servant after knocking inquired:

"Can you see Mrs. Cleugh? She is in the parlor."

"Yes, say I will be down directly," and once more Mrs. Coleman assumed the society smile and descended to meet the waiting guest.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

Corentry Patmore.

Cleo would have preferred meeting almost any one of her acquaintance rather than the lady in question, but Mrs. Cleugh had not the slightest suspicion of the fact and as Cleo entered the room she was greeted with:

"My *dear* Mrs. Coleman, I *do* hope I've not interrupted you in a pleasant *tete-a-tete* or interfered with any previous engagement. I should be *so* distressed!"

"None whatever," answered Cleo. "Pray be seated. You seem to have escaped the shower."

"Yes, I've just come from Mrs. Hausen's, where I stayed much longer than I intended to, but she seems so unhappy, and I, for one, can't understand why. Her husband seems to be one of the best men in the world."

"She'll get no news from me," was Cleo's mental resolve, but she answered:

“Indeed? only imagination most likely.”

“I don't think so. She says she's so lonesome and does wish she'd gone home with her mother. She's in real earnest and wished she'd never married, and I don't know all. I think it must be kind of hard for her, she hates music so.”

“Mere talk, most likely,” said Cleo. “How is Miss Lily? I trust she will soon be about again.”

“Yes, she's doing as well as could be expected. She's such a dear child. It'd be a blessed thing for Mrs. Hausen if she had a family of children to look after. She wouldn't have any time to be lonesome, I can vouch for that much.”

“She might not be so lonely, but I can't agree with you in thinking it would be a good thing for her or any one else concerned. I cannot understand why people expect a woman who is unfitted to govern herself to be in her element bringing up a family of little ones. The discipline might prove very beneficial to the woman in such a case but consider the poor children.”

“Oh, I don't know but what they get along about as well,” said Mrs. Cleugh. “I was awfully discontented when I was young and look at the family I've raised.” Cleo forebore criticising the family, saying in reply:

“You may be right; but I have long believed that only happy people should be mothers, for they surely need all the stimulus of love, the constant support of perfect unchanging affection, if they would be all a mother should. It is no wonder we hear so many cross fretful children at every street corner if we remember that half the mothers toil on year after year heart-broken and despairing.”

“You have no children, I believe?”

“None; my one babe died when scarcely three months old, and though I grieved bitterly at the time, I can understand now that it was better so. But—have you mislaid something?”

Mrs. Cleugh had left her seat to examine a book lying open upon a table hard by, and after glancing at the title the good lady dropped it quickly, covered it with a newspaper and sat down upon the nearest sofa.

“Mislaid something,” she echoed, “no, but I’ve received a shock. You—that is—.” After a moment’s hesitation the visitor crossed the room on tiptoe, seated herself beside her bewildered hostess and continued:

“I’m glad Lily couldn’t come with me to-day, that’s one *sure* thing!”

“Indeed? Why so, may I ask?”

“I—you—” then in a whisper with a stealthy look around as if fearful the walls might indeed have ears, “You don’t read such books as the one I just covered up, do you?”

“What was it?” answered Cleo, at a loss to account for the behaviour of her guest. Taking the book in question from its smothered position she smiled as she replied:

“‘Anna Karenina’? why, of course I read such books, why not?”

“I never thought it of you, Mrs. Colemann, and can’t understand it. I *do detest* such trash.”

“*You* read Tolstoi then?”

“*Me!!! Never!* I wouldn’t have one of his books in the house for the world!”

“Then how do you know they are so very dreadful?” said Cleo, really amused at the good-natured lady’s uneasiness.

“I’ve heard people say so that know; and they’ve been denounced from the pulpit time and again.”

“Probably by pastors who never read them. I believe if more women would read and weigh well such books as this one, the world would be a better place to live in; for Tolstoi backed by the whole school of French writers of our time, hasn’t begun to do the real harm some of our sensational lady writers are doing every day, when they depict some impossibly beautiful miss scarce out of her teens dying of love for a man double her age who is already encumbered with a wife who accommodately commits suicide in next to the last chapter, just as the school girl was about to expire of heart-break. It is all so impossible! Common sense teaches us they are much more apt to die from over-eating caramels or ice-cream. Any woman of average sense who

reads Tolstoi's description of the fate of the wife who considered the world well lost for love's sake, will pause ere she falls into a like error."

"You're too deep for me, and I might as well give it up; but you'll acknowledge it *looks* bad to have such books around."

"No, it doesn't look at all out of the way to people who ever read them, and those who judge the honest work of a writer like Tolstoi without taking the trouble to read and judge for themselves, could never express an opinion which would have any weight with me."

"I'm sorry to see you so set in your way; but we won't quarrel over it. I must really be going, though. Lily'll be wondering what's kept me so long. Give my regards to the doctor. He's *such* a fine man, Mrs. Colemann! I should think you'd be almost jealous, all the ladies think so much of him."

Mrs. Cleugh favored Cleo with an inquisitive glance as she made this witty remark, but the doctor's wife smiled brightly as she answered.

"Oh no; instead of being jealous I consider it a compliment to my good taste in selecting so agreeable a husband, and so long as he loves me better than all the rest why should I care?"

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Cleugh blandly. "Poor thing," she mused, "if there ever was a badly fooled woman she's one; if she only knew of the doctor's going on——"

Cleo meanwhile complimented her late guest with the epithet:

"Old cat! I wonder what she came for. There's one comfort, she didn't learn anything of Millie's affairs, or mine, from me, so maybe she'll stay at home and mind her own business another time. It's a sin to treat such people with common civility. Poor Millie, I wonder if that woman has been badgering *her* half the afternoon. How I do wish she'd keep her unhappiness to herself. She's making a sad mistake. How could a man like Carl Hausen choose such an onentity for a wife?—That's funny, to ask myself the very

question I answered for him the other evening; I couldn't help it, though. I never saw such speaking eyes, and he needed comforting so much; for Millie *did* make a goose of herself. I think I spoke the truth, too, for surely some ideal charm must have won him. It's too bad, too bad; for he'll starve, as many others do for lack of sympathy at home to say nothing of being nagged and tormented by such a little wasp as Millie is fast becoming. Heigh-ho! it's a strange world. If Carl Hausen had a little more firmness he'd be a grand man, but he'll let her torment all the ambition out of him. If he'll play as I know he *can* play for our concert. I'm sure I've never heard him do his best——"

Cleo's soliloquy was interrupted by a fresh relay of callers and Carl was forgotten for the present.

She had taken a very accurate measurement of our young musician. He was *not* doing his best, and more than one anxious friend was aware of the fact. His life during the few preceding weeks had been one round of irksome duties, for Millie had succeeded in making of herself a haunting consciousness that was ever at his side. All his life previous to his marriage had been filled with music and he had bidden fair to rank among the first composers of his time. All this was now changed. He felt no desire or ambition to write since Millie had presided over his home, for her utter lack of sympathy with his pursuits was like a ghostly hand, frightening away whatever creative impulses he might be blessed with. He had made several futile attempts to resume his habits of study, stopping at the studio after lessons were over for the day; but a certainty that Millie was complaining at his absence and the surety of finding her tearful and despairing upon his arrival at home effectually put to flight all musical thoughts and fancies. A feeling of distrust of himself and his own powers was fast taking possession of him. The utter contempt with which his wife treated both him and his musical friends had a rasping effect upon mind and nerves, and he felt altogether unhinged and unfit for work of any kind, even the wearying wearing hours of every day teaching. Cleo had awakened a new train of thought, and

he had been surprised several times since the reception to find himself jotting down airy bits of melodies, for the artistic aptitude still existed and only awaited the inspiration of sympathy and congenial companionship to blossom forth in sweetest sound. His salvation was being worked out for him, however upon the principle "'t is an ill wind that bodes no good," for selfish people occasionally benefit others as well as themselves, and though like children who refuse to swallow the most beneficial dose we rave and rail against fate, we sometimes find ourselves remarkably improved after the bitter tonic is once swallowed.

CHAPTER IX.

"Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Tam O'Shanter.

At the moment Cleo's door closed upon her unwelcome visitor, Carl Hausen walked towards his home in a most unsatisfactory frame of mind. The stillness of the storm-laden atmosphere seemed oppressive adding a shade of bitterness to his gloomy thoughts, for he was filled with foreboding and anxiety for his future success.

Though he did not acknowledge the fact, even to himself the certainty of a season of complaining and reproach from Millie weighed upon his spirit. He was more than an hour late this evening and experience assured him a scolding awaited him. The door had scarcely opened to admit him when Millie appeared in the hall with eyes red and swollen, and hair tumbled out of any semblance to style. The war of words began at once:

"I'm not going to stand it another day and you needn't think I will!"

The tears had vanished and a fiery glance shot from the blue eyes.

"What do mean, Millie?"

Though he knew very well, he asked the question in the

vain hope of mollifying the irate little lady. "You know well enough!" she replied "or if you don't it's because you don't care. I can't stay here alone all the time while *you* dawdle the hours away wherever you please."

Carl faced his wife with a surprised stare, for she had never spoken her mind so plainly, before.

"Millie," he answered quietly, though a very tempest of wrath was brewing within him, "I don't think you realize what you are saying. I am sorry I was obliged to be solate; but Lily Cleugh sprained her ankle, as you know, and I went to the house to give her a lesson after closing the studio. If you'll give me a mouthful of dinner, I'll talk to you as long as you like; but I'm half famished and wholly tired."

"There isn't any dinner," said Millie as she turned toward the parlor, "this isn't an hotel, where you can have meals at all hours!"

"No!" exclaimed Carl hotly "it isn't one half as comfortable as an hotel; for there one could at least have peace and quiet by paying for it; and that's more than I can say for this house."

"That's right, keep all your ill-temper for me! I'm getting used to it," said Millie shortly.

"I'm not ill-tempered;" the husband answered wearily, "but what in the world *can* I do to stop this eternal complaining?"

"Something beside talking by the hour with Lily Cleugh while I wait at home for you."

"Millie, one would think you were jealous."

"I'm not; don't flatter yourself, for I don't really care enough for you to be jealous."

Carl winced at the brutal truth of the words for he felt convinced that she was giving voice to her real sentiments.

"I'm not jealous," she repeated, "but I'm tired to death of this kind of a life. It's all very well for that simpering young Miss you've been teaching while you should have been eating your dinner to say in her silly way: 'I think Mr. Hausen's perfectly *de-light-ful*.' She wouldn't think so if she could see you early in the morning tearing

about the house after a collar button, or swearing under your breath for half an hour because your necktie doesn't go the very way you want it to."

"I wasn't aware I was so given to profanity," said Carl loftily.

"Oh, I don't mean the worst sort; but your mild kind of swearing is just as undignified as something more emphatic would be, I should fancy."

"And *I* fancy that *everything* *I* do is disagreeable to *you*," replied Carl as he walked back and forth across the little parlor.

"I quite agree with you," she said with such provoking coolness that the last vestige of self-control vanished from the husband as he faced her suddenly saying in a low intense tone:

"Can you imagine for one moment that our union hasn't been as great a mistake for me as for you? Do you think a man can make anything of himself with a cross complaining woman continually hanging about after him? If I'd ever dreamed how little real interest you'd take in anything or anybody but yourself, I'd have cut my throat sooner than made such a mistake, I can assure you!"

"I really wish you'd known then; *I'd* have been better off, that's certain."

"*You!* that's all you can think of. Self first and last. Mr. Crosby was right; a woman like you would drag any man down."

"Mr. Crosby's an old crank, and I believe *all* your musical lights are, as well. A pretty business, truly, talking about me with your precious friends!"

Carl discovered his mistake too late. "I didn't do anything of the kind," he began.

"Stop!" cried Millie. "You either *have* lied to me or you're going to, and it is altogether unnecessary."

"Listen, Millie! I have never talked of you with Mr. Crosby or any one else; but I have heard his opinion of women who care for nothing save their own enjoyment, and when you behave as you have this evening I naturally com-

pare you to them. I hope you will believe me, for however little you may think of me, I have never forgotten that you are my wife and entitled to all outward respect."

"Outward! yes I think the life you live is 'outward' and nothing more."

"Millie, how can you misjudge me so? That we fail utterly to understand each other is unfortunate for both of us; and if you can suggest any method by which we may avoid a repetition of to-night's scene I shall be grateful; I *must* attend to my business if we are to have comforts of life. You surely know that."

"No, I *don't* know that you must be away *all* of the time. Why not give up this slavish life and move to Elmwolde. Papa would be glad to give us a home with him and you could teach enough to pay our other expenses."

"You surely are not in earnest, Millie."

"I should like to know why? I was always happy at home and I've been miserable every minute since I came here."

"But you forget that Elmwolde is no place for any man with artistic aspirations——"

"Artistic fol-de-rol! It's all gammon to bother yourself and every one else to death about such nonsense. More than half the people in the world look upon musicians as a set of lunatics anyway, and I'm very much inclined to agree with them."

"You surely can't complain of any annoyance *you* have experienced on account of my musical ideas, for I've taken pains not to intrude them since I discovered how little you care for anything in the least ideal," said Carl bitterly.

"No, you don't *say* anything, but I know you're dying to *do* something musical if you have half an hour to yourself."

"I can't make myself over to suit you, Millie."

"No, that's the trouble;" she answered in the most matter of fact way, "it isn't at all likely you can."

Carl rose abruptly saying:

"It's useless to talk. We've made a sad mistake and we're both aware of the fact; but as we *are* tied together let

us at least be civil to each other. I'll step out to the restaurant and get a lunch. Quarreling won't help the matter. We're husband and wife, and the only thing we can do is to make the best of it."

Millie watched him until he disappeared around a neighboring corner, then curling herself up in a comfortable chair she arranged the light to her satisfaction murmuring as she picked up the last number of *The Ladies Journal*:

"Do the best we can? What stupids these men are after all. You may do whatever you please, Mr. Carl, and I'll do the same."

(CONTINUED.)

ROBERT FRANZ.

BY the death of Robert Franz on the 24th of October, 1892, the world lost one of the greatest masters of modern song. The revolutionary epoch in musical art, in the height of which Franz lived, has had many eminent expositors in the realm of song, but, perhaps, its most clearly defined types are Schubert, Schumann and Franz. When music, holding its mirror up to human nature, caught and reflected the spirit of unrest following the French Revolution, the classic beauty of the earlier school which finds its consummation in Mozart, establishing and perfecting for all time the highest forms of instrumental composition and yet writing with little reference to the expression of individual feeling,—was felt to be too impersonal an art for this age of individual development. Then arose a school of composition whose first tenet was internal beauty of spirit as distinguished from external beauty of form, the key-note of this romanticism being that art should be above all “the soul’s language for the expression of its life.” It seems only natural that as this intensely subjective movement in music grew and waxed strong, song-writing, the most frank and personal of arts, should come into greater prominence. For song-writing, as a great critic affirms, can never be impersonal, but in the utmost degree depends upon a true expression of the life of the composer. The profound poetry of the modern German Lied, as developed by its three great masters, Schubert, Schumann and Franz, forms a golden age in musical creation. Standing, in the triple alliance of song, about midway, æsthetically, between Schubert and Schumann, and uniting many of the characteristics of both, Franz superadds qualities which the Lied has received at no other hands. His voice sounds through musical art distinct from every other note. Born at Halle

on the Saale on June 28th, 1815, the early years of Franz were uneventful in the extreme. His parents, plain, industrious, burgher people, belonged to a tribe of Celtic or Wendish origin called "Halleoren," who were the first workers of the salt springs of Halle before the time of Charlemagne. They kept up their peculiar language, customs and dress for many centuries apart from their German neighbors, and were endowed with peculiar rights and privileges. Young Robert's talent for music received its first nourishment in the secluded home circle where he joined in the singing of the old German chorales, transmitted to us from the time of the Reformation and from the great father of German Protestant church music, Johann Sebastian Bach. The first musical attempts of Robert at the public schools which he attended were disastrous. He received many reprimands, and not infrequently punishment, for making up and singing a second part to the unison songs taught in school. Neither did encouragement from his parents meet his inborn love for music. At his repeated requests musical instruction was given him, though the local teachers procured, seem to have been unable to give much assistance to a pupil who soon left them behind. But his thirst for the living waters of genuine art could not be quenched, so he wandered one day to the neighboring town of Dessau, where a great theoretician, Friedrich Schneider, then chapel-master to the court, undertook the direction of his studies in theory and counterpoint. Franz composed much in his own way, but could not be forced into the musical straight-jacket of his master. Suddenly he reappeared in his native Halle. He had reached the age of twenty-two and found no path marked out for him. Against the advice of parents and friends, without fortune or definite occupation, he spent the next six years in persistent study of the master works of the past. All he had to do was to grow. Bach, Beethoven and Schubert, through their works, were his tutors, his friends, the companions of his daily walks, the guides to his endeavors.

Those days of which Emerson tells us, when the great of

the world's history descend to walk with us, when we breathe their atmosphere and think their thoughts, were often the portion of Franz in these transitional years.

Wagner, sleeping with the score of the Beethoven quartettes under his pillow, and waking to make the master his daily bread, never brought to his study more devout earnestness than did Franz during this period when the best that music has known became his own. It was at this time that Franz laid the foundation of that knowledge of Bach and Händel in which, in his later years, no living musician was his peer.

Finally, after six years of waiting, his great musical acquirements were recognized, and he was appointed University Music Director, organist at the Ulrichskirche, director of the "Academie Liedertafel" and of the "Sing Academie." The agitations in the religious, philosophical, and art world of 1837, nourished by the "Hallesche Jahrbücher," edited by Arnold Ruge, influenced greatly Franz's creative energies. Accompanied by a small circle of friends, who, like the peripatetics of Greece, followed the master in his daily walks, they went to a small café garden near Halle, where the composer vigorously discussed the art productions of the past and present. But the truth, as it is in music, was to be brought home to him only in the depths of his nature, and he was to gather new strength from trial, making, like Heine and Schubert, "his great sorrows into his little songs."

Two years before the publication of his twelve songs, which first attracted the attention of that thoughtful critic, Robert Schumann, and, through his enthusiastic admiration, that of the entire musical world, Franz's hearing began to fail, nervous disorders and eventually almost complete deafness followed, and finally, being obliged to give up all public occupation, he was reduced to the most extreme poverty. Through the generous efforts in his behalf of Liszt, Joachim and other friends, he was relieved from want, concerts being arranged for his benefit, and a fund collected. America, also, had the honor of a share in this fund for the scholar-

musician, and at last a pension was to have been given him by his native land, though through the workings of enemies he was prevented from receiving it. But though indelible traces of sadness had been left upon his nature from many sorrows, the later years of his life were free from disquietude.

Unlike most of his brother composers, Robert Franz resisted the impulse to make the public the confidant of his earlier strivings in the paths of Apollo. The raw compositions of the Dessau period, sins, in his opinion, against the forbearance of Muses, were mostly consigned to consuming flames or the omnivorous waste-basket, before his genius, full blown, unfolded itself to the world.

In 1843 Franz published a set of twelve songs, Op. 1, which it is not too high praise, according to the critics, to declare, have never been surpassed in symmetry of form and depth of feeling. We were not enabled to trace the steps by which this perfection had been reached, the good points of his faults and the weak sides of his excellence had been subjected to such rigorous self-criticism before they were embodied in tone, that in these earliest works there is the same breadth and inward elevation as in the later flawless musical lyrics. Nothing here is sketchy, nothing incomplete, although we find the most spontaneous directness in the expression of individual emotion. In searching for the influences which gave the Franz lyric its distinguishing quality, we must look first to the national wealth of German Volkslieder, for, deeply-rooted in Teutonic feeling, no songs so closely as his resemble in type and spirit the old German church and folk-song.

If Schubert, who pointed the way to all successors in lyrical ballads, was especially a child of the people, drawing rich treasures from popular song, Franz, too, drank at that fountain of inspiration until the naïve and simple beauty of the Volkslieder gave to his genius its characteristic direction. The works of the minnesingers passed into the folk-songs, which, animated by the grace and flexibility of a master-touch, became the groundwork of his lyric.

What Chopin did in idealizing the dance forms, Franz has done for the songs of Germany and Scotland. Like Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Schubert, Franz has been much influenced by Scottish song, finding there an element which he has enriched and poetized with all the immense resources of his art.

In the poetry of Burns, also, he finds congenial word-pictures for musical elaboration. Here, as elsewhere, in words adapted for musical treatment, poetry suggests the beauty which the sister-art fully realizes. What Franz thought of the suitability of texts may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to a young poet who had sent him a collection of poems by "an unknown." He wrote under date June 30th, 1881: "I was made glad by the fresh life which pervades them, but for composition they are not well adapted, since they say already everything, leaving too little play-room for music. Heinrich Heine, the thoroughly unmusical man, remains in this respect a model for all time, he only touches a sentiment which music siezes with avidity."

Indeed Franz seems to have sympathized more profoundly with Heine in all the conflicting impulses which made the poet's heart a battle-ground, than did any other composer, with the exception of Schumann. But it was not only the keen precision of thought and "the mocking laugh with the sob below it" of Heine with which our composer was in touch. The serene calm of Goethe's short poems has gained new and exalted tone-life through him, the richness of imagination of Rückert has been reflected in his music, nearly all the bards of Germany have been interpreted by the aid of his art. The wide range of subjects which are treated in the 257 songs of Franz, tempt one to believe that in catholicism of taste he caught the falling mantle of Schubert, and continued the task of "setting all of German literature to music." But our composer is disconcerted by an indifferent literary subject, and it is only to great poetry that he fits great music. The songs vary in interest, but where a lack of spontaneity is observed it is almost always traceable to a but meagerly inspired poem.

His friends learned to give apprehensive welcome to the appearance of a song where the light of the composer's genius was shed upon a poem of any but the very highest worth, for exactly in proportion to the dignity of the poem was the beauty of the musical treatment.

Liszt, remarking the reserve of Goethe, claims that it is equally characteristic of this musical composer, which brings us to what is perhaps the dominant trait of Franz's nature—his repose. Judged by the Ruskin dictum that all art is great in proportion to the appearance of repose, the Franz songs, taken collectively, reach a higher level than those of any other master who has ever lived. In his art the equipoise is perfect, the songs never lose mental balance, they are self-contained in moments of the utmost agitation. Possibly it is for this reason that his settings of Lenau's "Schilflieder" have been considered "the symbol and triumph of his art," for "over the unquiet spirit pervading the poems, the composer has thrown a restful charm" in line with the vital repose of Greek art. Let us glance at the master workmen in song with whom the name of Franz is oftenest associated. Schubert, it is true, is more picturesque than Franz, nature sings and speaks and moves and charms on his page, his dramatic feeling in song is also enormous, and is only surpassed by that of Loewe, who perfected that dramatic art-ballad which has been called the drama in miniature.

Schumann, more subjective than either of the others, in 1840 transferred the scene of the song to the human soul, and in forceful concision of thought which has no parallel in musical history, gave expression to "the manifold and various states of the soul, which alone seem to me to be interesting" he writes. But now the peculiar place of Franz seems to be that he stands before us both as a scenic artist and a painter of moods. While of the three composers each possesses much beauty common to the others, the qualities which preponderate in either are united in Franz in nearly equal proportion. The subtle painting of nature flowing through all his works, and made more evident by the sound of music echoing sense of words, forms a landscape

background for the tone-portrayal of the emotions. He, also, was evidently "a man for whom the visible world existed," since in these works it exists again and is sometimes transcribed with almost the accurate fidelity of the pre-Raphaelites in the art of painting. The music, in faithfulness to the emotions, also, as depicted in the poem, seems fairly to become a part of the idea; word and tone coalesce. While the art of Franz is essentially modern, subjective—an exponent of romanticism—in treatment he is sometimes more objective. Compare, for example, his setting of Eichendorff's poetry with that of Schumann. Here and there his descriptive and objective treatment of the accompaniment borders upon musical realism, though it never becomes merely photographic.

The framing of the Franz lyric is wonderful, too, from a constructive point of view. It is saying much that after his predecessors had raised the accompaniment to a hitherto unheard of height of art, making of it an independent medium of expression, and impressing upon it such distinct poetic quality that the chief interest often lay therein, Franz went a step farther in the intricate, highly-developed accompaniment to his theme, the artistic import of every slightest note, and the individual character assigned to each part. There are no accompaniments so thoroughly composed as those of Franz, says a German authority, and certainly there are none so difficult.

Franz, like Chopin, was from his earliest work the artist in detail. You will search in vain from the historic Op. 1, to his latest production to find a single detail slighted. If Schubert and Schumann are far from handling effects in fresco style, but retain always, as Ehlert remarks of Schumann, "the lovely ardor of an oil-painting, an easel picture," the every work of Franz, one might add, resembles the exquisite fineness of a miniature. But these works have been accused of bearing us along by the feet of effort rather than the wings of imagination. The touches of counterpoint, bespeaking the scholar, in all his works, and thematic treatment of the individual parts, if they have long been a

bone of contention to the uninitiated, have scarcely been a bone of perfect agreement to musicians. Yet would not a mind which had so absorbed the mode of thinking of Bach, that the master had become a part of his nature, often express itself naturally through the medium of counterpoint? There was no affectation or wish to intrude upon one province of art with another, since his natural proneness to contrapuntal study led him to endow with musical life that form of expression.

The science of Franz was always in a solvent of feeling; his learning and art, his critical acumen and feeling, were reciprocal and seemed exactly to balance and contain each other. Florestan and Eusebius joined hands. Had Robert Franz never given another line to the world, he would have earned the gratitude of present and future generations, by his masterly revisions of the works of Bach and Händel. With the most patient care and finely discriminative insight he entered into the inmost spirit of these master-works and fulfilled them without the least destruction or distortion. He supplied the polyphonic parts which were wanting in the originals, rewrote the parts merely sketched and exhibited the spirit of Händel with the increased orchestral resources of to-day, without modifying or changing it in the least.

Mozart had instrumentated the "Messiah" anew, but had somewhat obscured Händel by changes introduced in the original score. The embellishments, beautiful in themselves, but unfitting their place, employed by Mozart in this work, were aptly compared by Hauptmann to "stucco ornaments upon a marble palace." But to Franz belongs the honor of having made Händel accessible to larger audiences in renditions so faithful that we discern no trace of the restorer's personality in his work. We never find a change in the thought or even the coloring of the original. He has but translated a vernacular in parts grown obsolete, to the enlarged facilities of our modern tone-language. And to continue a composition in the spirit of the author is scarcely less than a Herculean task, as those might testify who undertook to complete Mozart's "Requiem."

In considering the measure of development and expression allowed to Robert Franz, we find, not the many-sided and many-gifted nature of Mendelssohn; nor the magnificent resources of Schumann in invention; nor the overflowing wealth of melody spending itself in royal lavishness of Schubert; but the wonderful refinement, beauty, and delicacy of his mind are mirrored in Lieder so rich in spiritual power, so perfect in harmony of proportion and grace of outline, that they are models of the highest completion. Franz is no new standard of taste as was Beethoven in his third period, Schumann in his first, and Wagner in his best. With less command than his compeers in song over absolute music, since with his muse a fine poem was to the music as the woof to the warp, Franz has yet verified the truth that art does not become small because the form is small. The genre may have limits but within it the artist has proven himself great.

Meissonier, Sappho, Burns, Heine, Rosalba Carrera, famous throughout a continent for her crayon miniatures, and Chopin have also marked in the smaller forms. And as we are able to rejoice that Chopin with few exceptions wrote only for the pianoforte, and by that very limitation developed its resources as none other had done, the world may also approve the singleness of purpose which led Franz to so develop the powers of his art that the German people's soul breathes in and through his work. But from the first these songs seem not to be thinking of fame; they care only to be; they never strive to appear. Their aim is so purely ideal that they hide their delicate beauty from the hasty glance of the multitude. They are not extravagant in the use of primary colors, and perhaps it is the perfect balance of qualities which causes none to be so striking as instantly startle into admiration.

Yet the presiding goddess of music agrees with the truth that what is lost in one way is gained in another. The songs acquire a haunting beauty in contemplation which more than makes good that which they might have seemed to lack on first hearing. For they possess the greater charm of

retaining than of winning. In the rare musical beauty of his works to which was always added the highest poetical import, there is a large margin of suggestiveness; the tentacles of the songs spread in many directions; "they suggest all that lies collaterally and penetrate to much that is beneath the surface." The songs which give expression to nature's most untrammelled moods are among his happiest. We hear the call of nature to hope and courage in his art; we fairly breathe ozone in the freshness of the mountain air. "That beautiful serenity" which music, says Wagner, first gained through Beethoven, has been imparted to his songs of the secluded mountain lake; and "the ocean with its drowned empires and forgotten lores, listening along all the coasts of the world with a thousand billowy ears" has touched his lyre to music. Nature with many voices speaks through the symbolical language of tone, and recalls Carlyle's definition of art as a symbol having intrinsic worth. The study of the songs leads to a view of the mind of Franz, of which the works were only a garment, for his art was never something engrafted upon him from without, but his convictions had the character of parts of his being.

We see a nature gentle, kindly thoughtful, a man of retiring disposition and of scholarly attainments, though there must have been a touch both witty and shrewd. His sense of the "golden mean" preserved him from the excesses of the latter romanticists, and he once remarked of a too wildly-ardent apostle of "the idea" that his aspirations "out-Schumanned Schumann." To Robert Schumann, the generous critic and firm friend, Franz owed his first public recognition. The songs which Schumann greeted with such a warm welcome in his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* were thus brought to the attention, not only of the public, but of Mendelssohn, Gade, and a host of other musicians. Wagner, Liszt, Ambrose, Saran, and Julius Schäffer, with the above artists, have placed Franz, in their writing, upon a pedestal as high as any worker in his line who has ever lived. He stands side by side with Schubert and Schumann as a distinct, individual song writer, uniting the voice with

the accompanying instrument as none other, not even Schubert, has done.

The form in church music demanded by the Council of Trent was effected by one work only, Palestrina's great mass, the "Missa Papæ Marcelli." But this mass which determined the ecclesiastical style, saved music from expulsion from the church, and composed in so precarious a moment for the honor of the art, advanced her cause as perhaps no other single work has ever done,—this great monument to religious art differed from the music which preceded it, not at all in technical but only in æsthetic character. Palestrina but used the then existing material with higher meaning. So also the form of the Lied was fixed before Franz expressed his nature through its limits, but the wealth of inspiration which he has bestowed upon it, when viewed from an æsthetic rather than a technical standpoint, discloses treasure-houses of song, pure and pious, jubilant and lamenting, tender and powerful, uniting the deepest feeling with the most winning grace and simplicity. Criticised because he did not write symphonies, criticised because he *did* write songs, blamed for revising the older masters, reproached for keeping the light of his profound knowledge too much to himself, the name of Robert Franz has steadily won its way.

Already his native town of Halle thinks of erecting a monument to his memory by the side of his illustrious fellow-townsmen Handel.

We live too near Franz to estimate him at his true historic value, but the rich legacy of song bequeathed to the world by his genius leads to the belief that time will not obliterate but confirm his fame.

PAULINE JENNINGS.

A PLAN TO SECURE STATE AID FOR MUSIC.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

I SHALL take but a few minutes of your valuable time to suggest what I humbly regard as a practical plan to secure legislative aid for conservatories of music. It may not be inopportune to begin by saying that in the United States, so far, no success has been attained by the advocates of state or national aid for music.

The state government is closer to the people than the national government. It is immediately of the people and for the people, therefore music should apply for support to the State rather than to the nation. I will not repeat the opinions of eminent philosophers and law-makers favoring legislative support of art; so much has been said about the benefits accruing to the individual and to the State from the establishment of conservatories of music that arguments in favor of State aid for these institutions are threadbare. Even additional reasons why the State should foster the love of music, disseminate its art and science, and retain its traditions, would be out of place here, the object of this paper being merely to formulate a plan of action to secure state aid for conservatories—the feeders and preservers of the music of a nation.

Wishing to find data relating to this question in this country, I wrote to several statesmen, conservatory directors and librarians. C. A. Collin, professor of law at Cornell University, and commissioner of statutory revision for the state of New York, answered: “Senator D. B. Hill has referred to me yours to him of April 8th, asking where you can find data for a paper you propose to write on State Aid for Music. I am afraid that your subject is akin to the topic of the snakes in Ireland. I do not know of any provisions for State aid for music in this state or elsewhere.”

By the word "elsewhere," I suppose, Prof. Collin meant other states in this country, for to cite only one of the many "provisions" made elsewhere it might be stated that in 1793 a decree of the convention in Paris provided for the support of a National Institute of Music, consisting of 115 artists and 600 students for the purpose of celebrating musically the national festivals.

The librarian of Congress wrote:—"I find that the books on music do not contain discussions of government aid. I have also examined all the indexes to periodicals, under several titles which seemed to promise something, but the articles are absolutely fruitless." Similar answers from other sources of the same high character left me to grope alone in almost total darkness; these communications prove that in the United States there is a dearth of political literature in relation to music. Even in our musical press where this art is treated intelligently in nearly all its phases, it is seldom viewed in its legislative or economic aspects.

The director of the largest conservatory in America, whose institution in 1889 fruitlessly asked for state aid, wrote me recently: "It is my opinion that while state aid for musical institutions would be a very desirable and appropriate thing, the present conditions prevailing in our legislatures in this and other states of this country are too unfavorable for any prospect of success."

But one might ask: Is it not possible to change these conditions? The millions of people who love music can alter this *status quo* by forcibly reminding legislatures that not to rule, so much as to serve this country is the true end of government.

Wise and concerted action would bring success. First of all it should be borne in mind that in our legislative halls wire-pulling is more effective than logic and eloquence. Self, the mainspring of action in our sovereign ward politician has heretofore been left untouched by the musician, and music has not had State aid principally because musicians have not stooped low enough to get it.

No one will deny that our federal, state and municipal

governments are often in the hands of men who hold their offices in trust for corporations, and who regard public affairs not from the standpoint of the general public, but from that of the private enterprises who employ them. Measures, purely for the public good, seldom arrest the attention of those they should concern most. Our spoils system sends its poison into the remotest arteries of political body and becomes the prolific parent of bribery. This we all know, and therefore, instead of declaiming in vain against these ugly conditions, musicians in America should adapt themselves to their environment. They should do as corporations often do, that is, send lobbyists to bargain with legislators. The end would excuse the means in so good a cause, and since the existing circumstances compel the adoption of such a policy, these music-lobbyists might use the unsavory tactics of the men who, in the employ of corporations, grow fat from the festering mass of our corrupt political system.

The majority of voters are poor men, and they are the ones who would benefit most, should the State supply musical training to all, and the highest artistic education to the especially gifted few. Let the musician stir the working classes—these incalculable forces, whose ominous power the sagacious ruler no longer disdains. Let him tell the laborer what the duty of the State is towards his children, and cause him to clamor for what belongs to them. How long would the legislator, who, first of all, is a politician, oppose his constituents? How long would he jeopardize his own selfish ends? he who, no sooner elected, indecently hastens to “lay the pipes” for his re-election!

Public opinion, next to money, is the greatest political lever in this democratic country. Those who want State aid for the national development of music should centralize their strength, and with this powerful agency fostered through the press, the pulpit, the school, they should bring their imposing columns to bear upon law-makers.

It is sad that bribery or intimidation should have to be resorted to to influence legislation, but is it not preferable to

indicate a violent remedy rather than weep about a virulent disease?

To sum up, I would say to musicians and amateurs: In cities and villages organize yourselves into clubs having for their object—"State Aid for Music," enlist public sympathy, the people in their turn will influence their representatives, circulate petitions and subscription lists, organize a lobbying force and send influential men to confer with governors and others in power; follow the usual methods of those who desire to pass bills through legislatures, in a word, act together, patiently and in a practical manner. Upon practicalness I would insist particularly, because musicians are prone to let the heart rule the head. No time should be wasted in the endeavor to prove to the political "boss" the benign influences of art, for even to many men of intellectual power the benefits of music may not be apparent, owing to their one-sided education. Blind statesmen and unskillful legislators have often regarded man only as a user of material things, as an animal. They have forgotten that he has æsthetic and moral, no less than physical senses, although the real science of guiding men should begin with the knowledge of his nature. Legislators have frequently overlooked the fact that man, like the nightingale, has in him the instinct of song, that the basis of human conduct is in the public and private customs and practices of man, and that the practice of the fine arts is essentially moral and useful.

If this be true of all the fine arts, with how much more force it is so of music !

See what important part that art plays in our domestic and national affairs ! How closely it commingles with the high and the low. Whether vulgar or refined, music reaches man's finest sensibilities in accordance with his own constitution, education and surroundings. There has never been a people that has not loved this art. In the Fiji islander or in the highest representative of modern civilization the love of it is innate. It is heard in the palace and in the almshouse, in the church, the prison, the home, the hospital, the street, the school, it acts as a therapeutic or a prophylactic

agent for body and mind, it soothes and recreates flesh and spirit. Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Darwin, Mill, Spencer, these and countless other great thinkers tell us of its usefulness, its morality, its mollifying influences.

Since music has its uses why not give it legislative support? Now, homeless, without standards, traditions, or authorities, our infantile musical art is at the mercy of publisher, instrument-maker, *impresario*, journalist, and musician—men who, to earn their bread, must often stoop before imperious and ugly Popular Demand and, therefore, degrade instead of elevate their art.

Whatever be the opinion of our solons as regards the value of music to the State, it is to be hoped they will not forget that law-makers and philosophers at all times, and in all other civilized countries, have considered music as of great national importance, that they have recognized its power of exalting noble and generous sentiments, of moderating violent and dangerous passions and making man more virtuous and happy.

How sublime and fitting if to-day at this Exposition we could show the Old World that material achievements are not the sole domain of our excellence, if we could demonstrate that our bountiful soil, our seas of corn, our legions of cattle, our forests of factories, and our immeasurable plexus of railways have not blunted our æsthetic sense. How harmonious and grand would be this phase of our history if to cap the climax of the most wonderful physical and political development of any people, as witnessed in 1893, in these United States, strength, riches, and science were wedded to the highest musical culture.

(Signed)

LOUIS LOMBARD,

Chairman Executive Committee, Music Teachers' National Association, and Director Utica, (N. Y.) Conservatory of Music.

A GREAT TALENT.

A NOVEL.

Adapted from the Russian by A. Lineff.

A TALENT.

I.

THE Conservatoire in Moscow was unusually busy preparing for an annual concert, in which all the best pupils were to take part.

While the platform of a stage or concert room with its big and small ambitions is still far off, while the prospects of future triumphs and fame are only floating as in a hazy mist, these pupils' concerts possess a peculiar charm of their own. So much in them, although imperfect, is fresh and captivating. The craving for effect has not as yet effaced individuality in the aspiring performers, and an execution which lacks finish may strike one all of a sudden with touching sincerity of rendering or with unconscious, bold and original reading of the master's thought. Some of the professors here, true to their best musical traditions, have still the courage to stimulate that which is not common-place. They believe that art must not be sacrificed to technique, that performers must aim to move not to dazzle or deafen the listener. They are not ignorant of the prevailing taste and fancy of their public, but they believe that the public has to be educated, for the music which only serves to amuse the ear without stirring any deep emotion, soon satiates and creates a craving for mere effect. Truly, when listening to some modern performers one begins to fear for the future of pianists and fancies the time is not far off when in order to win the ear of the public, a pianist will have to play through a towel stretched over the keyboard, or with hands

palms upward, to execute difficult passages with one hand only, with the occasional aid—well, let us say of the nose. I must apologize to artists for such a vulgar suggestion, but truly the most perfect technique has its limits which cannot be overreached; the emotions of the human soul alone are boundless, only that which moves deeply never satiates but appears forever beautiful and new.

The preparations for the concert were in full swing. Only six days remained and there were already some dangerous symptoms threatening its success. To-day, for instance a young violinist, the pride and glory of his teacher, declined point-blank to play. The director was sent for and a lively altercation ensued. The professor, flourishing his bow, flew like an infuriated cock at his beloved pupil, who persists in his determination. The Director, red in the face and with unmistakable traces of anger, ran out into the passage.

“Where is Miss Rulova?” he shouted.

Some of the pupils who chanced to be there looked at him somewhat frightened.

“Find her directly and send her to me,” he added severely.

Several of them went in different directions and returning stated that Miss Rulova was not to be found.

The director muttered something to himself with a shrug of his shoulders and approached the concert-hall. He opened the door and listened. Two girls were performing Schumann's concerto for two pianos. The glorious spring sun shone through the large windows and threw its light on every part of the hall. The columns glittered in the sunlight, throwing long shadows behind them. The crystal pendants of the ornamental chandelier shone with all the colors of the rainbow. The fair hair of one of the girls, lit up by the sun, showed her head as if surrounded by an aureole of light. The hall had altogether a grand and festive appearance while the director looked more like a bird of prey awaiting his victim. His face expressed eager impatience, as if he longed for a chance to vent his spite on

somebody. And suddenly his artistic ear caught a false note. One of the girls missed a bar and in confusion took a D sharp instead of an F flat. He rushed to the pianists.

“That’s you, Miss Malova, you, you! stop! stop!” he shouted excitedly and stamping with his feet.

The culprit—a young, tall, dark-eyed girl—sprang from her stool. Her underlip quivered and all the color disappeared from her lovely face.

“You did it on purpose, yes, on purpose, the same mistake over and over again! I forbid you to play, I do not want you to dishonor the Conservatoire. What makes you hurry so! Begin again from the allegro, allegro!” he shouted.

Miss Malova exchanged looks with her partner (a plump blonde) and sat down again to the piano. As they went on, the artistic ear of the Director could not help discerning the great difference between the two players—the passionate, expressive, though nervous execution of Miss Malova, and the precise but colorless and cold play of the blonde. The more they played, the more he felt the difference. At last he heard nothing but those thin sounds falling regularly like peas on a tin plate, and he felt exasperated enough to turn them both out of the room. He was wondering now how on earth he could make them play together, and by way of quelling his temper he marked the time with his hand. The fatal bar approached. He strained his ear, the blonde disappeared and he listened only to the execution of the other girl. Her cheeks were red with excitement, her eyes seemed to glow through her eyelashes. She was trembling with emotion and felt vexed. The unfortunate bar went all right, the F flat did not fail her. Joyful emotion seemed then to give her wings, she played the last closing pages with such finish, such expression, such warmth and truth, that all vexation vanished from the Director’s face and when the music was finished, he could not resist applauding. The blonde accepted this token of recognition on her own behalf and while Miss Malova ran away frowning at the director, she smiled with self-contentment and wept serenely out of the hall.

“What a log!” thought the director and called out sternly: “Send Miss Rulova here please.”

The blonde nodded and he said to himself: “How ever could I think so much of this girl?” At this moment a comparison flashed through his mind of a certain useful but ungrateful animal. True enough, when she entered the conservatoire he liked her stately appearance, her quiet smile, her wonderful self-possession. He took her into his own class and she was the only pupil who never made him cross. She learned her lessons carefully and played them with precision, but her play was unable to raise a single emotion in her listeners. She had the hands of a virtuoso, that is all! Always composed with her, the director lost his temper with Miss Malova. This girl had an impetuous and passionate way of playing. She never had patience enough to learn anything from beginning to end. She tried to catch the meaning of the whole, skipping over details, often taking false notes and never being able to play a piece to perfection. Yet when she played something she liked, her execution was charming. Once she made the director so wild that he ran after her round the concert room and not being able to reach her, threw a music book after her. The pupils were not expected to take offense at such freaks. He was a great artist. He should not admit pupils into his class until they had reached a certain perfection. His mission was not to listen to a talent in the process of growth but to influence an already developed mind, to crown a finished work with the last master’s touch to inspire the passion for achievement. He frightened the pupils by his excitability and bitter sallies and altogether paralyzed the poor-spirited ones. He at the same time cursed and loved his pupils, he was ready to fight with them and to shed tears if he heard some expressive, happy rendering. He always swept down like a summer-storm, with thunder and sunshine suddenly piercing through the clouds. His head with dishevelled hair inspired a kind of magical terror in some of his pupils.

Now he was out of temper because Miss Rulova would not appear. He put his hands in his pockets, took several

turns in the room and approached the windows. He had a somewhat round, unimposing face, a flat nose and a thick chin. The upturned corners of his mouth marked by deep, short lines, revealed a passionate, restless nature. His dark grey eyes were sharp and sarcastic. His fingers—short but supple and powerful. He knew how to draw out of the piano sounds which made the audience weep, but he seldom cared to do so. He indulged sometimes in surprising negligence. Once in a concert he began to play a sonata in a wrong key and continued to transpose it as if by inspiration. He was absolute ruler of the piano, but society got hold of him and kept him in its alluring embrace. He had renounced original composition long ago. At present unknown to himself he had the reputation of being the most pleasant companion in society and the most fortunate idol of the ladies.

Looking out of the window he cursed Miss Rulova. In his opinion, this girl became intolerably impertinent and independent. He must give her a piece of his mind. In the next room the first bars of an accompaniment were heard and two female voices begun the duet of Fides and Martha from the “Prophet.”

At first the director took not the slightest notice of it, but gradually the artist got the better of his temper, he approached the door and listened attentively. The voices were wonderfully matched. A beautiful, fresh soprano ran like a silver wave into a full, deep contralto. The complaints and lamentations of the young girl were merged into and interwoven with the powerful sorrow of the mother bewailing the loss of her son. This duet of Fides and Martha has to be sung without any accompaniment, and the performers had to depend solely on the correctness of their ear. It was sung by two sisters—very plain-looking girls, who supported themselves in the conservatories by very hard work and extreme privations. He knew them very well. He remembered a good many little adventures in which his other favorites played a not very enviable part, but he forgave their freaks as they had talent and were

good looking. According to his theory a pianist could afford to be ugly, but a singer—never! If she did not possess a beautiful face, she should at least have a graceful figure, but of these two girls he was heard to say, “*Qu’elles n’avaient meme pas le dos.*” The poor girls were always frightened in his presence. Till now no one ever admired them unless their old professor; amongst their un-intellectual schoolmates these two hard-working girls felt their homeliness and poverty at every turn. At present the director admired their voices, so to say, through the prism of their plain appearance and a funny smile played round his lips.

The duet came to an end.

“Did not they sing it beautifully,” said a voice behind him.

The director turned round and shook hands with an old man possessed of a broad, bald head and a kind, humorous smile.

“Did you see Miss Rulova?” he asked, returning again to the great culprit.

“She is just walking in the passage hall,” answered the professor.

“How dares she do it? I am waiting for her nearly an hour and she is walking!”

“*Nicht so arg.*” * said the professor, putting his hand on the director’s shoulder and continued softly, “this little girl will make us do as she pleases, remember that!”

A slight smile curled the director’s lips. Had it not been for this old professor, whom he reveres, and who once was his own master, he felt equal to say a thousand impertinences, but it was no use trying to deceive the old man, who knew him thoroughly, and he answered more composedly: “As long as she is within these walls I will make her respect and obey my wishes. I will not allow a breach of discipline in my institution.”

“But she must be spared,” answered the old man, and

* Not so rash!

looking into his eyes, he added : “ She will rise very high, she might be greater than any one of us ! ”

“ The deuce ! Why do not you go at once and tell her I wish to become her pupil ! ”

The old man laughed.

“ Well, well,” he said with a kind smile and touching the director’s elbow, “ I will go and fetch her, but don’t be cross, give me your word of honor you will not be cross with her.”

The director looked at him fixedly and laughed, too.

“ *Oh! der alte Schwärmer!* ” * he said, “ Of how many more will you predict their becoming great artists, eh ? ”

The old man waved his hand and went out. In a minute he came back with Miss Rulova.

Miss Rulova was thin and rather small, full lips, a turned-up nose and dimpled cheeks might have made her face look vulgar, but for her eyes. These had so much charm, were so full of some inexpressible power, that one could not resist looking at them. Dark chestnut hair without any lustre was carelessly tied up behind. She did not wear a fringe of hair on her forehead as was the fashion then, but some short hair fell in willful curls on her white temples and her artistically shaped ears. The outlines of her shoulders and waist were extremely elegant and well made. With such women one never can notice what kind of dress they have on, any costume seems becoming and refined. An unknown depth lay hidden in her look. A great mental power seemed to be hidden in her small frame.

“ What about your Chopin ! ” asked the director almost softly.

“ I can not play,” she said, and her eyes twinkled mockingly.

“ How is this ! You, too, can not play ! ” he exclaimed ready to forget his promise to the old professor, and to fall on her with hard words.

“ I can not,” she answered, trying to appear composed, but her lips smiled involuntarily.

* *Oh! the old dreamer!*

“You will have to play, though !”

“I feel pains in my arms,” she said.

“Nonsense! It is but an excuse.”

“Indeed, it is the truth,” she said, quite in earnest now. She lifted her marble-white arm and went on: “When I play, I feel a pricking pain. It begins from the thumb and first finger and rises up to my back.”

“Miss Rulova, surely you do not deceive me?” he asked in alarm.

“No, I don’t,” she said earnestly. “Some time ago I felt such a pain after much playing, but as soon as I allowed myself a little rest, I felt relieved. Now even rest does not help. I am unable to play.”

There was not the least doubt about her being in earnest.

“There !” exclaimed the director, turning to the old professor, who listened attentively. “I told you she might spoil her hands. She over-strained herself, I told you it might happen, and so it has.”

The old professor reddened to that extent that his bald head seemed purple.

“Oh, oh !” he began, “They want now such a technique that the artist is quite lost in that maze of different tricks. Indeed, it is so !” and turning to the young girl, he went on hotly:

“My dear young lady, playing is not like dancing on a rope or turning head over heels on a trapeze, you spend your nerves, yes, your nerves. Do you understand how grave it is !”

“The doctor told me if I am allowed to rest, I shall get over it.”

“Which doctor told you so !” exclaimed the director sharply. “I will give you an introduction to the best man in the profession. Ah, my God !” and he took his head in his both hands.

He did not want to subdue Miss Rulova any more, he was in despair that the concert might be a failure, but above all he felt anxious about her hands.

There was again a smile on her face and a mischievous

twinkling in her eyes. She did not believe her case was so serious. She rather enjoyed the idea of disappointing the director, who was harsh and unjust at times. At the last concert, when playing in the nobleman's hall before an audience comprising nearly the whole town, she produced an immense sensation, but, alas! happened to make a slight mistake when playing the first piece. The public did not notice it, of course, but a young professor, who sat behind the director's chair, exclaimed: "*Saperlot!* and this is the best pupil!" It was more than enough for the touchy ambition of the proud director. Miss Rulova finished amidst an outburst of enthusiastic, deafening applause. Everybody felt that the making of a great artist was in her. The director approached her with a smile offering his arm to lead her back to the artist's room, and when proud of her success she leaned with confidence on her master's arm, he showered on her the most undeserved and cruel reproaches. He forbade her to play in the second part of the concert. The young girl shrank under the bitterness of the offense. Her first real success was poisoned by his injustice. When she was recalled she appeared on the platform pale, with lustreless eyes and arms hanging helpless. She refused to play for an *encore* and felt the offense the more as she did not dare to show it. She refused to play in the second part. Persuasions and entreaties, even the director's peremptory orders—all were in vain. He was conquered. He felt her power and began to treat her with kindness, but from this evening she felt as if something broke in her heart. He went so far as to throw out a reproach that she owed him her scholarship and this on the very evening, too, when she brought him so much honor. Every one congratulated him and praised her. Intoxicated with her first success she could not help feeling that she was his best pupil, and there might come a day when she would over-reach her master. She knew how to produce sounds which conquered people, and every one felt her power this evening. In return he poisoned her triumph. She was too young and unexperienced not to feel the shock. Later on she repented bitterly

that she had refused to play in the second part. It was the only means to show him how thoroughly she despised his injustice. From this very night her feelings towards the master changed entirely. Instead of the old confident deference, she tried to go against his will in order to tease him and to put him out of temper. The pain in her arms, which she did not consider as anything of importance served her caprice and she enjoyed it.

“Miss Rulova,” said the Director and again there was anxiety in his voice. “This aching pain is a very serious matter. Do not laugh” he added severely, perceiving a mocking look in her eyes. “You seem to make fun of everything. You may lose your hands forever!”

“Come, come, my child,” he said, noticing the strong effect of his words and tapping her shoulder in a friendly way.

The fear of losing her was stronger than his pride. Now he was ready to tell her he was under power and looking at her with fatherly tenderness, he continued:

“You will get over it, we will take care of you, we will not allow you to be ill; you are our best pupil, mind, you are my pride” he said coaxingly. “We cannot do without you.”

He looked at her, as if asking forgiveness for the past. His words moved her deeply. At this moment she saw in him but a great artist and her beloved master. She began to speak hurriedly, in a trembling voice, her color changing:

“I will play, I must play, I will master the pain. The doctor does not think it important. I do not wish to grieve you.”

“We will see about it, my child.” Suddenly he took her hand and respectfully kissed it.

She blushed, covered her face and ran out of the room. The Director approached the window and gloomily looked in the street below.

When he took the Conservatoire under his management he delighted in the idea of creating a school which would become a nursery of talents. Its fame would

spread all over the world, his pupils would strengthen the glory of his name. And now, how many years he was struggling, forgetting his own artistic career, and there was not a single big name, not a single artist yet. The Conservatoire seems but a station where young people stop for a little while to study, to look about in the musical world and then go, leaving no trace, taking away with them very little. How many talents had he singled out but where did they disappear? Why have they preferred obscurity to assiduous work and future fame? His school seemed a desert to him. Like flights of birds, they passed over it and left no trace. Not even graves, nothing, nothing! He himself buried his own name. The very idea of it filled his heart with wrath. Now he was thinking that this very institution degraded him; the everlasting drudgery made him commonplace, and he cursed the Society which could not give him any moral support. There was a time when he was young, and ardent, full of noble impulses and now all is gone! He has nothing but disappointment. He longed for fame, he believed he could easily reach it and now he seems to trod the débris of his own broken useless life. Whose fault is it? He struck the window-frame with his fist and suddenly burst out laughing. This wild bitter laugh resounded strangely through the brilliant hall resplendent with bright sunrays. This very night in the club he drank more wine than usual and charmed everybody by the brilliancy of his repartees, a lovely bevy of ladies surrounded him like a buzzing swarm and showered compliments on him.

And Miss Rulova? She wept all night through. The touch of the Director's lips to her hand seemed to her a solemn acknowledgment of her talent and of his fear to lose her. Yes, she will work, she will become worthy of her great master, she will be the honor of the Conservatoire. She will reach fame and greatness! But what is it? What was her feeling towards the man, whom she was ready to hate lately? Why does she lift her head from the pillow, spreading her arms and ready to cry and pray? What ails her? What is her trouble?

Next day they took her to a celebrated doctor. He made her stand on one foot, walk with eyes shut, pricked her with a pin, knocked her head with a tiny hammer and at last declared she must leave music altogether and go abroad for a year's cure. As a consequence the concert was postponed *sine die!*

(CONTINUED.)

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.



“SONGS without words?”—there are none! For each heart
 Translates the melody borne on the air.
 Making a tale by Love's consummate art
 With life's deep joys and sorrows woven there.

ABBE CARTER GOODLOE.



CHORAL CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

THE month of July was rather varied in the department of choral concerts. There were several performances by the Chicago Apollo Club, various societies appeared by themselves, and there were two choral festivals. The first of these took place July 12 to 15, and consisted of the second section of the representative western societies. Then July 20 to 22 was the Swedish festival, when the combined Swedish male choruses appeared to the number of about 500. Of these in their order.

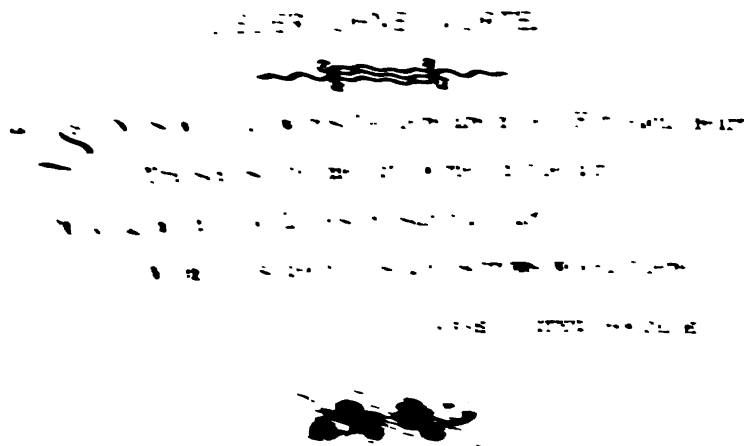
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June 30 the Chicago Apollo Club sang parts of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." It had not been intended to perform these works at this time, and they were only taken up in place of repeating the Bach "St. Matthew Passion," at the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd. The "Stabat Mater" is a work which at one time the Apollo Club performed gloriously. On the present occasion, however, there was not time to rehearse it properly and accordingly important omissions were made, including not only the beautiful quartet "*Quando corpus morietur*," which the club formerly sang *en masse*, without accompaniment, but also the great *finale*. In the "Hymn of Praise" equally important omissions had to be made. The parts that were sung went very well, and with something of that peculiar quality of tone and intensity of style for which the club is justly noted.

The solo artists included for the "Stabat Mater" Miss Lillian Riva, Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Gardner Lamson. Miss Riva made a very bad break in her most important number, the "Inflammatus," coming in an entire measure too soon, and much of the work was of indifferent calibre. Mrs. Fisk did very well. Mr. Lloyd

Next day they took her to a celebrated doctor. He made her stand on one foot, walk with eyes shut, pricked her with a pin, knocked her head with a tiny hammer and at last declared she must leave music altogether and go abroad for a year's cure. As a consequence the concert was postponed till 1847.

CONTINUED.



CHORAL CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

THE month of July was rather varied in the department of choral concerts. There were several performances by the Chicago Apollo Club, various societies appeared by themselves, and there were two choral festivals. The first of these took place July 12 to 15, and consisted of the second section of the representative western societies. Then July 20 to 22 was the Swedish festival, when the combined Swedish male choruses appeared to the number of about 500. Of these in their order.

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June 30 the Chicago Apollo Club sang parts of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." It had not been intended to perform these works at this time, and they were only taken up in place of repeating the Bach "St. Matthew Passion," at the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd. The "Stabat Mater" is a work which at one time the Apollo Club performed gloriously. On the present occasion, however, there was not time to rehearse it properly and accordingly important omissions were made, including not only the beautiful quartet "*Quando corpus morietur*," which the club formerly sang *en masse*, without accompaniment, but also the great *finale*. In the "Hymn of Praise" equally important omissions had to be made. The parts that were sung went very well, and with something of that peculiar quality of tone and intensity of style for which the club is justly noted.

The solo artists included for the "Stabat Mater" Miss Lillian Riva, Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Gardner Lamson. Miss Riva made a very bad break in her most important number, the "Inflammatu8," coming in an entire measure too soon, and much of the work was of indifferent calibre. Mrs. Fisk did very well. Mr. Lloyd

was admirable. Mr. Lamson was creditable. In the Hymn of Praise the chorus was in better form than in the former work, and the text being in English the effect was better.

By the way, speaking of text, it should be noted that the programme of the day printed for English words of the "Stabat Mater" certain selections having no connection whatever, except correspondence of meter, with the Latin text sung. For example, the hymn

*" Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius."*

The supposed English was this, according to the programme:

*" Lord most holy, Lord most mighty!
Righteous ever are thy judgments.
Hear and save us for thy mercies' sake."*

Whereas a correct translation of the Latin, according to Dr. John Mason Neal ("Seven Great Hymns") is:

*" Stood the afflicted mother weeping,
Near the cross her station keeping,
Whereon hang her Son and Lord."*

And so it went all the way through.

*" Pro peccatis suis gratis,
Vidit Jesus in tormentis,
Et flagellis sublitum."*

Programme translation:

*" Through the darkness thou wilt lead me,
In my trouble thou wilt heed me,
And from danger set me free."*

The same according to Dr. Neal:

*" For his people's sin atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod."*

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The second section of the representative western societies held their festival July 12 to 14. The programme was the same as that of the previous one. First day, selections from the "Utrecht Jubilate" and half of "St. Paul." Second day, part of Bach's "A Stronghold Sure" and "Loben-

grin " selections. Third day, part of "Judas Maccabaeus " and two movements of Berlioz's "Requiem Mass." The chorus numbers probably about 500 voices, the following societies being represented: Cleveland Vocal Society, Columbus Arion Club, Dayton Philharmonic Society, Louisville Musical Club, Omaha Apollo Club, and Pittsburg Mozart Club. The choirs seemed to be composed of more experienced voices than the first section, the attack being rather surer, and everything going with more confidence. The singing throughout was respectable, everywhere reaching a good standard, without anywhere being positively great. If a few more rehearsals could have been had under Mr. Tomlins, a better result might have been had.

The music of these selections improved on acquaintance. This was true of the Händel "Jubilate," which is elegant from a contrapuntal standpoint, and the Bach cantata, which also showed the cantor's art in resplendent light. Of course, both these works are very difficult for a choir. The mere declamation of the text was not in the thought of the composers. What they everywhere aim at in these works is the inner spirit of the verse as a whole. It is music which needs to be conceived from a purely musical standpoint, as distinct from the dramatic or elocutionary standpoint which rules in much later chorus work. Hence it is at once the most difficult for singers who in this higher sense are comparatively uncultivated, and at the same time the music which when once well studied is most likely to influence their whole subsequent course of music thinking. In this sense it is something of no small weight, that more than two thousand singers in all, counting both sections of the western societies, have studied this music and become somewhat imbued with its spirit. It is a pity that all could not have been here in order to share in all the new experience of hearing it with orchestra, and with the solos if not well at least respectably done.

Mr. Tomlins, some months ago, in speaking to a newspaper writer, called attention to the productive force of

earnest study of any great work by writers like Bach or Händel. He said that after any one chorus of this kind had been thoroughly rehearsed, it might be forgotten, while, nevertheless, the musical experience would tacitly enter into and color all later musical experiences. There is a world-wide difference, he says, between music of this kind, where thematic development is carried out in the highest sense, and popular music, no matter how attractive, where there is only melody and no thematic development. The latter may be sung with avidity, and seem for a while as if it would never be forgotten, but presently it vanishes, and leaves no trace of its having exercised any influence upon the inner musical life of the singers.

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Upon another occasion he also spoke of the difficulty which a society experiences in working up a great work of this kind. After some months of laborious rehearsal, they at length give it. Perhaps the success is not what they hoped, but at least the giving has on the whole been nearer the composer's intention than the rehearsals. The singers feel proud, for they understand how difficult is the task they have accomplished. The public, however, comes to the performance without any preliminary preparation. Each individual stands even lower, as a rule, than the individual singer when the study began. Hence only in a few rare moments is the real beauty and nobility of the performance felt. And, perhaps, least of all by the somewhat philistine newspaper critic, who coming unprepared and at the end of a tiresome day upon this serious undertaking, where his utmost sympathy and help would not be misplaced, finds in it only an imperfect interpretation of a great work. He finds some of his neighbors as bored as himself, and, perhaps, he is not one of those finer souls possessing the power to attract to himself all the sympathetic souls of the hearers. Hence he knows nothing of the impression the performance may have made upon a few souls of finer stuff, and going home he scores the affair unmercifully, or passes it with the

customary "news" notice, in which all the higher meaning of what he has heard is ignored. The singers are divided between tears and indignation and the next time the question comes up, there is a disposition to doubt whether after all the game is worth the candle.

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In this connection I remember that no less an artist than Mr. Emil Liebling was speaking to me in the same vein about the attention paid piano recitals by the newspaper critics. He says: "Here I, or any other artist, offer a programme which I have spent some months in working up, and when the night comes the critic drops in on his way to a half dozen other affairs, concerning each one of which he is expected to "say something," as the managing editor expresses it. He happens to hit a piece which he either is not familiar with, or which, perhaps, he does not like. Something in the interpretation fails to move him, and he says: "Mr. A. gave a piano recital last night at Kimball hall with a long programme of classic music, in which all his usual faults were manifested, but occasional passages pleased the hearers." Or: "We regret to see that he has not as yet seen fit to modify the faults pointed out in his playing some months ago with such distinctness that it is quite unnecessary to repeat the observations at this time."

Liebling says that when an artist offers a seriously composed programme the critic should hear the whole of it, and treat the recital in its entirety, which would certainly be nicer for the player and for the critic as well, if unfortunately most of the gentlemen who write were not bored in advance with piano music. So much do they hear which fails to move them. But to return to our festival.

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The two movements of the Berlioz "Requiem" are examples immediately in point. The work was one of Berlioz's earlier ones, written for a great ceremonial funeral to Gen. Degremonte, in 1837. He conceived the instrumentation upon that stupendous scale which he mistook for the

sublime. Everything was to be very large. He did not expect any very large number of singers. It was as he said in one of his feuilletons, he thought of about a chorus of 200, but with an orchestra of so and so many instruments of each kind, namely about 150 in the orchestra, and supplementary brass stationed at the corners of the stage, to the number of about thirty-two more. In the first movement, upon the "*Requiem aeternam*"; he confined himself to effects of supplication. It is not until he comes to the "*Dies ira*" that the dogs of war begin to be unloosened, and in "*Quantus tremor est futurus*" the accompaniment consists of eight pairs of kettle drums, tuned to a chord, which is very indistinct as to intonation, but tremendously effective. So much so that the voices can rarely be heard at all. Then again in "*Tuba mirum*" where the last trumpet is in question, the bands of trumpets and trombones at the four quarters of the stage answer each other vigorously, and the tumult is something astonishing. Now the effect of this upon the careless listener is merely that of a vast noise, and even the musical hearer is apt to require an effort "to like it." This I confess has always been my own attitude towards it. Nevertheless when coming away from the festival the other day, whom should I encounter but Mr. Philo Otis, late president of the Apollo club, and disciple of all that is noble and correct in music. Mentioning my opinion that this conception of Berlioz had been after all a failure, he astonished me by saying that he admired it and liked it; the detached phrases "*kyrie eleison*" he thought among the most expressive ever conceived.

Nevertheless I remain unconvinced. It is a great idea, and I do not know that we ought to begrudge the time to remarkable things like this. It must have the effect of enlarging the singer's ideas, not to mention those of the listeners, to hear these astounding extremes of instrumentation. It is as if a collector had brought into his collection along with a multitude of other pictures by all the old masters, a few of the extreme colorists, and the impressionists,

in order that the possibilities of the palette might be more fully realized.

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One point we can all honestly admire in these programmes, namely the scope of them in respect to style. Think of a three days festival in which singers brought from these smaller places take part in such representative numbers as the Händel "Jubilate;" "Judas," the Bach "Stronghold Sure," "Lohengrin" and the Berlioz movement. Surely representation could hardly go further. And while we may admit that each one of the works might have been better done, especially in the matter of certain of the solos, the general interpretation was sound and edifying.

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There is, however, a question as to conductors. The second day was led by Mr. Thomas, who "snaked" the chorus through the Bach selections much faster than the tempos set down in the books which the conductors, presumably, had followed in the rehearsals. It is not my province to decide as to the right tempo, though I feel reasonably sure that several of them were much too fast. But it is quite certain that singers cannot rehearse at a slow tempo and then immediately perform at another about twice as fast—unless indeed the chorus master had foreseen this and accustomed them to a variety of tempos.

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But there is still a deeper question than that of tempo. It is that of nuance. When the Apollo Club rehearses under Mr. Tomlins' bâton and then performs under the leading of Mr. Thomas, it is well known that very many of the vocal effects upon which he spends time are lost, because not called for by Mr. Thomas. On the other hand it is equally certain that the orchestra plays very much better under Mr. Thomas' bâton than under that of Mr. Tomlins, and no one knows exactly why. Mr. Tomlins has a good beat, and he certainly knows the effects he wants. Ostensibly there seems to be a fairly good *entente cordiale* between the two,

which Mr. Tomlins' perhaps excessive deference to Mr. Thomas surely ought not to have marred. Still the fact remains that the orchestra does not play so well under his direction. More than this, even when the orchestra is occupied in accompanying, as in the children's concert, the two or three small orchestral numbers are led by some one else, as if Mr. Tomlins could not do it.

This is wrong and unjust. And there are many who think that Mr. Tomlins is not having quite a fair chance.

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The latest choral festival of the present record was that of the Swedish societies, which occupied three days, July 20 to 22. These concerts were national rather than merely choral festivals. The chorus engaged numbered towards 500 voices, all men. The tone was excellent and manly in quality, and the part singing very solid indeed. In one or two of the numbers, where there were fugal passages, the leading was firm and solid. In this respect no chorus has surpassed them. The combined forces were led by Mr. John Ortengren, formerly a baritone at the Royal Opera in Stockholm. Mr. Ortengren is still a young man, a fine singer himself, an enthusiastic musician, and his conducting showed good capacity. His own society, the "Swedish Glee Club," of Chicago, appeared the first day, numbering about thirty voices. They were among the best of the choirs engaged. All the mass singing was unaccompanied, and all of it in the usual line of male part song. Hence the effect of each concert was much the same as that of every other.

On the second day the "Lyran" society of New York appeared, about forty voices, in "The Sailor's Farewell," by Mearling. This also showed good training. So again did the "Svithiod" society of Chicago, under its own leader, Mr. John Svenson, a printer, a modest and quiet man, who showed himself a capable leader, understanding delicacy as well as force.

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Whoever compares the singing of the New York Liederkrantz, the Cleveland Vocal society, the Young Männerchor of Philadelphia, the Chicago Apollo Männerchor, and that of these Swedish societies, will immediately be brought face to face with another element in chorus singing which is too often overlooked. Among all these societies, the best undoubtedly is the New York Liederkrantz, and the second best the Apollo male chorus of Chicago. Between these two and the nearest of the others there is a considerable lapse, while between them and the Swedish societies there is a wide gap. It is a difference of what I might call the intangible qualities of chorus singing, by which I mean those elements of tone quality which are not so much taught as felt. The tone of the Liederkrantz is mellower and richer. It is a finer human tone. It is the tone of a body of singers accustomed to *Gemüthlichkeit* and the finer nuances of life. The Liederkrantz consists of men who are in easy circumstances. The entire club made a European trip last year, under the direction of its president, Mr. William Steinway, and everywhere their singing was greeted as representing the best and noblest in German part song. It is the finer culture of these men which one feels in the song, without being able, perhaps, to refer to any one single moment when it was conspicuous.

Something of the kind is true of the Chicago Apollo Club. In this chorus there are many who for years have enjoyed the influences of study, and there is at its best moments in the singing of the club something that no other club will give you to the same degree. In certain respects it surpasses that of the Liederkrantz, namely, in a certain concentration of individuality—and that individuality the mind of the conductor, Mr. Tomlins. Much has been done to bring the Apollo into a higher and a finer musical experience. There has been the educating influence of a leader, really great in his department, and many subordinate influences have been brought to bear to add to the singing as much as possible of a spiritual quality, having in it not alone the human brotherhood and fine feeling of the Liederkrantz, but also something perhaps more aggressive and concen-

trated. This was to be felt, for example, in the part songs recited for the Princess Eulalie. But the Apollo Club is not entirely homogeneous, there are still quite a number of members who are somewhat narrow, opinionated and uncultured. These make a disturbing element in the finer moments which the listener dimly feels. Nothing of this is felt in the Liederkranz.

It is no unfavorable reflection that the Swedish singers should not manifest these finer qualities to anything like the same degree. The men are mostly in limited circumstances, and their musical experiences have been vastly more limited than those of either of the two great societies mentioned. They are still in the common school of part singing. Their next step should be, if possible, to organize female choruses, and so come presently to a good mixed chorus, when a range of more musical music will be opened to them. Then as wealth accumulates the Swedes, being a thrifty people, will certainly have their share, and presently, after a score of years, all these finer graces will add themselves. Meanwhile, it is a great point that they already have made so fine a start.

THE PRINCIPAL SOLO SINGERS OF THE MONTH.

IT is more convenient to discuss the solo singers in a mass than to take them in connection with the concerts in which they respectively appeared, since the main purpose of this part of Music is that of a record, and a reflection, and not a critical review in the usual sense. It is of little importance to the reader four or five months after these concerts to be told that at such and such a point of a certain work there were defects unless the defect can be made to cover a principle—when the circumstance loses its temporary character and in its aspect of lesson rises into the universal.

The two foremost solo artists of the month have been Mr. Edward Lloyd, the tenor, and Mr. C. F. Lundquist, baritone from the Royal Opera at Stockholm. Mr. Lloyd remained all through the engagement what he has always shown himself—the best oratorio tenor now upon the stage. To a naturally refined and agreeable quality of tone he adds everything that school and musical experience can do. Hence he is always interesting, even in the most trying tasks, of which the Bach “St. Mathew” recitatives afforded the best examples. His ballad concerts and the “Lohengrin” music showed that his art is cosmopolitan in its character. He was of great use and everybody learned to admire his art. His limitations lie wholly in the direction of reliability. He is what might somewhat irreverently be described as a “safe family tenor”—using this hackneyed phrase in its most liberal and high-toned range. Nothing whatever that he does is discreditable; but on the contrary, very little that he does stirs the blood of the hearer. The artistic fire burns a trifle low, and the voice has lost its first freshness. Hence he is an artist to admire unflinchingly, and always to speak of in the highest convenient terms; but not an artist to rave over.

Mr. Lundquist, the Swedish singer, has had rather a varied experience. He began his career as tenor; but later the heroic quality of his voice led to a change to baritone rôles, in which vocally considered he can have very few superiors. Personally he is now very stout, turning the beam at somewhere above the 250 notch. As his height is only about five feet ten his frame was not originally intended for such liberal upholstering. But within this frame there is the soul of an artist and a voice of singularly noble quality and varied *timbre*. He is full of dramatic spirit, and a more stirring singer one will rarely find. This was not so much observed at his first appearance, when the public exercises of the procession or the dinner may have temporarily impaired his artistic condition; but at his last appearance he was in excellent form, and in five ballads he showed a versatility admirable in every way. The best part of hi

voice is the upper octave and a half. He is able to sing as high as baritone rôles require, and probably could take a tenor rôle without special inconvenience. But within his middle range the voice is telling and full of vibrant power. He has an excellent legato, phrases with feeling and his text is delivered in a manner which at once marks him as an artist. For it is only upon a perfect method that a good delivery of a text can be based. He would be a noble Frithiof in Max Bruch's work of that name. Every heroic part would find in him an intelligent, appreciative, not to say effective, exponent.

In the basso, Mr. Conrad Behrens, we had another artist of different type. His voice by nature was a low bass, very heavy and ponderous. Like all voices of this kind, the singer tends to undue slowness of tempo, and it is only under the impetus of excitement that he becomes animated. He is a "heavy bass" in every sense of the word. The Swedish soprano, Mme. Caroline Ostberg, is the type of a class of singer that Europe gets much more out of than we do in this country. Her voice is naturally a mezzo soprano, well cultivated, but of no very unusual power. She sings effectively in such arias as that of the Countess in Mozart's "Figaro," "Dove sono;" but she does her recitatives much better than the aria, well as she does that. She is thus a well trained artist, not originally of the highest powers but serious and industrious. Thus she makes a thoroughly reliable prima donna in the established opera of a second rate capital—such as Stockholm. In this country it would not be possible for an artist of her powers to secure such a position, nor the newspaper treatment which would preserve her prestige. This is our fault, for our undue critical faculty is not so much based upon our ability to discern merit as upon our instinct for fault-finding. Having few or no sentiments to be stirred by music, we are left cool to point out faults—whereas finer sentiment would rise above the performing artist into the range of the composer's ideas.

One of the best singers of the month was the American, Miss Medora Henson, who has lately come back from Eng-

land, where she has acquired quite a name. Her voice is a telling soprano, well trained. In oratorio she has few superiors among the singers below the very first class. For the latter rank her voice is not sufficiently powerful, not its quality wholly irreproachable.

There was a young singer, in the person of the contralto, Miss Mary Louise Clary, from Louisville, who has a magnificent voice, of deep quality and possibilities, but as yet she is too slow, and her voice is not properly brought out. When she sang alone in something that she knew, like "But the Lord is mindful of his own," she made a good effect, but when she had to sing a duet with a full-fledged artist, as with Mr. Lloyd, the imperfection of her method left her in the strongest possible and unfavorable contrast. Her future will depend upon her teaching and her industry.

Miss Jennie Dutton is another singer, illustrating the difficulty of getting rid of faulty modes of tone production when they are once acquired. When she sings mezzo her voice is agreeable, but when she becomes more intense her old faults come back, and the tone is not satisfactory, having in it an unfavorable harmonic.

Something nearly as bad might be said of the popular Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop, of Chicago. While her schooling has been of a superior kind, she occasionally relapses into early habits which mar her interpretations. At her best she is a beautiful and a powerful singer. The element in her singing which probably fails oftener than any other is that of sweetness.

This, however, is merely another way of saying that it is not given every singer to be an artist of pre-eminent calibre. Fortunately for the rank and file of the profession, the world principally filled up with people who are not geniuses, and who do not really appreciate or particularly care for geniuses in any way. Not especially desiring whirlwinds they not only get along with the bellows, but even manage to be happy therewith. And therewith let us be content.

THE TONE FAIRIES.

PART II.

Bess never knew how long she slept, but suddenly she became conscious of a circle of tiny forms dancing about her. They uttered the sweetest sounds which she could liken unto nothing but a chorus of canary birds.

"Aha, my dear, you're awake, are you?" said dainty Queen C fluttering down beside her like a butterfly. Of course you are wondering who the sweet singers are?"

"You must know everything, you dear Queen, for that was just what I was going to ask you,"

"We call them the little Shakers, because they never stand still a minute. Trill is the name you give them. They are all little girls and when they become perfect in step, they join the shakers. See what a pretty dance it is.

One head goes up, the next one down all along the line, so that every second one looks a head shorter than her neighbor: though they are exactly the same height. The reason their voices sound so birdlike is that they are always dancing, and the tones rise and fall with them, giving that sweet tremulous effect. You will know them wherever they are, whether on a dancing rope or not, and no one of them ever dances alone."

The little Shakers capered away, and Queen C proposed that they should cross to the common where the old white heads were sitting. As they neared the group Bess noticed a swinging balcony, just high enough for the fathers—who were walking about, or talking to the old men—to pass under. Flitting about upon this balcony were dozens of tiny midgets, all carrying bells in their hands, some of them had but one, others two; and a great many had three.


"These are the Sister Bell Ringers. Your teacher would call them *Mordente*, *Appoggiatura* or *Acciaccatura*. Watch how cunningly they ring out the silvery notes, just as one of the fathers is about to speak. But here are a group of young men; look at them now."

Several of the fairies whom they had seen all dressed in black stopped for a moment under the balcony. A tiny sprite, with one silver bell in her hand, poised it above her head, then waved it back and forth, before the foremost youth could open his mouth. They were about to sing a part song, it seemed, and the tinkling sound was fitting prelude to the fairy voices. A solo was introduced in like manner, by one of the sisters who jingled the three bells she handled so deftly, about the head of the singer. He laughed and nodded good-naturedly to the mischievous musicians.

The song ended, a conversation ensued between the young men and the white heads who seemed to criticise their performance, repeating an occasional passage as if to indicate the proper mode of rendering it. The Bell Ringers, ever on the watch, would herald the briefest measure of the old men as they had done the songs of the youth.

"Who is that funny little fellow standing by one of the fathers?" inquired Bess. "He is so still. And they never ring the bells near him."

"Poor little fellow!" exclaimed Queen C with a pitying smile, "We call him Dot the Dwarf. He is both deaf and dumb, and so little. He hasn't any legs or feet, and it is really surprising how he manages to get about and be seen in so many places so frequently.

The fathers, young men and boys speak for him generally. We all respect him very much, and whenever he stands at the right of any one at a public meeting, they always speak or sing half as long a time for him as they do for themselves, so it is considered quite an honor to be near him, as it gives a speaker or singer half as much time as they always have to add to their own. Dear little Dot; we all love him very dearly; the sister Bell Ringers as well as all the rest of us. They wouldn't for the world ring their fairy chimes about him or in the time that belongs to him, for fear he should be reminded all the more forcibly that he cannot speak: for you know they love to jingle their bells just as some one is about to distinguish themselves by saying or singing something. Sometimes though when we are going to give a grand concert, a little girl or boy is selected to sing a short bird-like song in the time allotted to Dot. You will know when this is the case, for the little song I speak of is always marked like this in your book." Queen C made a figure in the sand, with her tiny slipper toe like this  and continued "Sometimes it is used when any one doesn't wish to occupy all their time, even when Dot isn't near them, as it gives greater variety and sweetness to the music. If you like, we'll go and see the children at their games now."

Bess followed her sprightly guide a short distance and as they passed a small clump of shrubbery, they came suddenly upon the fairy girls and boys who were having a genuine romp, just like real girls and boys. Back and forth they ran in wildest confusion, laughing and shouting in the merriest fashion.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Bess, "do look at that funny boy. Who is he, pray?"

"There by the ferns? We call him the three-legged boy though he really has three *pairs* of legs and three heads. If you saw him in your book you'd call him a triplet. See the hat he wears; the brim shades all three of his heads and the crown is just the shape of a figure three. You will notice when he runs, though he has three pairs of legs, he can only outrun, or rather run as long without stopping as two ordinary boys. He is a lovely singer, and in his one person possesses three voices, which produce a fine effect in

our concerts. He never sings longer than two other boys, and his three voices have to be carefully handled so that each one may have its exact time. I think you must take your leave now though, for mamma will wonder where you are, and you'll have enough to think of until I see you again."

"But when will you come for me again?" said the little girl, fearful lest she should lose her tiny friend.

"I'll promise to come next week if you'll practice without being cross in the meantime."

"Oh yes, I'll be sure to do that, for I shall love to look for you little dears in my book. When I strike a key upon the piano and one of your number answers with his tiny song, I shall think I'm in the land of the Tone Fairies again."

Bess was at home once more, and with a kiss as light as the breath of a twilight zephyr Queen C whispered "Good bye," and was gone.

FAIRY GODMOTHER.

CATECHISM OF THE PEDAL—COMMONLY CALLED THE LOUD PEDAL.

—What is the pedal?

It is a lever attached to the piano, moveable by the foot.

—When “pedal” is mentioned, which lever is usually meant, that for the right foot, or the one for the left?

That for the right foot.

—What is the damper?

It is a little cushion of felt resting upon the strings. When the key is pressed, the damper is raised, and the string is permitted to vibrate in response to the hammer.

—What is the office of the pedal?

It raises all the dampers from the strings at once.

—What is the musical use of this?

It permits tones to continue sounding as long as they please, after the fingers are removed from the key.

—What then is the object of the pedal?

To permit tones to go on sounding after the fingers have been removed from the keys.

—Is “loud pedal” a proper name for this pedal?

It is not.

—Has the pedal anything to do with softness or loudness?

The pedal increases the volume of tone by permitting harmonics to sound in sympathy with the tone sounded.

—How can you show this?

Holding with the right hand, without sounding them, middle C and its octave, sound forcibly with the left hand the two C's below. Remove the left hand from the keys, still holding the right hand upon its two keys, and the two C's will be heard sounding.

The pedal has nothing to do with this. But if instead of holding the right hand upon these two upper C's, the pedal be pressed, and then the bass C's be sounded, the right hand C's will be heard with them. You can make quite sure of this by the following: As soon as you have sounded the bass C's with the pedal pressed, slip the right hand softly upon the middle C and its octave above, without sounding them. Then discontinue the pedal and these two C's which have not been sounded will be heard singing quite plainly.

—In what manner, then, is the pedal a loud pedal?

Simply in an incidental manner. It permits all the near relatives of the sounding tone to vibrate in sympathy with it.

—What then is the first rule for using the pedal?

RULE I. Use the pedal whenever you desire tones to continue sounding after the fingers have been removed from the keys.

—How long may tones be continued in this manner without bad effect ?

As long as no new chord enters. When all the tones sounding belong to the same chord, no discord results. As soon as a tone is continued into a chord to which it does not belong, a dissonance results, which is unmusical.

—What is the second rule for using the pedal ?

RULE II. Do not use the pedal in such a manner as to mix two tones of the melody. A melody is supposed to be sung by an individual. When two tones of the same melody are sounding together it immediately suggests that there must be more than one person singing, and that one of them is singing wrong.

—What is the most common use of the pedal ?

The most common use of the pedal is to hold the bass tone, sounded by the left hand, until the chord belonging to it is heard with it.

—Mention another use of the pedal ?

Schumann and other modern writers often use the pedal to secure blending in the treble and bass, and a certain indistinctness—upon much the same principle as painters sometimes smear with the thumb the lines where two contrasting colors join, in order to leave it a little more indistinct, as it generally is in nature.

—Mention a use of the pedal connected with melody playing.

The pedal is often used to prolong tones of a melody while intervening matter is being played, of the nature of an accompaniment or embellishment. A good example is found in Karl Merz's arrangement of "Thou art so near and yet so far."

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN.

Mr. S. L. Fish, a musician and teacher well-known among musical people in this section of the country, where he has sung and taught for the past twenty-five years, died in Milwaukee April 10. He was one of the charter members of the old Philharmonic Club, of that city, and later the leading first tenor of the Arion Club, which, under the direction of William L. Tomlins, won so high a place among choral societies of this country. He was several times closely associated with H. R. Palmer in his convention work in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, in each of which states he will be remembered, by the older musicians, as a soloist of unusual merit and a teacher whose work was earnest and painstaking, resulting in the success which only such conscientious labor can bring.

Mr. Fish composed and arranged several tasteful, though unpretentious, anthems and songs, some of which have been published in H. R. Palmer's earlier books.

Mr. Fish leaves a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Minnie Fish Griffin, a very talented and successful singer, and two sons, one of whom has a very marked musical ability.

The last three years of his professional life were spent in Bloomington, Ill., where he was director of the vocal department of the Wesleyan College of Music. The *Bloomington Leader*, of November 2, 1892, contained the following:

"The removal of Prof. S. L. Fish from this city, which occurred on Monday, is an event in the musical world of Bloomington which is of considerable importance. Prof. Fish, after a residence and work of three years in this city, was obliged to give up his duties on account of ill health and returned to his old home in Milwaukee, where he will retire from active work for a time in the hope of regaining his former vigor and strength which he had lost through overwork.

Prof. Fish came to Bloomington as if by accident. In the summer of 1889 he visited this city and while here he sang at one of the churches and also at one or two other occasions. Some of the local musicians became acquainted with him and invited him to come here and take up active musical work. After considering the proposition for a time he concluded to accept and came to Bloomington to live. He at once entered into connection with the Wesleyan College of Music, where he did excellent and appreciated work up to the day of his departure.

But not only as a teacher in his profession did Prof. Fish exercise his energy, but also in a number of directions along musical lines he became known as a hard worker and excellent gentleman.

Soon after coming here he was chosen leader of the First Presbyterian choir which he supervised for nearly two years. During his management that organization gained a name among kindred bodies in the city as one of the best, being composed of some of the most excellent musical talent and manifesting a high degree of choral harmony.

On all occasions, where public entertainments of a musical nature required the training of choruses, the services of Prof. Fish had always been in demand during his residence in this city. Some of the best chorus singing ever heard in Bloomington was by singers drilled under his leadership. He acquired a reputation not only for the excellence of his professional ability, but for his courteous demeanor as a gentleman under circumstances which often give rise to disruption among musicians, that most sensitive class of people.

As a teacher, it is the opinion of his collegians and all those who had occasion to avail themselves of his services that he had few peers. With an excellent method and a rare judgment and consideration for the best interests of his pupils, he always won from them the highest degree of proficiency possible without the use of harsh measures. Indeed, his uniform courtesy both in the class-room and out is realized by all as one of his best traits, and forms one of the reasons for regret at his enforced removal from the city.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MUSICAL DOMINOES. Invented by G. W. Grimm. Philadelphia, Theo. Presser. 1893. Price 75 cents.

Mr. Grimm's game of musical dominoes is a very pleasing application of the domino principle to note values. The dominoes bear notes, and their denomination for playing purposes turns upon the note values represented. Thus a dotted quarter may match with a rest of the same denomination, or with a quarter and eighth tied. And so on in all other cases, every possible value being represented. The directions give several different manners of playing the game, and there is no reason why it should not prove very amusing and incidentally instructive.

THE OLD VENETIAN SCHOOL OF SACRED MUSIC.

We have received from Venice a copy of "*La Scuola Veneta, di Musica Sacra*," a journal devoted to a revision of the musical liturgy of the Roman Church, with special reference to re-establishing the pure music of the Venetian school in the supremacy it once had. The director of this journal is Signor Giovanni Tebaldini, the vice-Kapellmeister at St. Mark's. No. 2, which is here before us, contains the following articles: "Sacred Music in Italy," by G. A. Biaggi; "The Ideal of Sacred Music" (appendix to conference upon the Gregorian Canto), by G. Tebaldini; "the Decrees of the Church Concerning Sacred Music," "the Local Venice Society of St. Gregory," together with ecclesiastical news from different points. The number also contains eight pages of music of an ecclesiastical style, but with the authorship not indicated.

Later No. 10 has come to hand with the following articles: "A Lesson on Organ Playing," by Prof. Luigi Bottazzo, on "Modulation, with Passages and Sundry Notes." The music consists of a "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," by Sig. Tebaldini, in the ancient style, and musical illustrations for the organ lesson of Prof. Bottazzo. Sig. Tebaldini is an earnest musician, representing young Italy which knows the value of its ancient heritage in music.

FROM THE O. DITSON COMPANY.

NEW SONG ALBUM, BY JULES JORDAN.

"We'll go no more a-Roving." Alto or baritone in B flat.

"The Happy Sailor." Baritone in F.

"Ring-time or Spring-time." Tenor or baritone in F.

These songs strike a happy medium between purely popular pieces and the higher class of lyrics, which aim at the expression of the more inner sentiments in musical speech appealing to musicians as such. They are easily handled and pleasing. The sailor song is one of the old-time subjects, handed down from the time of the wooden sailing craft, which are now superseded by the steamers. So a new sort of line might be interpolated, something like this:

"But should the breezes fail to blow, he lights a brighter fire,
And lingers 'round the gleaming guage, a-climbing higher and higher."

Of the three songs mentioned above the "Ring-time and Spring-time" will be found generally more pleasing.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

THE PIANO EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR.

THE display of pianofortes at the Fair is a very instructive one, if the observer succeeds in finding the foreign exhibits and coates them with the American. Naturally, it is very strong in the department of handsome cases—many of which are genuine works of art. Mason & Hamlin, Henry F. Miller, and Chickering display cases which are of great value, and are fit to ornament a palace—by which is meant the modern first-class American home, where expense is a matter of no consideration.

From a tonal standpoint, naturally, there is little that is new. Apparently the pianoforte along its present lines has reached the limits of its development until new principles are applied. It is possible that the new departure of Messrs. A. Reed & Sons may be this new departure, and, again, it is possible that it may not be. Time will tell. Frankly, the display throws no light upon tonal advance. The best grands here exhibited are no better than many which have been shown at other expositions. There are observers who would not consider them so good. For when a display of American pianos lacks the distinguished names of Steinway, Decker, Weber and Knabe, it is certain that instruments of merit equal to any here shown are omitted. The most that can be claimed for the present display is that many of the instruments are fully up to the standard of the very best American work, and this is to say that they are up to the highest standard of the world.

Here also something has to be taken for granted. Several of the best foreign makers are absent, quite as truly as American. Erard, Bechstein, Schiedmayer, and Blüthner (of Leipzig) are all absent. These are first-class makers, and there are many artists who believe their work up to the standard of the best American. But aside

from these, the foreign pianos are inferior to the American in many respects. They are smaller, have less volume, and the tone itself is not so good. Moreover, they will not stand the American climate with the American furnace.

The most striking fact in the existing display is the advance of many houses formerly known as makers of second grade instruments, or not known at all as piano-makers, to the rank of first class makers. In the case of a firm like Mason & Hamlin, whose name has always been associated with high-class work, this is not so remarkable, since the record of the firm made it certain that should they ever take up the piano, solidity, elegance and artistic quality would be the qualities aimed at. This we find to be the case. Nor is it very strange to find the house of Henry F. Miller Company showing artistic pianos. From the beginning the Henry F. Miller pianos have been noted for their solidity, and later for their excellent tonal qualities. Still more lately they have been equally known for elegance of style and novelty. Nor is it at all strange that a very rich house, like that of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, which makes nothing of an order for a hundred organs, should bring to the manufacture of pianos ability of the highest order. It costs no more for material, and but a small percentage more for wages, to make a complete first-class piano than to make one which just misses being first-class. Hence, while it is a pleasure to find the new Conover grand an instrument of the very best kind, it is no more than would have been expected. Particular credit should be accorded such a house as that of Fischer, which after making commercial pianos for many years, and placing more than seventy-five thousand instruments in American homes, has now come to the front with a grand piano which is really of excellent quality. This shows ambition. The new grand of the W. W. Kimball Company, which Mr. Emil Liebling thinks so well of, is too important to dismiss in a paragraph. There will be more later concerning it.

Among the few novelties shown in pianoforte construction are the "screw stringer" of Mason & Hamlin and

the Reed system of construction. Both these are of great merit. But substantially, the scales show no novelty, nor is there anything important in the action or in any other part of the piano. Established lines are closely followed. In this respect the present exposition differs from many that have preceded it. In 1851 Mr. Jonas Chickering showed at London many novelties which attracted great attention from the foreign builders. The chief of these were his iron plates, his sounding-boards of American spruce, and his scales. As early as 1855 the Steinways began to make their record for radical improvements in pianos, and until within about ten years they have never been wanting with some point or other of novelty, often of great ingenuity. Here, however, there is nothing new but the two inventions already specified.

To the observations above, concerning the inferiority of the foreign pianos, exception must be made in favor of the instruments of Grotrian, Helfferich, and Schulz, the successors of Theodore Steinway, at Brunswick, Germany. Their exhibit, which is placed in the gallery of the German department, nearly behind the great bronze group of "Germany," consists of four pianos, two upright and two parlor grands. These instruments are substantially Steinway pianos. That is to say they follow mainly the Steinway lines, and are first-class instruments in every respect. The tone is pure, singing, musical and full. The actions also are agreeable, and the cases marvels of richness. Of these there will be more to be said in another place.

There is also a distinct novelty in the exhibit made by the Dominion Piano Company, of Bowmanville, Canada. Their "Farwell" piano, (so named from the principal owner of the stock of the Company) is a large upright in which the tension is carried upon the iron plate by means of an arched casting behind the pinplate. The upright posts usual at the back of the instrument, are wanting, and the space so gained is devoted to yet another improvement. All the lower end of the instrument gains the advantage of a double sounding-board, placed about two inches in the rear of the main sounding-board, producing what the makers call a "patent

qualifying chamber." The effect sought from this improvement is greater singing power, fullness of the bass, and sweetness of tone. It is not easy to say whether these qualities, which undoubtedly exist in the instruments shown, are due to the improvement or to a fortunate scale. But in the opinion of the makers the double sounding-board is to be credited with the improved effect. This is not by any means a new idea, but probably is the first application of it in a fully successful manner.

The small uprights of the same firm also carry the tension upon the iron arched frame and dispense with the wooded uprights. They also contain the second sounding-board. They appear to be solid and well made instruments. This exhibit is also to be praised for some handsome cases, one of which has been pronounced by many piano experts the handsomest in all the fair.

Among the foreign pianos a very high place must be given to the Russian exhibit of Messrs. Becker, and Schroeder. The Becker exhibit consists of two full grand pianos and two parlor grands. The instruments are of large scale, full tone, solid mechanism, and thoroughly first-class modern pianofortes in every respect. It is to one of the Becker instruments that the "harmonie" attachment of Mr. Hlavac is applied. The sonority of these instruments is astonishing. They follow closely the Steinway lines, of construction.

The exhibit of the house of Schroeder consists of two grands, and two parlor pianos.

Russia must be credited with the most important novelty shown in the entire exhibition—the tone-sustaining attachment of Mr. V. J. Hlavac, noticed in detail in a former number of *MUSIC*. This, as will be remembered, consists of a set of smaller hammers vibrated mechanically by means of a "blowing pedal," giving a sustained effect like that of a harmonium, but necessarily always in tune with the remainder of the instrument. The attachment adds about \$200 to the cost of a piano; but opens a world of new effects, and makes the instrument susceptible of a class of orchestral effects otherwise impossible upon it.

The most important single display in the entire musical department is the loan collection of spinets, harpsichords, and the like, from Mr. Morris Steinert, of New Haven. This collection is very rich in instruments of the time from Sebastian Bach down to the beginning of the present century. It shows several forms with mechanism still in order and several individual instruments of historical value upon personal grounds from their having belonged to great composers. Here are such treasures as a clavier which belonged to Sebastian Bach, a harpsichord which belonged to Händel, Beethoven's grand piano, Mozart's piano, and the like. In this connection it may be mentioned also that the grand piano of Mendelssohn is also in this country, the possession of Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang, of Boston, daughter of the distinguished master, Mr. B. J. Lang.

The earliest American instrument shown is also in the Steinert collection, being by Alpheus Babcock, of Boston—the same who first invented and applied the iron frame, upon which all the large pianos with their heavy stringing depend.

The American piano began with the English production, about 1776. In the early part of this century the pianos made in America differed from those made in London mainly in being perhaps somewhat less cleverly finished. It was in this way that the great originator and founder of the American piano, Alpheus Babcock of Boston, began. An instrument of his make dating probably from about 1820, is in the Steinert collection. It is a small piano with wooden frame throughout. The strings are small, the hammers hinged to the rail with parchment, etc. This was substantially the piano with which Jonas Chickering began his career as master, for in the Chickering exhibit is the very piano. It is of wood frame, small strings etc, dating from 1823. Unfortunately the Chickerings do not make any effort to bridge over the chasm between this primeval instrument and their modern ones. The beginning of the improvement and foundation of the American piano was the iron frame, which was invented by Alphonse Babcock in

1825. For many years this bold innovator continued to manufacture pianos, removing to Philadelphia in 1830. His instruments appear to have been the best manufactured anywhere in America at that time. Conrad Meyer, of Philadelphia, also made pianos with iron frame about 1832.

The present writer is not able to learn of Mr. Jonas Chickering having made any pianos with iron frame until nearly or quite 1838, when he brought out a patent for a new mode of casting the plate in one piece. But to Mr. Chickering belongs incontestably the honor of first having applied the iron frame to grand pianos, which he did in 1843, he being at that time the only manufacturer of grand pianos in America. He also made the first circular scales, and in fact advanced the instrument very much towards the point where the Steinways took hold of it in the very year that Mr. Chickering died, namely in 1853.

It is a pity that the Steinway historical exhibit is not in the fair instead of being in the store of their Chicago agents, Messrs. Lyon & Potter. Here are shown the first square piano, the first grand and the first upright made by the firm, and as all are in excellent playing condition their construction may be studied to advantage. The square antedating the others is naturally more interesting. It is a wide piano, with over-stringing, and the scale is so drawn that the strings for the lower part of the treble run directly across the piano, in a line parallel with the keys. This scale was soon superseded, but the novelty and boldness of the construction are splendid. They also show a square piano made by Mr. Henry Steinway in Brunswick, about 1848. It is a large square piano for those days, though considerably smaller than their first New York piano, and the case is of mahogany, excellently finished. The instrument is a strong testimonial to the standing of the older Steinway in Germany—a point which latterly has been called in question by competitors not well informed. At all event, here are the instruments and one can judge them at leisure.

BEWARE OF SNIDE PIANOS.

A snide piano is made of cheap material by cheap workmen under a cheap foreman, and is put together as cheaply as possible. The problem is to make something which will look like a piano and to an uncultivated and indiscriminating ear *sound* more like a piano than anything else. It must last long enough to get it home, and until the last installment of the price is paid.

Sometimes they give out before they are fully paid for. What does the dealer do then, poor thing? He "regrets" the misfortune and exchanges the instrument for a new one—which generally holds together until the payment is completed.

The snide piano always sells for more money than it ought. The problem is to get all one can for it. The more the customer pays, the surer he is of getting a good instrument.

There are some high-grade pianos which are also sold on this principle.

The dealer relies upon "human nature" to help him out. When a man has bought a new piano, especially if he has "saved money" by getting a bargain against his wife's advice, he always tries to imagine that he has succeeded.

A tuner calls and tells him the truth. Does this harm the dealer? Not a bit of it. He declares that the tuner had been "bought up" by an opposition house.

The teacher smiles a sickly smile when she tries the piano. Does this harm the dealer? Not at all. The teacher has also been "bought up" by the opposition.

The sounding board cracks. Does this harm the dealer? Not a bit. He tells you that this is a very common occurrence with all high grade pianos. It shows that a very spirited grain of wood had been used. The crack is an advantage, rather than otherwise, it acts as a safety valve, to let off superfluous vibration. Some makes always have cracks in them, and all would if it were not for a miserable patent that some smart Aleck got on the idea.

The snide piano does not stand in tune. Does this damage it? Not at all. It is the exceptional dryness of your house. The dealer recommends you to put a pan of water on the register.

The snide piano absolutely fails to "go." The action is uneven and half the keys do not act. Whatever happens then? Nothing to speak of. The tuner of the dealer tinkers them, and incidentally shows the confiding customer that the failure was due to the works having been a little too well made. The bushing was too thick.

The snide piano is worse than a malaria. It ruins the ear of those who practice upon it; it ruins the touch; it makes the best music sound just as bad as the worst.

All the snides go together. Snide piano, snide music, snide teaching and snide cultivation.

The dealer in snide pianos deals as far as practicable with the customer direct, in order to save him commissions. This is kind of the dealer. The middle man might have a streak of honesty in him too big for the snide piano to run through.

Are there any snide pianos made in Chicago? Well, rather. There are a great many. Also in other places.

How is the buyer to know them? He cannot. They are made so much like good instruments that except, one have real knowledge they would deceive the very elect.

How is a customer to avoid them? Easily enough. He must deal with reliable dealers who have too much to lose to afford misrepresentation, where lying might be proven and cost money.

Do the large dealers ever sell snide pianos? Sometimes. But always with a much smaller lie than the small dealers use. When a customer absolutely will not pay for a good piano, the dealer is going to sell him a snide piano, if he can. He *must* make his profit. So he sells the snide piano—but at a price approaching its real value.

Not at its real value. This would be too much for poor human nature. Besides, a snide piano at its real value would be absolutely less than nothing—since not only does it make a total failure of all that a piano ought to be, but it also stands in the way of some other piano coming in and doing the work.

How do makers of snide pianos get rich? They do not get rich. There are a few makers of very cheap commercial pianos who get rich. But these pianos, even, have a positive value, though a very small one. The snide makers, however, cannot afford to be rich. They would lose too much in making their work good.

Did it ever occur to you how many pianos there are advertised in trade papers, which you never see in any respectable house, or advertised in musical papers? Why should they advertise? The

less musicians know about their wares the better for them. "Keep dark," is the principle.

Are all the out-of-town makers to be classed in this list of snides? Not at all. Some make honest, well-meaning but rather slow instruments.

Are snide pianos peculiar to any one city? Not at all. East and west, everywhere, there is a field for this great representative of the class, vampire. The poor we have always with us.

Beware of snide pianos !

EMERSON PIANOS.

The Emerson Piano Company, at 218 Wabash Ave., has in stock a very handsome lot of upright instrument pianos, in exceptionally fine cases. Among them are several in French walnut, quarter-sawed oak, and other recent and attractive styles. More charming instruments purchasers could not desire.

Thorough Piano Instruction,

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews respectfully gives notice that during the present season he will receive a limited number of music pupils in Mason's System of Technics, and in the higher art of Musical Interpretation. Advance engagement will be necessary. Pupils will be retained only when they show proper diligence and seriousness of aims.

Terms per hour lesson, \$1.00. Half hours, \$2.50.

Payable half-quarterly in advance.

Assistants:—In order to accommodate others desiring the advantages of Mr. Mathews' system (which combines the development of solid technique with musical intelligence and feeling), his assistants, Miss Edith C. Mathews and Miss Lillian E. Hunt will receive pupils under his observation, at the rate of \$1.25 per hour.

Classes in Literature: A class in "How to Understand Music" will be formed, beginning September 16 at 9 A. M. There will be ten lessons in the course, each one hour. The ground of the first two parts of the book will be covered. The object is the cultivation of musical intelligence and taste.

Terms: \$5.00 each pupil for the ten lessons.

Apply between 10 and 12 A. M. at Room 33, No 240 Wabash Ave.

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK

MUSIC.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

SAINT-SAENS ON THE WAGNER CULT.

(Translated from Camille Saint-Saens' *Harmonie et Mélodie*.)

PREFATORY NOTE:—Some months ago, when the presence of M. Saint-Saens was confidently expected at the Columbian Exposition, a translation of one of his most characteristic essays was begun for MUSIC. It was the one serving as preface to "*Harmonie et Mélodie*," wherein he states his position regarding Wagnerianism. While the eminent composer and none the less clever literary writer has now definitely, it is said, declined to come to the Fair, the essay in question is none the less interesting, and half of it here follows.

VERY sensible persons, to whom I am far from attributing wrong, think that an artist ought to occupy himself solely with his art, and employ his time more usefully in producing works than in giving advice concerning works of others. Unfortunately, the public is apt to inquire itself beyond measure to learn the opinion of artists, of musicians above all, and when the public takes something into its head who can resist it? Before having read a note from M. X. or M. Z. one might know what were their preferences and their antipathies; and if M. X. and M. Z. are not in the humor to speak, one speaks for them. It is thus that I am able to read, in recitals of pure invention, stories of distant acquaintances of mine, in which I have attacked everything that those who seriously understand music are accustomed to respect. Behold how a legend forms itself, and God knows that legends have long life. Judicious spirits have demonstrated that it ought always to be so, that legend will

invariably be wrong in its reason and in its truth. So I have not the slightest expectation of reforming the judgments that so-and-so have formed upon my account. I have only thought that it might be possible to find here a certain spirit badly made, preferring true truth to legendary truth; it is for these that I have taken the pen, and not for the pleasure of writing upon un-ruled paper; ruled paper would much better suit my taste.

Taken right and left from the articles published at different times, the fragments here assembled have no other value than their entire sincerity. Hence I have not feared to leave side by side appreciations somewhat different upon the same subject, when they have been taken from different epochs. I admire profoundly, without comprehending them, those who in matters of art are able to form at first sight an opinion which they never afterwards change. It is for me in music as it is regarding men; I know them well only after long acquaintance. So many things interfere with the judgment when it has to do with this art which changes with time, flies rapidly like it, and never arrives than after caprices, dispositions more or less happy of the executants, the audience more or less capricious, more or less well disposed one's self.

The first time that I heard the celebrated Quartette of Schumann I failed to recognize its high value to a degree which astonishes me now when I think of it. Later, I acquired a taste for it, and for many years my enthusiasm was abundant and furious. Later again this beautiful fury is calmed. While recognizing this famous piece for a work above the line, which marks an epoch in the history of chamber music, I also find in it grave faults which renders hearing painful.

These faults I have recognized for a long time, but I do not wish to see them. One becomes amorous of works of art, and so much does one love them that the faults are as if they did not exist, even if they do not pass as merits; later love subsides and the faults remain.

There are works of which one is amorous all one's life;

there are some which resist victoriously all vicissitudes of taste. The latter, very rare, are the great works, and the very greatest masters do not produce them every day.

After these confidences, I think no one will be astonished to see me reply calmly to those who charge me with having occasionally changed my opinions. I have been so violently reproached with having, apropos to the works of Richard Wagner, "roasted" (*brûlé*) this which I formerly adored, that I cannot forbear to take this occasion to explain myself in good faith upon this point. It is permitted to vary with Beethoven, with Mozart; but with Wagner—it is a crime, more a sacrilege. Here we have no more to do with art, but with a cult. In reality it is not I who have changed—it is the situation.

At the time when the works of Wagner had ceased at "Lohengrin," while no one could foresee the transformations of their powerful nature, when one saw such pages as those of the march of "Tannhäuser" and the prelude to "Lohengrin" above hurlements of indignation, I did not care to take up the role of critic. I was for art against the Philistines, and no other attitude was possible. Nevertheless the work is finished; the march of time carries us farther every day, and the distance permits us to judge of the *ensemble*.

It happened while it has acquired the place in the musical world to which it was entitled, it has monopolized the press to a degree unprecedented, and the great clashes of applause sound in its honor an exuberant symphony. The Parisian public has followed the press, and so it picks up its ears at the suavities of "Lohengrin," hurles "*bis*" and cries "*encore*" to picturesque and excited cacophonies and frightful sounds, which are to music what pickles are to the cuisine. The point of view is no more the same, and is it not natural that my impression should be different?

Very well. Beyond this I have very little changed. Certain things which did not please me, but concerning which I reserved my judgment, now definitely displease me. This is all. I would no longer write, for instance that the

awakening of Brunhilde "is an enchantment." Not that the symphony which accompanies the awakening of Brunhilde has ceased to appear to me enchanting. But that what precedes it is so long, and that which follows is so tedious, and the prolonged thrills of the two lovers are so strange, that the few measures of awakening, properly so called, appear to me an insufficient compensation. Moreover, my admiration has not ceased to enlarge for "Rheingold" and for three-fourths at least of "Tristan" and the "Valkyrie." But while still admiring the colossal power displayed in the "Twilight of the Gods" and "Parsifal," I find the style what I might call "alembic" and in my opinion ill balanced. This criticism is general, merely, be it understood; because it would be necessary, it seems to me, to be deprived of all musical sentiment not to admire the funereal oration of Brunhilde over the body of Siegfried, or the second scene in "Parsifal."

Unfortunately it is not wholly a question of music with Wagner and we have more than we can manage.

In the fabulous times of Wagnerism, when the ephemeral and charming Gasperini was the prophet of France, he sought to free the musical drama from the tyranny of singers and to make a great modern drama; and following this very just idea that the drama ought to address the masses, he spoke of popular works of which the subject should be taken from legends familiar to all, in opposition to works made for an elite purely wordly, moving itself in an ideal, false and inaccessible to the crowd.

"Lohengrin" answered very well to this programme. The piece is sufficiently interesting, declamation is not suppressed by singing, and the singing does not retard the action. In spite of its high character the work did not bore the public. In fact it was a most grand success, *the* popular success in the works of Richard Wagner. "Lohengrin" is in the repertory of all the theatres of the world excepting these of Paris, where it would have been installed long, long ago but for political reasons.

What has happened since? It is that after having sup-

pressed one after another all the means of pleasing which opera possessed in order to leave the place free to drama, Wagner has at length suppressed the drama, and replaced it by a bizarre phraseology and a pretended philosophy whose real meaning has wholly escaped me. The drama of "Tristan and Isolde," admirable in its original conception, and where one finds at the end of the first act one of the most beautiful situations which the theatre affords, becomes in execution a series of long conversations between the persons, discoursing without end upon the lightness of the night and the gloominess of the day. It is great poetry; it is not drama. It is spectacle in an arm chair, with orchestra,—exquisite for rare mortals who read a score. Never can any one make me believe that it is theatrical for a personage to hold the stage throughout two entire acts, and such acts. It surpasses the ability of artists and spectators. "The heart," says the *Imitation*, "has two wings, which are simplicity and purity." Wagner has built many dramas upon this idea.

"Lohengrin" is an impossibility whose purity is his sole quality. Taken between his love of Elsa and the loss of his power, he does not hesitate, he makes to Elsa the most touching of adieux, but he goes.

Walther has learned nothing, neither poetry nor music: and it is by the simplicity of a happy nature that he overcomes the wise master-singers. Here, without intending it, Wagner has made his own satire. Naïvety is his least fault, and such a gifted young composer would have found without difficulty things much more seductive than the great duo "Parsifal." The *Meistersinger* besides is a prodigious work, and the piece is charming in spite of its length and certain faults of taste in the role of Beckmesser, where the grotesque is pushed too far.

All the tetralogy seems to have been prepared in order to lead in the apparition of the hero Siegfried. Now Siegfried is puberty and brutal force; nothing more. He is beast as an ass, given a broken head in all the panniers, he awakens not the least sympathy. "Parsifal" is little more; he is unconscious and pure, "*reiner Thor*," words which

after the most exact of Wagnerians have not a very precise significance. It is because he knows nothing and comprehends nothing that he is able at last to break the enchantments to which the saints leave him. What is there in all this philosophy?

Woman, in the Wagnerian drama, at first amorous with tenderness, like Elsa, or with fury, like Isolde, becomes sublime like Brunhilde, who in her love and her grief "raises herself from divinity to humanity—" bold idea, truly modern and philosophic; but what becomes of this idea with the mystic and elusive Kundry? "In order to comprehend Kundry," says a commentator, "it is necessary to have studied profoundly all the ancient theogonies." Indeed! But this is laborious, and takes us a long way from popular drama!

I have somewhere read that the apparition of the drama "Parsifal" was not only an æsthetic event but also an ethic, marking a new era in the development of humanity.

It is quite possible, and I shall be quite ready to admit it when some one has demonstrated the fact. Until then I limit myself to a consideration of the works of Wagner from the æsthetic point of view, which is perhaps sufficient for works of art.

If I might address myself exclusively to musicians, I would treat from the foundation the question of the music of these colossal works, to show how their style, sufficiently little elevated in principle, and in dissonance with the high ideas of Wagner, is at first pure, then complicated more and more, multiplying notes without necessity, abusing the resources of art even to gasping, demanding finally of voices and instruments things beyond the possible.

The disdain of symmetry which does not show in the first works, appears first as freedom, and in the last times a license destructive of all form and equilibrium. The peculiarly German preoccupation of surpassing reality constantly enchains Wagner; it is thus that he has taken in the instrumentation a great number of impracticable passages which can only approximately be realized. The "Magic Fire

Scene'' of the ''Valkyrie'' is the triumph of this process. The result is very beautiful, but is it not dangerous to habituate the performers? In certain theatres where they often play Wagnerian operas the orchestra plays false, the singers sing false, and no one perceives it; executants and audience alike have falsified their ears. After all this it is easy to see that one might hold an opinion in suspense concerning works so complex, so unequal, as those embracing between ''Rienzi'' and ''Parsifal'' so many different styles. The Wagnerians have for all this a very simple method: they admire everything; one of them will tell you in all seriousness that whenever he assists at a representation of one of the master's works he finds it necessary to lay entirely on one side the whole critical sense; another that a certain passage intended to be sung is beautiful if you leave out the vocal effect. So that without knowing theories of other musicians from the foundation, one may accuse them of lacking conviction. Wagner might write the most opposite things, *their* conviction would never be in doubt.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

INDIAN MUSIC AND ITS INVESTIGATORS.

The two papers by Miss Fletcher and Prof. Fillmore, respectively, reprinted in this issue of *MUSIC*, from the official file of the musical congresses, bring the subject of the music of the North American Indians prominently before the reader. So far as space permitted the songs themselves have here been given in connection with the text. These are taken from monograph recently published by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, "A Study of Omaha Indian Music," by Alice C. Fletcher, with a "Report on the Structural Peculiarities of the Music" by Prof. Fillmore.

Miss Fletcher has devoted much time to the study, and as far back as 1880 went to live among the Omaha Indians for the purpose of acquiring their folk-lore, which already was fast vanishing through the changed tribal conditions incident to the pressure of civilization. By great good fortune she was able to gain the confidence of the Omahas to a degree never surpassed by any white person. When she had been a short time among them she discovered that they were being systematically defrauded of their dues under the treaty. She thereupon went to Washington and being a woman of great persistency with right on her side, was able at length to get many of their wrongs righted and particularly to head off the speculators who had a plan of moving the Omahas to the Indian territory in order to throw open the reservation lands to settlement by the whites. When a law was passed giving the Indians their land in severalty, she was given in charge to undertake the allotment. So well did she perform the task that many other delicate government jobs in Indian management have since been confided to her sensible administration.

Her first report was upon "Indian Ceremonies." It was written in 1882 and 1883, and was published in the *XVth*

Report of the Peabody Museum, in 1883. Five of these ceremonies were given, together with attempts at the music. The accounts of ceremonies Miss Fletcher still believes to be generally correct, though a longer acquaintance with the Indians has enabled her to correct a few minor inaccuracies, those early musical transcriptions, however, were not equally satisfactory. In her paper in the present number she explains the difficulties of hearing which stand in the way of intelligently interpreting the songs of the Indians. The first and greatest of these is the fact of their frequently being out of tune. This was at first supposed to indicate the use of minute subdivisions of the octave, but later study has shown them to be mainly mechanical imperfections in vocal delivery, as is shown in the fact that the Indians recognize the diatonic sounds as correct when their songs are played upon our instruments. Another great difficulty is found in the incessant noise of the drums, which beat what we should call half beats, or a half pulse motion, throughout the melody. The noise of the drums tends to throw the voices still more out of tune, as well as to confuse the civilized ear. Later Miss Fletcher herself became doubtful whether the small intervals were intended, and by a series of inductions was able to convince herself that they were purely accidental.

When she had collected about three hundred of these songs and had proved the Indians' preference for them harmonized, when they were played upon an instrument, her attention was attracted to the name of Prof. Fillmore by something he had written upon harmony, and in 1888 she sent to him several melodies for harmonization. The results while not in all respects satisfactory were much more nearly so than any that had before been reached. Accordingly he was brought to Washington to hear the music sung by some Omaha Indians there, and later was sent to the reservation for still further investigation in the same line.

Here the "Pipe dance" was performed for his benefit, and every facility was given him to test as much as possible of the music, and to revise his impressions continually by

playing the freshly harmonized melodies for the Indians. The same process was applied to the music of other tribes, and by these means Mr. Fillmore has become expert in the delicate undertaking of interpreting Indian music, to a degree in which he is perhaps surpassed by no other white person.

In this difficult work of testing the harmonies and rhythms Prof. Fillmore acknowledges peculiar obligations to Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian in the service of the Indian Bureau at Washington. Mr. La Flesche is an extremely intelligent man and is desiring of affording all possible aid in recording and preserving the music of his race. He has devoted a large amount of time and work to the assistance of Miss Fletcher and Prof. Fillmore in their investigations, with a patience, intelligence, devotion and enthusiasm which deserve the most hearty and cordial recognition.

As he says in the paper on another page, the melodies give evidence of the possession of a harmonic sense, inasmuch as they generally lie along chord lines, and change from one chord to another in the apparent effort to obtain relief. This doctrine comports well with the actual substance of the melodies, and the Indians accept the harmonized versions as satisfactory, although they never sing in anything but unison among themselves. How are we to explain the existence of a latent harmonic perception among peoples who always sing in unison, have no musical instrument for pitch, (except an imperfect flute, which is not used with the singing) and generally fail to produce a resonant vocal tone. Indian singing is generally a trifle hoarse, and the tone is held back in the throat, as if the singer were singing to himself rather than to others. Thus all the usual means of harmonic incitation would seem to be wanting. How then are we to account for the existence of such a latent perception? This is a question for which as yet there is no solution.

In this connection may be mentioned one of the experiments which Prof. Fillmore and Dr. Boas have lately made

upon the Vancouver Indians, now at the World's Fair. Several of their songs have been taken down and afterwards harmonized. Upon revising the work at the piano, by the aid of the Indians, there were two places where there was doubt whether the pitch had been correctly noted. The melody was in the key of G, and at one place it skipped downward, B, G, D, through the chord of G. At other times, however, in this place the G was a little flat and it was doubtful whether the chord of B minor might not have been intended, the G being F sharp. Upon this point quite a difference existed. Dr. Boas contended that inasmuch as they often sung this tone flat and never sung it sharp, it was inherently more probable that F sharp was really intended. But upon this chord being offered it was always rejected by the Indians and that of G pronounced right. Both the investigators finally agreed that G must have been intended.

The present writer at first felt a trifle insecure upon the point of Indian rhythm. The frequency with which Prof. Fillmore puts a three-pulse melody over a two-pulse drum-beat, appeared unsafe. It seemed inherently more probable, one would say, that rhythm (which is a matter of number, would develop along the line of exact multiples than along the line of sesquialteral quantities such as a three against a two. Prof. Fillmore feels quite certain that in this also there is no mistake, and that in the matter of rhythmic complications of this kind the Indians have developed a finer sense than in any other part of their music.

If we admit that Indian melody is developed along a latent harmonic line, and observe the prevalence of the five toned scales over the whole world at certain stages of culture, we find in this an evidence that all mankind are brothers, or at least that development follows unvarying lines when it acts under similar conditions. Another trace of the universal we find in the sentiment with which the Indian invests his music, or which he expresses through his music, as in the love songs, the worship songs, and those of fair weather. Also in the fact that so many of these Omaha

songs, while always sung are nevertheless purely instrumental in character, because they are not set to a rational text, but to musical syllables instead. Here, again, Indian music differentiates itself widely from that of the ancients no less than from the moderns. The ancient Greeks thought that music without words was unintelligible, and they did not attach importance to the merely instrumental play of flutes and citheras except as evidences of hard-won virtuosity.

Indian music lacks one element of a fine art, in that it is intensely subjective, and appears never to reach the point where externalization presents itself as the point most in question. The Indian sings to himself, or to his companions, as part of a religious ritual, and never to his companions as an art, properly so called, and for the sake of giving pleasure.

It is to be regretted that as yet it has not been found possible to provide means for Prof. Fillmore to devote himself to this line of investigation until the music of all the North American tribes has been carefully preserved. Owing to their lacking written language and a musical notation, the songs are orally transmitted. And as civilization crowds upon the Indians, this process becomes more and more uncertain, both through the destructive influence of the white father's fire water, and the abundance of other forms of sense incitation. The old calm and simplicity of Indian life is gone forever. He is now nearly civilized. He is acquiring letters and is taking his place at the table of world's knowledge. His religion, his rituals, folk-lore, and primeval customs are fast vanishing without leaving a trace. Yet the more we understand his character, the more rational and serious he appears. These tribal and religious ceremonies display the better elements of his life. And it is desirable that they should be gathered for preservation as soon as possible.

W. S. B. M.

MUSIC AS FOUND IN CERTAIN NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES.

WHEN I first went among the Indians years ago to study them in their homes, to seek among their simple forms of living the elements of our more complex organization, I did not contemplate finding there the proofs of the universality of those fundamental laws which govern the expression of emotion. If I had actually realized that the Indian that we call savage was nevertheless a human being, I should have known that by his birthright of manhood there lay in him the potentiality of all that has been developed by our more fortunate or favored peoples.

I was, perhaps, as free from race prejudices as most students, but at the outset I was not prepared to admit what I was afterwards forced to acknowledge, that my eyes and ears were unconscious slaves to previous training, race-training, if you will. It was only by a long and laborious process that I acquired a broader power of observation, and while ignoring no peculiarity was able to relegate each to its proper place, and to permit no departure from my own standards to conceal those points which are common to the human race. Then recognizing the existence of these I began to trace the operation of the laws of expression, of emotion, which are as potent, as insistent with the savage as with the civilized man.

This is hardly the place to set forth the importance of the study of the various forms of social organization and political government found among the native tribes of America as a means of throwing light upon the development of society as it exists among us to-day. Sociological research among the Indians has given a perspective to the struggles of mankind, and a clearer revelation of the underlying forces that through all the ages of man's life upon the

earth have never ceased to work towards the uplifting of humanity. I only refer here to the debt which the modern student of social science owes to the labors of such men as Lewis H. Morgan, A. F. Bandelier, and other conscientious and capable observers of Indian life and customs, because the time at hand when the art student will acknowledge an equal obligation to the faithful recorder of Indian music and his treatment of form and color.

It may be well to mention some of the difficulties which beset the investigator of Indian music in the field. For many reasons it is not always easy to obtain the opportunity of listening to an Indian's songs. And there are certain classes of songs that few white persons are ever permitted to hear, and yet a knowledge of the scope of Indian songs is requisite in forming an estimate of how far the people have progressed in musical expression. After an opportunity to hear a song has been secured, there remains the necessity of not only understanding the meaning of it and of the ceremonies of which it may form a part, but one must have a knowledge of the social or religious customs in which so many of their songs are imbedded. Aside from these difficulties for the overcoming of which much prior investigation must have been made, there are certain peculiarities in the Indian's mode of rendering his songs, which at the outset confuse the attention of the observer and often prevent him from getting at the music itself. These peculiarities, while in themselves simply incident to the environment of the people, and to their own ideas concerning expression in music, frequently mislead the perplexed student to conclusions which are warped from the truth by his own previous education.

The Indian generally sings out of door. It is true that many ceremonies take place in a lodge, but the lodge is not like a close building, and it has exercised little or no influence upon the intonation or modulation of his voice. The accompaniment of instruments of percussion tends to strain the voice and to force it in such manner as to prevent any attempt at delicate effects. The din that attends certain

MISS ALICE C. FLETCHER.

classes of songs makes it almost impossible for the untrained ear to catch the melody; the listener may be familiar with the tune, he may even have learned it, but he will sometimes find difficulty in recognizing it when a dozen men are singing with all their vocal force, and half as many more are beating the drum with might and main. Add to this the noise of many people, the barking of dogs and the confusion of a camp, and we can fancy how troublesome it would be to interpret the music or comprehend all that it stands for to the Indian.

The absence of any mechanical device to train his ear to a standard of pitch, in its results creates considerable confusion in the mind of the white listener, for songs are started at any pitch convenient to the singer, although in themselves they are preserved with marked accuracy, and are handed down from one generation to another without change. Sacred rituals are preserved by persons who have the hereditary right, and the various societies, secret or otherwise, composed of warriors or having a membership based upon religious rites, commit their songs to the care of men appointed to this office, who learn them accurately and pass them down without variation. The absence of any standard pitch, together with the Indian's management of his voice, which is much the same in singing as in speaking, tends to make his music sound out of tune to us. This effect is enhanced by his mode of expression. In rendering songs with religious fervor or when under the stress of emotion, he is apt to slur from the pitch, and when he adds the tremolo, a foreign ear is easily deceived, and what is in reality but one note will seem to be broken into a number of notes each slightly varying in tone. This peculiarity has led to the adoption of the theory that the Indians use a minutely divided scale in singing. For a considerable time in the earlier years of my study I was inclined to this explanation of what I heard, but a wider knowledge of Indian thought and feeling as expressed in his music, and as a result of careful investigation of the hundreds of songs which I have transcribed, I have been led to abandon this theory

and to account for his peculiar intonation in other ways.

The Indian enjoys the tremolo of the voice, not only as a means of giving expression to the emotion of mystery, dread or other intense feeling, but he seems, through the vibrations, to become conscious of what we know to be overtones; they seem to supply to his ear a sort of harmony. When a number of persons have been singing together, and as is always the case, in unison, I have myself noticed this effect, and again when I have played to Indians their songs, upon an organ or piano, they have never been contented with an unsupported solo. If I satisfied my own ear and my memory of their chorals by adding a simple harmony, they have at once expressed pleasure, saying that the song sounded "natural." From years of careful study in the field I have become convinced that the Indians have a feeling for harmony, but as Prof. Fillmore has found from his exhaustive study of my collections that the building of the songs themselves proves this statement, I shall leave the demonstration of this interesting discovery to him. I will merely add in speaking of the Indian's fondness for voice vibrations, that the striking of the hammers upon the strings of the piano distress and confuse him; he hears the noise of the mechanism of the instrument and often fails to catch the familiar tune, but when one sings a bar or two and leads him by the voice upon the melody, he is able to ignore the stroke of the hammer and to enjoy the music. In the same line lies his objection to a clear enunciation of words; he criticises our mode of rendering a song saying, "You talk a good deal as you sing." In almost all his songs he breaks the words by the introduction of musical syllables, and some songs are supplied wholly with these syllables which are never changed when once set to the music. The manner in which these musical syllables are used is interesting to study as one of the ways in which emotion has sought for rhythm and rhyme.

(One word more in exemplification of the Indians tremolo as a means of expression. A man, when accepting the gift of a horse, will render his song of thanks (thanks are always

formally offered in song), as if he were singing it while riding the animal, his notes will be broken and jarred in pitch as if by the galloping of the horse. Again, as in some of the songs sung by warriors, the voice would be managed so as to convey the picture of the wolf, (the patron saint, so to speak, of the warrior), as he trots or lopes over the prairie. It has not always been easy to distinguish between these tremolos used for expression and a series of short notes. I have many times been set right by the Indians when I have mistaken one of these peculiar mannerisms for thirty-second notes.

In these brief hints of some of the difficulties which beset the field student, it will be seen how easy it is to be caught in the meshes of these external peculiarities of a strange people, and to be led into a struggle with mannerisms that form no integral part in the music itself.

It may be well to mention that of the hundreds of songs I have taken down directly from Indian singers, all of them are old, none of them are modern or influenced by white education; many come from several generations back and the effect therefore is slightly aboriginal.

The Indian's chief emotional expression is in music: there is not an act of his life, from the cradle to the grave, that is not accomplished by song. Every pleasure is enhanced by melody, and there is no sorrow or dread that is not solaced by music. When the Indian's soul is moved he bursts into song; when he would seek aid from the unseen mysterious forces of nature, he sends forth the viewless messenger of song to find the god or, to translate the word, to find the "Power that Makes," and to draw from its infinite source to supply his own need. It is a practice in most of the tribes for the youth to go apart from the people to some secluded place and there, alone, upon the hill, or in the forest, to fast and pray. The prayer is always a song or chant. Among the Omahas there is but one such prayer. It is taught to every child by its parents and is not only used upon the occasion of this initial fast, but throughout life when one is moved to supplication.

During the period of fasting the youth prays in the hope that a vision may be granted him, and his vigils are often performed many times before the desired end is gained. The vision when it comes is of some form which signifies to him the approving presence of the "Power that Makes." It may be in the shape of a bear or other animal or of a bird; it may be a red or yellow cloud, or some symbol of thunder or of the powers of the air. Whatever it may be that appears to the suppliant, it represents that form of the "Power that Makes" which, for some reason, in the nature of the man himself, can best answer to his appeal, and bring him help in time of need. When he sees the vision he also hears a song, which he carefully remembers, as this song is to serve ever after as a medium of communication between the suppliant and the unseen powers that surround him. In various tribes the Indian seeks the animal or bird of his vision and secures a bit of its hair or plumage, or he makes a rude likeness or symbol of the form, and wears it on his person as one would wear a talisman. These vision songs belong solely to the individual, no one ever sings another man's sacred song, but there are other songs originating in visions which are not of this exclusive character. Such are those which have been given with a knowledge of the various medicinal roots and herbs, each having its special song which is sung when the Indian is gathering the plant. The knowledge of the use of these medicines and their songs can be bought, but without purchasing the right no one would dare either to sing the song or to use the plant. Among the Omahas the Buffalo dreamers have knowledge of certain sorts efficacious in the treatment of wounds. While the doctors are administering their remedies they sing these peculiar songs.

There are many songs having the power to entice animals toward the hunter, all of which have been received in dreams or visions, and a man not gifted with the power to dream dreams or see visions, can purchase one of these songs from those more fortunate. The following is one which is potent in many ways; it will bring game to the hunter, throw spoils

into the hand of the warriors, or help to make smooth the path between lovers.

Sometimes men who have had similar visions become affiliated into societies which are somewhat religious in nature. One of the most prominent of these societies is composed of men to whom Thunder has revealed itself. Its songs are used in the ceremonies relied upon to avert death or to prevent disaster following any unintentional sacreligious act. They can also call down the lightening to punish offenders. They are accompanied by a tremolo upon a small drum and by the rattles. These two instruments are used only when songs pertaining wholly to mystery are sung, or when songs refer to the symbols of the unseen powers.

The religious songs of the people are not all mystery songs; there are tribal ceremonies, religious in character, and these ceremonies have elaborate rituals, the music of which in almost all cases is very simple in structure, presenting less variety than the mystery songs born of individual experience. In my study of Indian music I think I have discovered that some of these individual songs have, in the passage of years, become modified through their use for a public ceremonial. This change could easily have come about without violating any of the peculiar relations which exist in the Indian's mind, between his personal vision and his duties in certain ceremonies. This change is more apparent in the Thunder songs, those belonging to individuals becoming modified into those used in the rites of the Tent of War.

When the adaptation of songs born of a personal experience to a ceremony which includes a large number of persons, the little personal peculiarities, so to speak, are eliminated, and the melody becomes simpler, more dignified, but often less interesting to the investigator. The ceremony of the Wawan, or Pipes in Fellowship, which was once widely known among the tribes of the Mississippi Valley, is one of the most interesting musically. Its ritual of song is elaborate and varied, and its chorals are among the most pleasing in the range of Indian music. Game and Gambling songs are

numerous and many of them in their changing rhythms form a pleasing accompaniment to the movements of the young men when tossing the time guess pebble from one hand to the other. Children have their ditties which they hand down to still younger generations, and fireside tales are interspersed with songs, and many avocations pursued by men and women are lightened by musical cadences. The songs most commonly heard by white visitors to an Indian camp are war dance songs; not that Indians by themselves sing these songs more than any others, but the war dance has a fascination to most strangers, especially if given in costume. The personal decoration, the movements, the loud singing, combine to make a wild and savage scene which the red man has learned to know is pleasing to his white neighbors.

Among the Omahas there are five classes of song, which pertain to war. These are the Mekasee Wa-an or Wolf songs, sung by warriors when going into battle. (Ex. No. 59.)

The Negitu Wa-an sung in the face of danger, or by a war leader, or by a war leader to nerve his men to valorous deeds. (No. 1).

The Wee-ton Wa-an composed and sung by women in behalf of men absent on war expeditions in the belief that these songs convey strength to warriors.

Then three classes are solos. The Waar-wa-chee, or songs of triumph, accompany the ceremonies and dances incident to return of the successful war party. (No. 70).

Then there are the songs of those societies, whose membership is composed of warriors. These with the War-wa-chee songs are sung by large numbers of people in unison. The songs of the Hae-thus-ka, a society of warriors, present some of the most interesting examples of contesting rhythms. (Nos. 12, 34).

All the Hae-thus-ka songs are of historic value, inasmuch as the record of brave deeds performed by the members are preserved in them. Besides the ceremonial songs used at the opening of each meeting of this society, and the song of dismissal at its close, there are others adapted to the dramatic dancing of the members where each man acts out

the story of the song or exemplifies some similar experiences in his own career. And then there are the songs which are sung while the members sit at rest. (No. 16).

There is a large class of songs among the Omahas called Wa-oo Wa-on. They concern love adventures. The text of these songs is much more elaborate than any other class, and affords an interesting study of the development of the ballad.

There is another class of love songs called Bethae Wa-on. They are mainly supplied with musical syllables instead of words, and they form the true love lays of the tribe. They are sung by the youth as he stands on some vantage point overlooking the lodge of the girl he desires to win, then in the early dawn with the morning star and the flushing east for witness, he pours forth his song, the gentle stir of the morning breeze and the notes of awakening birds his only accompaniment. (Nos. 86 and 87).

The Omahas have but one prayer song, and but one funeral song. The latter is sung by a number of young men, who beat the time by striking two short willow sticks together. In expression of the sorrow for their dead, they insert a small willow branch through two incisions in the flesh of the left arm, and their blood drips from the leaves as they sing this beautiful melody. The blood is in token of sympathy for the bereaved. The dead cannot see the ghastly sight, the song is for the departing spirit, that it may enter with joy into the future state. The music throws a flood of light upon the Omahas' belief concerning the other life.

It is well known that the art of a people, rather than their conventional habits and customs, expresses their real character and actual beliefs, and marks their status and development. The Indian music opens a rift into his inner life. The patient student of his songs finds in them revelations of character unsuspected by the superficial observer. The Indian's reverence for and his dependence upon the "Power that Makes," his belief in the oneness of himself and all nature, that he and the creatures about him are stirred by

similar emotions, and all enjoy life and strength from one common source. His songs also show his feelings for comradeship, his capacity for affection, and for sorrow, that hides itself under strange disguises of silence or desperate bravery.

While Indian songs evince considerable descriptive powers, their subjectivity is a marked characteristic. His mannerisms in rendering his music are in a large measure due to the fact that he is more concerned with the response of the song to his own mood than with its effect upon his ear, as a musical composition. His enjoyment is emotional rather than intellectual, and the songs themselves show little evidence of what may be called sustained musical thinking. The question whether the power of such sustained thinking could be acquired by people living in a social state, where each man and woman must individually face danger and want, without the barrier of accumulated wealth, derived from co-ordinated labor to stand between them and distress. Where consequently there could be no secure conditions in which a leisure class either secular or sacerdotal could be free to develop itself in any direction, and to conceive the outcome of this development in a written language.

It is not many years since the notion prevailed that the speech of savages was a mere jargon with an exceedingly limited vocabulary, the words being uttered regardless of rule or order. But we now know that nowhere on earth does there exist a people, from the lowest savage tribes to the cultured Saxon, whose speech is not organized. The mental structure seems to demand for his expression the various parts of speech built together by fixed laws. The music of savages is still spoken of as purposeless sound, pleasing the ear by its accented iteration, but there can no more be a jargon in music than in speech. The Indian is not a primitive man, not properly a savage, but he is untutored; and yet we hear him voicing his aspiration and his love in accordance with the same laws that are intelligently and consciously obeyed by Wagner, laws which are fundamental in the very nature of man.

ALICE C. FLETCHER.

THE WA-WAN,* OR PIPE DANCE OF THE OMAHAS.

(* In the following description, wherever the “n” is printed italic, it indicates the French nasal sound.)

One of the oldest and most venerated of Indian rituals is that of the Omaha “Wa-wan,” which is mentioned by Père Marquette in terms showing that it stands to-day substantially the same as two centuries ago. Inasmuch as this ritual consists largely of music, some of the best songs appertaining to it, the following account is taken from Miss Fletcher’s monograph, “A Study of Omaha Indian Music,” lately published by the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. A copy of this monograph complete may be had by sending \$1.25 to Prof. Putnam, Curator of Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass. The *Century* article shows the earth lodge, a cut of the pipes, and pictures of many ceremonies, all from photographs, made under Miss Fletcher’s direction. Fuller particulars of the ceremonies are found in the older account, and, again, in the article by Miss Fletcher in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1893. But the present account is here reprinted because shorter and better illustrated from a musical standpoint.—Ed. MUSIC.

THE WA-WAN.

Wa-wan means to sing for some one and is the name given to the ceremony connected with the Pipes of Fellowship,—songs form so important a part of the ritual that the peculiar pipes used in this ceremony are called Ne-ne-ba wae-ah-wan, pipes to sing with. The songs are accompanied by rhythmic movements of the Pipe Bearers, and also of the Pipes, which are swayed to the music. These motions are termed Ne-ne-ba ba-zhan, shaking the Wa-wan pipes. As the rhythmic movements of the Pipes and bearers have always attracted the attention of white observers, the cere-

mony has been characterized by them as a "Pipe dance" or "Calumet dance," whereas the performance does not convey to the Omaha mind the idea of a dance, nor do the movements really resemble Indian dancing, with the possible exception of that part of the ceremony which takes place on the fourth night.

The ceremony of the Wa-wa consists of the formal presentation of the Wa-wa pipes by a man of one gens to a man of another gens, or a man of one tribe to one of another. By means of this ceremony the two men become bound by a tie equal in strength and obligation to that between father and son. The man who presents the Pipes is called Wa-wa ah-ka, the one who sings; the man who receives them is spoken of as Ah-wan e-ah-ka, the one who is sung to. The Wa-wa ah-ka must be of good standing in his tribe as must also be the recipient of the pipes, otherwise the chiefs would refuse to permit the Wa-wa to take place, and their consent is requisite to the inauguration of the ceremony.

As a considerable expenditure of property is necessary for the presenting and receiving of the Pipes, a man undertaking the ceremony mentions his plan to his kindred who contribute toward the Hu-ga wa-i, or gifts which go with the Pipes, and in the same way the man who receives the Pipes calls on his kindred to help in making the return gifts. These gifts all count in a man's tribal honors and are all made in the interest of peace and fellowship.

The Wa-wa ah-ka provides the two Pipes: these are ceremonially made, with secret ritual, are not used for smoking, have no bowl, and are ornamented with paint and the feathers of birds, every tint and article in their construction being emblematic. There is a crotched stick, Zhan-zha-ta, for the Pipes to rest upon; also two gourd-rattles, Pae-g' hae, and a bladder tobacco pouch, Ne-ne-bakh-tae, around each of which is painted a symbolic device, a circle representing the horizon, with four projecting lines indicating the four points of the compass or the four winds; a whistle made from the wing bone of an eagle, Ne-thu-dae;

three downy eagle feathers, Hink-hpae, and the skin of a wild cat having the claws intact, In-g'thu--ga-ha. The skin forms the case or covering for the Pipes and the other ceremonial articles.

A Wa-wa party usually consisted of from eight to twelve men, and they sometimes traveled over two hundred miles to reach their destination. They were never in fear of hostile attacks by the way, war parties turning to one side and letting the Pipes of Fellowship pass in peace.

The Wa-wa has been observed by many tribes of different linguistic stocks. Marquette, in 1672, says that the Calumet is "the most mysterious thing in the world. The scepters of our kings are not so much respected, for the Indians have such a reverence for it that one may call it the God of peace and war, and the arbiter of life and death."

. . . "One with this Calumet may venture among his enemies and in the hottest battles they lay down their arms before this sacred pipe. The Illinois presented me with one of them which was very useful to us in our voyage."

Marquette's description of the ceremony he witnessed, making due allowance for his lack of intimate acquaintance with Indian religious customs, indicates that there has been little change in the Wa-wa as seen two hundred years ago among the Algonquin stocks, and its observance by the Omahas within the last decade.

The ceremony is replete with symbolism, from the rule which in token of humility restrains the members of the party from washing their faces, to the employment of the little child, Hunga (the Ancient or Leader), from whose hands the gifts are bestowed which count as honors to their donors, and over whose head the teachings of peace are delivered, and the groove along the pipe stem pointed out as the straight path bright with sunshine and happiness for him who will pursue it. Said an Omaha to me, "The eagle whose feathers deck the Pipes and the wild cat whose skin is their covering are fierce creatures that do not fail of their prey, but in the Pipes all their power is turned from destruction to the making of peace among men."

The movements of the Pipes represent the eagle rising from its nest and its flight on this mission of fellowship and peace; the songs constantly refer to the eagle, to the clear sky symbolic of peace and the good that is brought man by his becoming as one family, or as one of the song says, "bound by a tie stronger than the one of the body"—meaning that between father and son. (1)

Song No. 32 was sung *en route* before the party dispatched the runners to carry their gift of tobacco to the man to whom they intended to present the Pipes. The words mean, "Whom do I seek."

No. 34.

NEARING THE VILLAGE.

Song ♩ = 63 *Drum.* ♩ = 126.

Ac-deun-ga-he-bae Ac-deun-ga-he-bae tha e-na ho-tan ge-e-
Double drumbeat.

Con Ped.

nae Ac-deun-ga-he-bae tha he thu tha he thu tha Ae-deun-ga-
 he-bae e-na ho-tan ge-e-nae Ae-deun-ga-he-bae tha he thu tha.

1) An account of this ceremony was published in the XVth Report of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology; years of additional study have shown a few errors in that narrative, which is in the main correct although not complete in all the details, or the bearing of the ceremony upon the tribal organization.

As the messenger from the man who has accepted the tobacco approaches the Wa-wan party he is greeted with song No. 33; the words are, "This I seek." There is a double meaning in this song, it implies that those bringing the Pipes seek to give the assurance of peace to the gens they are to visit, and that fellowship is also sought by those about to entertain the Wa-wan party.

After due preparation the men move on to the village, generally about half a mile or so distant, preceded by the Pipe Bearers in ceremonial costume, and, as they near the village the Pipes are swayed to song No. 34, which is sung four times. All the Wa-wan songs are thus repeated. This song is the first in the ritual to mention the eagle. The words say: "We have reached there, the mother screams returning," meaning, after our long journey we near the place to which we have come to bring peace and lay the Pipes at rest, and, as the mother eagle screams on her return, that her young may know of her coming, we sing as we come bringing peace.

Having entered the village the visitors halt, and after a few moments, again advance directing their steps toward the lodge set apart for the ceremony. They move to the beautiful song No. 35 that, once heard, can hardly be forgotten. The words are, "This is the one or only good," meaning, The peace and fellowship which I bring, is the one good gift for man.

At the back of the lodge a place is set apart for the Pipes where they are laid at rest in a ceremonial manner, certain forms, movements and positions being carefully observed. The Bearers take their station just behind the Pipes, and remain there during the three days and nights required for the full performance of the ceremony. (1)

The Bearer of the wild-cat skin lays it on a prepared space upon the floor of the lodge, and the Pipe Bearers sing

1) The great change which has overtaken the Indian in his mode of living, his present farming life, prevents these lengthy ceremonies, and one afternoon and evening is all that can now be given to the Wa-wan under the new conditions.

the songs belonging to the ceremony of laying down the Pipes; the Pipes are swayed high over the skin, then sweep lower and lower, rising and falling and circling as does the eagle over its nest. With the final cadence of the last song the Pipes are laid one end resting on the skin and the mouth-piece leaning on the crotched stick, which is thrust in the ground at the head of the wild-cat. Under the feather ornaments of the Pipes the rattles are placed.

There are several songs belonging to the act of laying down the Pipes; two of the more popular ones are given, Nos. 36 and 37. There are no words except *Hun-ga*, and this refers to the important part in the ceremony borne by the child *Hun-ga*.

No. 38 is always sung at the final resting of the Pipes on the cat-skin and crotched stick.

When the *Ah-wa* e-ah-ka, the man who receives the Pipes, arrives in the lodge, the ceremonies are renewed; the Pipes are ceremonially raised, the Bearers lifting and holding them in the left hand, taking the rattles in the right—the Pipes are first waved near the ground, then higher and higher until during the final song they are well up and represent the eagle ready for flight.

No. 38.

LAYING DOWN PIPES.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

Heah o tha ae o hae ha Heah o tha ae o hae ha

Trem.

Ped.

Heah o tha ae o hae ha Heah o tha ae o hae Hun-ga.

Song No. 39 suggests the eagle stirring, and lifting itself from the nest; as the wind blows the branches of the trees so the Pipes are raised and the song stirs the hearts of the people. (1)

Among the Pawnees it is the custom to explain many of the songs, that they may be more heartily enjoyed.

The highly poetic character of the Wa-wa songs and of this entire ceremony is native; nothing has been borrowed from our own race that I have been able to discover. The ethical teachings are in strict accordance with Indian ideals which here reach some of their highest expressions.

There are several songs belonging to the ritual of raising the Pipes. No. 40 is the one always sung at the close of this movement and its final exultant phrase indicates the eagle fully risen ready for the onward flight, which is typical of the sending out over the people the message of peace.

At the close of the song the Pipe Bearers turn to the left and with slow rhythmic steps, face the people sitting in groups close to the walls of the lodge; the drum follows accompanied by a few singers and the choral No. 41 is sung; the Pipes, as they are borne past, are waved over the heads of the men and women who join in the song, until the entire lodge is vibrating with this majestic hymn of welcome to peace. The words are few, broken, changed and elliptical: "This is what is given, what is brought to you—peace, brotherhood." "The Pipes are of God!" said an old Indian to me at the close of this song.

The Pipes are generally carried four times about the lodge, a new song is sung for each circuit, each song being repeated four times; a pause follows the close of the repetition of each song, while the singers halt for a moment. There is a large number of these chorals—some of them very spirited, some full and solemn, some delicate and tender as No. 42. The words are few. Kaetha means the clear sky, een-tu-ee-nae, now coming. The meaning of this song was

1) The signification of these songs was given me by Indians initiated in the ritual of the ceremony. Although they are frequently without words, or with only fragmentary syllables, their meaning is inculcated and treasured by the people.

given me by Indians who were responsible and well versed in the ceremony. "The clear sky, the green fruitful earth is good, but peace among men is better." The music is faithful to the thought.

No. 42 A is a favorite choral.

Nos. 43 and 44 are prayers for clear weather. Traces of ancient sun worship are recognizable in some of the symbolic adornments of the Pipes, and for the happy issue of the ceremony wherein peace and fellowship are sought, the blessing of sunshine is considered essential; therefore if storms come during the performance of the Wa-wa, the people cry for the happy omen of the sunlight. The words are broken and few, but the choral No. 44 is full and solemn.

After the lodge has been circled four times the Bearers stand at the back of the lodge facing the place assigned to the Pipes. Then follow the songs in the ritual of laying down the Pipes, and when the Pipes are at rest, speeches, gifts and other ceremonial acts take place. Generally the Pipes are taken up and the lodge circled twice during the first three evenings; the ceremonies of the fourth night are different.

The examples of Otoe Wawa songs are of interest musically. The first two, Nos. 46 and 47, are sung as chorals while the Pipes are carried around the lodge.

The beautiful song No. 48 is sung as the Pipes are laid at rest. It is a great favorite.

Nos. 49 and 50 are Pawnee songs. The Wa-wa music of this tribe is good and often quite spirited.

On the fourth night the dance called I-ma-tha is performed, but if for any reason the ceremony of the Wa-wa is not to be complete, it is brought to a close prior to this dance; otherwise the final dance called Ba-zha takes place the next morning. The two dances are similar in movement, but the latter must be in the presence of the little child, Hu-ga. For these dances two athletic young men from the Wa-wa party strip to the breech cloth, and take off the moccasins; a red circle, typical of the sun, is painted on the

breast and back and a hi//kh-pae, downy eagle feather, tied in the scalp lock. The Pipes are handed to the dancers with certain ceremonies, and they begin their dance, advancing and retreating, each one on his own side of the fire, and waving the Pipe high over his head. The movements are light, rapid, spirited and graceful; the songs are different from any used in other parts of the ceremony and are never sung except for the Ba-zha// or I-man//tha. During this dance the Pipes may be challenged and taken from the dancer by some one of the entertaining party, who recounts a brave act or generous deed. He then lays the Pipe down at the spot where the dancer was checked, and it can only be taken up or redeemed by some one of the Wa-wa// party who matches the recited deed from his own experience, and restores the Pipe and the interrupted dance is resumed; much mirth often comes in play at this part of the ceremony. In these songs there are generally two divisions, an introduction and an accompaniment to the dancing movements. As the dance requires great agility and strength it is of short duration. No. 51 is an example of these songs.

On the morning of the fifth day before sunrise and without breaking their fast, the Wa-wa// party proceed to the lodge of the Ah-wa// e-ah-ka taking with them the third Hi//kh pae and the clothing brought to dress the little child or Hu//ga. The Pipes, borne by the two dancers of the preceding night, lead the procession and the men all sing the ritual to No. 52. The words are: "Zhi//ga, little or child; the, you; ou-we-nae, I seek. I seek you little child to be the Hu//ga.

At the door a halt is made and song No. 53 sung. The words are: "I have come, I seek you, child, it is you I seek as Hu//ga."

After this the party enters and one of the younger children of the Ah-wa// e-ah-ka is handed over to the Leader to be dressed and painted. This is done by a man of valiant record. The face is painted red, symbolic of the dawn, a black line is drawn across the forehead and down each cheek and the nose, indicative of the experiences of life and death.

While the painting is being done, the Pipes are swayed to song, No. 54. The words are: Ah-tha-ha, adhere; thae, this; ah-thae, I make it.

After the painting is completed, while another song No. 55 is sung, eagle down is sprinkled over the child's head to symbolize the young eagle, and the Hinkh-pae, downy eagle feather, tied upon its hair. The words of this ritual song are: Ab-g'thae-, I make it stand, Hunga.

The Wa-wan ah-ka or Leader of the Wa-wan party then selects a man to carry the Hunga to the lodge where the ceremonies have been held during the past four days. The man takes the child upon his back, keeping it in place by a blanket thrown around his own shoulders, and walks before the Pipes and the Wa-wan party who follow singing No. 56, "You have the Hunga." The Wa-wan ah-ka takes his place at the left of the man, who outside the door of the lodge sits with the Hunga between his knees.

All gifts made to the Wa-wan party are sent by children who advance leading the ponies, and are thanked by the Hunga who strokes the left arm of the messenger. Sometimes a man in full gala dress, well painted, his horse also decorated, will ride up in front of the Hunga, and there recount his valiant deeds, the drummers responding, then return to his lodge and send back the horse as a gift by the hand of his little child. The day is often far spent before all the gifts of horses are gathered together. The ceremonial articles are left with the Ah-wan e ah-ka who has become bound to the Wa-wan ah-ka and his gens, as a son to a father. The Wa-wan party hasten to start on their homeward journey, and camp half a mile from the village, where they cook and eat their first meal, after a fast of nearly twenty-four hours.

SCALE AND HARMONIES OF INDIAN SONGS.

IT IS my task to-day to deal with Indian songs purely in their technical aspect, from the standpoint of the technical musician. Let us, then, for a few moments consider the scales on which these melodies are built, and the natural harmonies implied in them.

1. **THE SCALES.** Permit me, first, to call your attention to the following song,* which embodies the well-known five-toned major scale so widely distributed among the different primitive races the world over.

No. 35. SONG OF APPROACH. WA-WAN WA-AN.

The musical score for 'Song of Approach' (No. 35) is presented in three systems. The first system begins with a tempo marking of 132 and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Drum' section and a 'Con Ped.' section. The melody is a five-toned major scale.

It is the choral song used when approaching the village where the Sacred Calumet ceremony is to be performed. Here is another, which embodies the same scale:

* The numbers of all the songs mentioned refer to the *Monograph on the Omaha Indian Music*, by Miss Alice C. Fletcher and Mr. J. C. Fillmore, just published by the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard University. It may be obtained of Professor F. W. Putnam, curator of the museum.

No. 14.

HAE-THUSKA.

Double-drum beat. = 116.

f Hin da koo-tha na - zhin thae Hin da - koo-tha na - zhin thae Hin

Con Ped.

da koo-tha na - zhin thae ae ha na - zhin he - tha mae tho

hae tho - e Hin da - koo tha - ma thin thae. Hin-

da - koo tha ma - thin thae. Hin - da - koo tha ma - thin thae ae

ha ma - thin he - tha mae tho hae tho.

It is the Song of Dismissal, of the Hae-thu-ska society. Numerous other examples could easily be given, for the five-toned scale is the favorite one among the Omahas. Here is a song built on a five-toned minor scale:

No. 21.

HAETHUSKA,

Han - thin - gae ae - ah - ma Han - thin - gae ae - ah - ma Han .
Drum. pp
 thin - gae ae - ah - ma wa - kan - da thin - gae ae - ah - ma Han
 thin - ga Wae - tho hae..... tho e Han - thin - gae
 ae - ah - ma Han - thin - gae ae - ah ma wa - kan - da thin - gae
 ae - ah - ma Ha - thun - ga mae tho hae..... tho.

The minor songs are, however, in a rather small minority among the Omahas. Here is an example embodying the full eight-toned minor scale, but pure,—i. e., without the upward-leading tone.

No. 2.

WA-OO-WA-AN.

Da-dun na Ec-ba hun beah-ke thae Da-dun na ee-ba-han beah-ke thae

..... thae Hau-a de oo tha g' thah thum ee gah zhae we b'tha dae thae Da

dun-na-ee-ba hun beah-ke tha tha hi' ae bae iu

tae thae ah be dan ah hae me kae thae thae Wa gun thae ma ae hae

me hae thae thae ee gah zhae we b'tha dae tha tha hi'

An Otoo song (No. 47) shows also the upward-leading tone. I give also two examples of songs built on the full eight-toned major scale which we use:

No. 42 a.

WA-WAN, NA-AN.



The latter, however, omits the third. Between these two extremes—the five-toned scale (major minor) of the primitive races and the fully developed eight-toned scale of modern music—there are specimens of songs which omit one or more of the different tones of the full scale,—sometimes one, sometimes another. I have already pointed out the fact that No. 42a omits the third, and No. 21 employs a sixth tone incidentally, as a by-tone. Thus far we find only phenomena with which we are perfectly familiar. But there are certain songs which embody irregular scales. From the standpoint of those who regard scale as the fundamental fact in melody, they must be exceedingly puzzling. No. 32, being in the key of E-flat, employs both C and C-flat; No. 56, in G, employs the tone A-flat; No. 84, in A major, employs both C and C-sharp; No. 12, in E major, employs both B and B-sharp; No. 41, starting in the key of B-flat major, employs both E and E-flat, and ends on C.

The most striking fact to a student of these songs is their correspondence with the primitive scales of other nations and races, and next, their correspondence with our own dia-

tonic scale, and to a certain extent, with our chromatic scale as well. That this Indian music is absolutely natural, there is no room to doubt. It is not the product of acoustic theory, for the Indians have no theory, not even a notation for their music. Indeed, they have no written language whatever. These songs are the free, spontaneous result of the Indian's effort to express himself in tones. That the music resulting from his untaught efforts should fall into scale relations corresponding perfectly, as far as they go, to those of our most advanced culture-music, is certainly an exceedingly interesting fact. The acousticians tell us that our present diatonic scale is not a natural scale at all, but an artificial one; that any other series of tones might have been chosen, and that other series, employing minute intervals, have been chosen by some races. But I have yet to learn that any spontaneous nature-music falls into any other form than that of the five-toned major and minor scales, developing afterwards into the eight-toned diatonic scale and, perhaps, still later into the chromatic. So far as I have been able to discover, all other kinds of scales were the artificial products of some acoustic theory. This was the case in Greece, in China, in Japan, in India, in Persia, and in Arabia. The primitive scales in these countries were the same five-toned ones which we find in these Indian songs, and some of them, at least, developed the diatonic scale from a natural product of human nature. The fact that human nature, working freely and spontaneously, produces it, is proof absolute and conclusive.

When we find races, the most diverse in blood and the most widely separated in habitat, in manners and customs, in habits of thought and modes of feeling, producing the same results in the same field of mental activity, we may safely conclude that their natural, spontaneous activity is governed, unconsciously to themselves, by some universal natural law. Such a phenomenon is the development of the five-toned scales, and the further evolution of them into the eight-toned diatonic scales. These scales are not only found among the North American

Indians, but among the Chinese, the East Indians, the Persians and Arabs, the Slavic, Teutonic and Celtic races, and the negroes of Africa. The question naturally arises, What is the common bond, the connecting link between races so widely diverse? What is the natural, universal law, in accordance with which the spontaneous mental activity of all these races has resulted in precisely the same phenomena in the field of music? I think I have good reason to hope that the solution of this problem may be found *in the natural, universal harmonic sense*. This point I will now proceed to consider. When Miss Fletcher first called my attention to these Omaha songs, about five years ago, she informed me of the curious fact that, although the Indians never sing otherwise than in unison, they find their songs unsatisfactory when played on a piano or organ *unless chords are added*.

I was very much struck by this, and resolved to find out, if possible, the significance of this demand for a harmony which the Indians had never heard and seemed unable to invent. At Miss Fletcher's request I set about harmonizing more than a hundred of the songs in her collection. I sought to discover the harmonies naturally implied in the melodies, and to give them their natural harmony. Miss Fletcher then played these harmonized songs to different Indians. She afterwards procured for me opportunities to carry the tests further, experimenting with different harmonizations of the same songs. In this work I am under special obligation to Mr. Francis La Flesche. Both Miss Fletcher and myself have expended a large amount of time and labor on the collection of songs contained in the Harvard Monograph, to make sure that the songs were absolutely correct both in intervals and in rhythm, and that the added harmonies were natural and satisfactory to the Indian ear. The first result of this process was the discovery that the Indian sense of what was natural in the harmonization of his melodies was identical with my own. In the course of several weeks of work with Mr. La Flesche, I never found that any harmonization, which seemed to me naturally implied in a given song, was unsatisfactory to him, nor that any harmon-

ization pleased him which was unsatisfactory to me. Sometimes a song would bear different harmonizations which would please both of us, but there was never any disagreement of harmonic perception. The harmonic sense was alike for both of us. The opportunities to make the same experiments on other Indians were limited, but were equally satisfactory as far as they went.

Now, can there be any reasonable doubt as to the direction in which these facts point? Even if it be thought that they are too few to form a basis for an induction, have we not a sufficient number of correspondences elsewhere to warrant us in drawing the inference that the harmonic sense is universal? Has it not been true, always and everywhere, so far as we know, that the major and minor chords have been regarded as satisfying consonances, and that the authentic and plagal closes are the satisfying ones? Are there any facts which point to a different conclusion? The harmonic sense of the untaught primitive man is, it is true, wholly beneath the surface of his consciousness. He does not know that he has it, until his attention is called to harmonic phenomena. Even then he only knows that certain combinations of tones and certain successes of chords please him; there is only perception, not reflection,—still less comparison, classification, or even the beginnings of scientific knowledge. But may it not be that he is influenced in his melody-making by this subconscious sense of the natural correspondence of tones? I purpose to return to this question later.

For the present, let us look, if you please, a little more closely at the natural harmonies of these songs, and then try to find out what inferences we may legitimately draw from them.

II. THE NATURAL HARMONIES. Let us note first, if you please, that the five-toned major scale is made up of the tones of the tonic chord with two by-tones, one of which belongs to the dominant and the other to the subdominant chord. The scale itself, apart from any melodies founded on it, may very well be harmonized with the tonic chord

alone, allowing the remaining two tones to appear as by-tones only. But while the two tones foreign to the tonic chord may, and often do, appear as by-tones—even as accented ones—in the songs made by the Indians, in most cases they have such a rhythmic prominence as forced me to regard them as chord-toned. In such cases they clearly imply the two fifth-related chords,—the dominant and subdominant. This involves supplying the two tones lacking to make up our full diatonic scale, in order to harmonize the songs naturally. What is more, not only is the simple dominant chord implied in the melodies, but the dominant-seventh chord also. Take Nos. 35 and 14, already referred to, as examples. In the former the dominant seventh seemed natural, but not for the final cadence, which is plagal in both songs. There are also cases in this song where it seemed most natural to use some of the scale tones as by-tones, as in the seventh and eight measures, where the second and third of the scale appear as sixth and seventh of the subdominant chord. In No. 14 the harmony was enriched, at the repetition, by using the relative minor chord; and this was done because Mr. La Flesche suggested that the harmony might perhaps be made richer in some way. In every case, the harmony I have given here not only seemed most natural and satisfactory to myself, *but was heartily approved by Mr. La Flesche and also by all other Indians to whom either Miss Fletcher or myself submitted them.* This fact I desire to emphasize in your minds. Whatever may be the reason for it the untaught Indian habitually makes melodies which embody the tonic chord, employing also two tones which naturally imply the two-fifth-related chords. These melodies cannot be satisfactory harmonized without completing these two chords. Further, he demands harmony, and is satisfied with the same natural harmonies which satisfy the cultivated musician. Does not all this, taken together, irresistibly suggest that his melodies are the natural product of a latent harmonic sense? Why should the tones of the tonic chord invariably predominate in his songs, unless the sense of a tonic chord in some way underlies

his music-making? Why should he so often fill in the gaps between the tones of the tonic chord with the same two tones belonging to the dominant and subdominant chords, and why should the supplying of the missing tones satisfy him, unless the perception of these natural chord-relations lies subconsciously in his mind? Besides all this, we should naturally expect that, if we are now on the right track to explain the facts of primitive melody, the Indian would now and then hit on the two mission tones which complete at once the diatonic scale and two-fifth related chords. And that is precisely what happens. No. 13 naturally implies two chords only; it begins with the seventh of the scale, uses the fourth, and omits the third; it can be harmonized only with the tonic and dominant seventh chord. No. 42 actually embodies the whole dominant seventh chord in its first measure. It also omits the third of the tonic chord.

Let us now consider the minor songs and their natural harmonies. These are in a very decided minority among the Omahas; but there are some excellent examples. I have already called your attention to No. 21. I will ask you to note the fact that, omitting from consideration the first tone of the second full measure, the song involves the very same tones as in those in the five-toned relative major scale. Reducing them to a tonic sol-fa formula, the five-toned major scale appears commonly in the form *sol mi re do la sol*, and the five-toned minor one as *la sol mi re do la*. We have the same series of tones in both, but with the emphasis shifted from *sol* to *la*. The minor, like the major, embodies its tonic chord. In No. 21 the remaining harmonies, naturally implied, seemed to be the three principal chords of the relative major key with the subdominant of the minor. The cadence is plagal. Mr. La Flesche preferred the major tonic as the final chord. He also preferred it in some other places. In No. 2 the natural cadence is authentic. It implies the major dominant, the minor subdominant, and the three chords of the relative major; it contains the whole diatonic minor scale in its "pure" form. So does No. 45; but in harmonizing it, it seemed to imply modulation, and the

MUSIC OF THE VANCOUVER INDIANS.

In further exploitation of his theory, the theory that music develops along harmonic lines, among the uncultivated, Prof. Fillmore read a paper before the Anthropological Congress, August 30, in which he cited the melodies taken down from the singing of the Vancouver Indians. The following was the first of the melodies in question. It belongs to a more primitive state than the music of the Omahas already given. He said: "The notation here given represents approximately, at least, the rhythm of the songs; but the singing was accompanied by rapid patting with the hand, the pats being considerably more numerous than the rhythmical units of the songs. Dr. Boas and myself made several attempts to count the pats in each melodic phrase. I found myself unable in some of the phrases, at least, to count them twice alike. Dr. Boas, who had had long experience with these Indians, felt convinced that there were ten pulses in the song against sixteen beats of the hand. I found myself in doubt, however, and decided to postpone the investigation of this problem until I had solved another which seemed to me of more pressing importance. This problem was: Do these melodies, notwithstanding their aberrations from harmonic pitch, really run along harmonic lines?

On looking over my notes next morning, it seemed clear enough that if the Indians really meant to give the first song as I had noted it, the harmonization according to the chords implied in the melody was a very simple matter. The first phrase implies two chords—C major and G major; the second phrase embodied the chord of G major pure and simple; so did the fourth phrase; the third and fifth phrases implied the chords of G and D major. Accordingly I harmonized as indicated in the small notes.

Later, upon trying the music with the piano, we were

disturbed by discovering that the Indians generally sang a trifle flat, and for some time we were in doubt whether F sharp might not have been intended. Investigation, however, showed beyond reasonable doubt that G had been intended, since the Indians promptly disclaimed the F sharp when heard upon the piano, and as promptly declared that the chord of B minor (implied by the F sharp in connection with B and D) was not right, while the chord of G was, "as nearly as it could be done" to use their conservative phrase of absolute approval.

Later Prof. Fillmore spoke of the difficult rhythms, which among the Vancouvers reached in one instance a five-part measure, with rests of the first and third, against a four-part measure of the song. This extremely complicated relation the Indians themselves were not able to do without great care and many experiments. The explanation of anything so elaborate having been evolved among a people so little advanced is to be found in the fact that the singing and the drumming are not generally performed by the same persons. The complication easily reduces itself to the collocation of two measures beginning together by their accented beats, but carried out by different performers, each of whom is intent upon his own rhythm only, and its general correspondence of accent with that of the complementary part. This is also probably the explanation of the development of the compound rhythms of two's against three's among the Omahas.

The entire second paper of Prof. Fillmore was of great interest, and it very naturally awakened vivid interest among the scientists present, one of whom went so far as to characterize it as representing the only truly scientific work of the session.

CASUAL.

A GREAT TALENT.

A NOVEL.

Adapted from the Russian of Mme. A. Schabelsky by A. Lineff.

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A TALENT.

II.

THE sweet face of a loving mother did not linger over the cradle of little Varia Rulova. No one foretold her future beauty, wealth or fame. The little girl never leaned towards the warm breast of a nurse; she clasped with her tiny hands the feeding bottle, and ravenously drank from it milk, at times cold and sour. Her father—first violin in an orchestra—died a few months before she was born; her mother never left the bed after the confinement and gradually pined away with sorrow. Varia grew a pale, sickly child and when ten years old, was placed in the preparatory school of the Conservatoire. She was brought to the school by an elderly lady, dressed in an old-fashioned satin cloak, and when the time came for parting, the little girl took hold of the lady's dress, screaming and struggling wildly. She was torn away from the old lady, who was at the same time her grandmother, governess and nurse. Three days afterward she tried to run away from the establishment. She did it in such a childish, innocent but desperate manner, being found half frozen in the street and brought back into the school, that nobody ever thought of punishment. Her childish grief seemed to have no limit and disarmed everybody. She was a wild, eccentric girl. Her greatest pleasure was to cover her head with pillows or blankets and lie quietly, for which habit she got the nickname of "mole." When thirteen, she lost her grandmother and consequently her last resources of existence, because the old lady paid the school

fees out of her small pension and wretchedly meagre savings. Up to this event, Varia had not shown any decided inclinations. She learned indifferently, was slow yet obstinate and taciturn. She was considered to possess a phenomenal musical ear, preferred singing to playing although her voice was small. She was dark and plain. The death of her only near relation made her ill. What the girl thought during the long wearisome days in the hospital bed with her eyes wide open—nobody knew. No one was in her confidence or could approach her; she underwent one of those crises which sometimes leave a trace on the whole life. From that time she seemed to have been roused out of her apathetic disposition, she began to improve quickly, grew tall and nice looking, acquired charming, sociable ways, and devoted herself passionately to music. The Director, who at first reluctantly consented to grant her the scholarship, began to notice her and took her into his own class. When she was fifteen she took part in concerts with great success. She puzzled everybody by her strikingly true reading of any music she had to perform. She brought something new, fresh, a certain individual sincerity into all she played. She had no rival in tenderness and singing sweetness of tone. It sometimes happened that the Director, while explaining to her how to attack some difficult musical passage, sat down to the piano and showed her how to play it. She listened attentively, with perfect willingness to do as he wanted her, when something loftier took her up, carrying her away against her own will, and the Director stopped in amazement, undecided if he had to be cross or praise his pupil. Many hackneyed pieces sounded under her fingers fresh and beautiful. She knew how to make the piano sing, she knew how to breathe her very soul into the keyboard. The frank contempt of her master for home-made composition prevented her from indulging in improvising. Yet music filled her heart to such an extent that sometimes she would get out of bed in the stillness of the night, find her way to the piano to play more with her thought than her fingers. These moments were the happiest in her life. They took her away from the

every-day life and kept her a stranger to all the intrigues and petty professional interests. Upheld by a lofty inspiration she went her way with a pure heart through the crowd of small talents and big ambitions and remained kindhearted and trustful as a child.

No one could resist the charm of her music, as no one who knew her, could withhold a profound admiration for her character. She had many friends thoroughly devoted to her and one amongst them was Miss Malova.

When the news of her illness got wind, a feeling of alarm spread over all who knew her and admired her musical talent; immediately a concert was organized; the Director himself took an active part in order to provide means for her journey abroad to recruit her health.

One beautiful spring day, a crowd of young ladies and gentlemen gathered to see Miss Rulova off from the railway station. Some middle-aged gentleman with gold eyeglasses on his nose had a good mind to order champagne to honor the occasion, but after a glance at the numerous company wisely abstained from committing such an extravagance. The young people were quite heedless. They spent their last pennies to be present at the occasion. There were no end of good wishes and expressions of sympathy. One advice, however, was heard conspicuously amongst the general murmur of mixed voices and fragmentary sentences and this was, "don't touch the piano." The phrase as a parting wish for the trip abroad sounded merrily, and promised rest and enjoyment, but was dreadful in itself. Not to play for a whole year! When the doctor firmly gave her his decision, she could not at first realize the idea. She thought they wished to condemn her to a slow, painful death, and only the smiling prospect of a trip abroad and faith in the success of a foreign cure, so common amongst Russians, somewhat cheered her. When hundreds of voices repeated the same sentence, over and over again, at the railway station, she did not feel down-hearted.

Miss Malova, with tears in her eyes, asked her to write often. The train started, the crowd ran alongside the moving

ing carriages, shouting and waving handkerchiefs.

Who does not delight in the idea of going abroad—whose heart does not bound with the expectation to participate in some unknown pleasure, breathe a new air, see a foreign life, blamed by so many and yet enjoyed with such eagerness?

The first days of her journey Miss Rulova, in spite of forbidden playing and the regret of parting with her friend, Miss Malova, and so many other friends, was in a continuous state of bliss. She had in her little traveling bag a letter to a famous doctor in Zürich, and in her heart the most cheerful disposition to admire everything on her way. But, alas! she began to feel homesick before she reached Vienna. When she heard some people talking Russian in Munich, she foolishly rushed after them and nearly missed her train. After reaching Zürich and taking a room on the fourth floor of a large hotel, she started life by crying bitterly. All her knowledge of French and German seemed to melt away, as she went farther and farther from Russia and stepping out of the train in Zürich, she felt herself a perfect stranger, so lonely and miserable that her first wish was to return home immediately. The absence of familiar sounds made her despair.

Her first letter to Miss Malova was full of bitter complaints; even the holes of Moscow's pavements seemed pleasant to her. On the fourth day after her arrival she settled down in the hydropathic establishment. The Chief Doctor welcomed her in a very friendly way, and she felt a little encouraged. I will give the reader some of her letters as the best means of making them acquainted with this young girl who started life so sadly, who saw a glimpse of a brilliant future before her and then darkness for an indefinite time. All her letters but one were written to her intimate friend, Miss Malova. The first one runs as follows:

Zürich, April 12, 188—

As soon as I entered the Hydropathic I was weighed, and, when informed that I was only eighteen years old,

they measured me as well. I proved to be a person of no appreciable weight, "*ohne Gewicht.*" Most likely on account of my lightness, they placed me on the fourth floor, where I fly up and down by means of an elevator. The windows of the large passage face a yard, something like a huge, square box under a glass cover. In the middle of this yard is the kitchen. From my room upstairs the cook appears to me in the shape of a white ball and his white cap as a button. Each time I pass the windows, I look down and see him with his arms extended over the kitchen range as if performing an everlasting culinary mystery, yet we get very little to eat and what we do get is always cold, even the soup, which I think is first put on ice and then served. The place is exasperatingly dull. They say it is the dead season now. I am ready to sleep until the season becomes more lively, yet I may never feel bright here, as I am not to play. My next door neighbor is a young French girl. Her complaint is melancholy. At night I hear her sobs and lamentations and should much like to make her acquaintance, but she is constantly watched by two Cerberuses in the shape of two old English spinsters. They do not allow her to speak to me! Imagine, I am looked upon as a rebel! and why? First of all, at dinner table I sat on a chair intended for one of the old Cerberuses, and, secondly, I left the table and went to my room before the dinner was quite over! They took it as a liberty and as an unpardonable breach of proprieties, yet I was nearly suffocated with tears. These two English ladies give the keynote here; that is to say, they freeze the last spark of life left in this dead season. They have trained one young Englishman so well that he is bowing all day long. He is asked to shut the door, he does it and bows; they ask him to pass water or salt; he thanks and bows. He is requested to shut the window; he shuts it and bows. It is wonderful how very polite the Englishman seem to be and how disagreeable the women. The Cerberuses cannot bear me at all, but the gentlemen are, as it seems, all on my side. As soon as I appear in the dining-room, they all jump up and offer me a seat, not excepting even the

young Englishman. I feel very proud and the Cerberuses get cross. All the young men here are alike; they all have rosy cheeks and red lips. I sort them only by the colored ribbons of their hats. I find particularly funny the appearance of three Germans. They are said to be officers of the Russian army. They are always in a hurry to get at the same chair, and if they do not succeed, they laugh heartily. The University students, too, are all fat and wear colored ribbons on their hats. No! I prefer our Russian youths. They do not bow with elegance; they have mostly pale faces but I enjoy infinitely more their company, besides they are not so much alike. Do you remember the party at Zalevsky's, when I carried everybody away with my music, how Iwanoff was discovered crying and how they all wanted to carry me on their arms to my house? I wonder if there is anything that can move these young men with colored ribbons on their hats. It seems as if the neighing of horses is the best music for *them*. Tell me why on earth they are so constantly jolly. It vexes me to see how they run about and laugh all the time. They all flirt a little with me, but I remain as cold as ice. I should like to know some magical word which could suddenly stop them amidst their noise and merriment. Have they no other wishes or inclinations? As for myself I am simply dying for want of music. I long to be again among you, studying for concerts or examinations. How shall I spend a whole year without music, I wonder? I will become a grumbler, something like our L. L. By the way, how is she? Write to me often, do! Remember I am in a strange country and cannot play.

YOUR VARIA.

P. S.—I must write to *him*, but you have no idea how difficult it is. I know as soon as he opens my letter he will think, “Let me see what this illiterate Miss Rulova has to say.” Do you remember how he affirmed that all women are illiterate? I do not know about other women, but I can express myself grammatically only on the piano, still I must write. I owe him everything, everything. Thanks to him

I can play but my heart is—bro-o-o-ken.* I see, dearest, your angry knitted brows. Well, I do not love him like others. My feeling is quite, quite different. Good-bye, though, I hear the Englishman has fallen from his horse. I must run down and see.

Your VARIA.

She wrote, however, a letter to the Director. It ran thus:

MY DEAR MASTER:

If I could *play* my letter to you perhaps it would please you, but with pen and ink I have no words to express my gratitude. I am your debtor for ever. From this dull, far country I should like to say something which would amuse you, but I am not witty enough to evoke anything but raillery from your lips. After wishing you the best things in the world, I ought to throw down my pen and yet I wish to talk to you. I want to tell you that I devotedly carry out your advice. I never touch the piano. I will try my best to regain the strength of my arms in order to have the happiness of finishing my musical education under your guidance. If you go abroad, as you proposed, and take a turn to our dull place to see our doctor, we shall pick all the laurels and flowers in our garden and spread them on your way.

I do not like this part of Switzerland from Baden lake up to Zürich. At this time of the year you see only grey, solitary hills, and if one's soul is sad and solitary one can't help crying.

However, I am afraid to annoy you. I wish you every comfort. Believe me to be your ever grateful pupil,

BARBARA RULOVA.

After a little interval, she wrote the following letter to Miss Malova:

April 29, 188—

Every day I was about to write you, but could not. I undergo such horrible torments, that I am ready to run away from here. Very likely when Stenyka Rasin had his

* She alludes to a well-known song.

hair cut and cold water was dropped on his bare skull, he did not suffer more than I do. Imagine, they wrap me up in a wet, icy sheet and I have to lie in bed under a heavy feather quilt. After I have been there for I do not know how long—it seems a century to me—they put me in a bath and give me a thorough rubbing. The doctor says the water “*ist nur ziemlich kalt,*” but it makes me wild. I shout, tear myself from their hands and run from my tormentors. The doctor appears to me as a Pope or the Great Inquisitor, the fat German nurses, in their white aprons and high bonnets, his cardinals, and the water-cure, a torture. The English ladies are shocked by my behavior, the French girl does not smile any more, the young men do not offer me so readily a seat at the table, but it is not my fault if I hate cold water. The prevalent complaint of patients here seems to be stoutness, especially in the case of ladies. My chamber maid affirms I could crawl through the sleeve of any lady in the establishment and this is exactly why I suffer so much. The doctor affirms that I will not only get accustomed to the treatment but presently will enjoy it. I don’t believe this for a moment, and my only reason for staying here is that my expenses are paid by a benevolent source. Friends collected the money for poor me and have sent me here, and here I am, weeping with a cold shiver akin to pain. I will have to go down to-morrow and give myself up to my tormentors. If after all these sufferings I do not recover the strength of my arms, tell me if I am not the most unfortunate girl on the face of the earth! I should dearly like to lay my head on a friend’s bosom and weep, weep, weep, but there is no one, no one! Pity your poor

VARIA RULOVA.

May 15, 188—

Fancy, dearest, I have actually become accustomed to the torments! Of course, I do not feel delighted to steam under a feather quilt and then to be rubbed in cold water, but I do not protest any more, and what is more, I have a wolf’s appetite and begin to “bloom” as they say here.

The Great Inquisitor praises me, his cardinals speak to me kindly, the French girl wishes me good-night, and the young men court me again; only the English spinsters remain implacable and throw stern glances at me. I long to do something shocking in their presence. All the *pension* feel a lively interest in our mute struggle and hatred, but I assure you, I am perfectly indifferent and only wish I could perform some trick on them. However, after I proved to be a good girl, two sisters from Dresden took me under their German protection. We kiss each other on meeting, we take our walks together but all the time I feel the distance between us much greater than between Zürich and Dresden. It would be strange indeed to speak to them about my artistic career, about my hopes and apprehensions. The limits of their aspirations—well, I do not think they have any aspirations of any sort. They just live for the sake of living, that's all! They knit stockings in Dresden; when they get tired of this, they come over to Switzerland and knit their stockings in Zürich. One of them teaches me to knit lace, the other, stockings. If you would but see what an interesting *trio* we make. I play the fool, drop stitches on purpose and enjoy their sincere grief and intense wish to improve me. "Is not she an idiot, this Russian girl?" they think most likely. I feel such an overflow of life that I must scare the English spinsters to-morrow. I will do something "very shocking."

Yours V. R.

P. S.—I am glad I did not close the envelope. I can't help laughing. Only fancy, this evening when I was returning home from a walk with my two German friends, we met the German officers, I told you about, who presented me—through the German ladies, of course—first with a rose, and, secondly, with the assurance of their knightly protection whenever I chose to accept it. I took the rose, turned up my eyes and made a deep courtesy. All this proceeded in a most solemn fashion, while I bit my lips, hardly able to restrain laughter. Well then! To-morrow I am to play a trick on the English ladies, as I have knights to defend me. Isn't it amusing?

V. R.

The next letter was lost somehow or other, and we do not know whether Miss Rulova played a trick on the English ladies, and if the German cavaliers defended her or not. Here is a slip without date or signature:

“The season begins to be more and more lively. Two very dull gentlemen came—one of them resembles a poker, the other is very much like a barrel. There is, too, a young girl, thirteen years old, whose weight proved to be fifteen stones and ten pounds, and an old baroness with a young niece and a little dog, “Vesta.” The niece is a charming girl, the dog, a disgusting creature. But the baroness seems to be more fond of the dog than of her pretty niece. It is really a pity to see how the young girl is always anxious about the disappearance of the dog. She goes sometimes from house to house in the broiling sun to find this ugly beast. The baroness seems to be very rich because every one here courts even her dog; this was a sufficient reason for me to kick it twice when I had a chance. Yet, fancy, “Vesta” never got angry with me, but, on the contrary, approached me several times looking into my eyes most obediently. Ignoble animal! I do not want to strike her, I will better try to court the niece and despise the other two.”

July, 188—

“Ten days ago something occurred which had the most pleasant result for me. One day I came down to dinner late, every one being in his place already. In front of me sat some new-comer, a lady with beautiful, blue eyes and a very expressive face. I don’t know why, but I decided on the spot she must be a Russian. I could not take my eyes off her; she noticed this and bowed silently. We knew each other without saying a word. At the other end of the table a loud talk was going on about Russia. As a rule they have little good to say about Russia, yet this time some new-comer, quite a stranger to me, said such impossible things about Russian society, slandering and sneering at everything that is dear to us, that every one looked towards me as if expecting me to defend my country. The blood rushed to

my face. When I feel excited I can speak only Russian. My heart seemed to cease beating and then all of a sudden began to beat so fast as if it was ready to jump out of my breast. At last I could not stand it any longer, and ran out of the room. I hardly had time enough to shut my door, when I heard a knock. It was the lady with the blue eyes. She was indeed Russian, as I guessed. I rushed to her, embraced her tenderly and wept out all, all that was hidden so long in my heart. She foretells a great future for me, she heard my playing on the last concert, but could not recognize me, as I was so changed, and looking so strong and healthy, she said. How kindly she spoke to me! She won my heart at once. I am after her like a little dog. I carry her umbrella and mantle and gaze into her eyes as one in love. We talk very often, and what a pleasure to talk to her! This woman can touch the most delicate, the most sore point, and yet you don't feel hurt but relieved and almost healed. She talks about music like a real artist. Whatever subject she touches upon it is always a pleasure to listen to her. Unhappily, she cannot stay long here, and when she is gone I shall feel more lonely and unhappy than ever. Thanks to her, I understand what a poor, uninteresting creature I am without my music, but I am not sorry for all that, if she helped me to curtail my own estimation, she gave me in return the means to raise myself when she is gone. I will bury myself in books—will read, read endlessly. Her name is Olga Nikolaevna Sultanova. She spends the winter in St. Petersburg and promised to find you out while passing through Moscow. You will get fond of her and what is more important, you will improve. I feel that in these few days I learned a great many things from my new friend. Good-bye. I am in a hurry. Olga Nikolaevna wishes me to go with her for a walk.

YOUR VARIA.

August, 188—

“We get more and more new-comers. The season begins to be lively. The grape-cure will begin very soon. I continue my own cure with books. A week ago arrived the

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son of a banker from Frankfort. His name is Mittelman, but he is more often mentioned as the banker's son. His father is very rich and a great friend of our doctor. He was received here with open arms by everyone. He brought in so much noise and fun that we all felt tamed and conquered. Even the English ladies, whom he always makes laugh, are delighted with him. He behaves as in a conquered province. We get up in the morning, we eat, take our walks, speak and dance at his command, and, what is more, we do not find the yoke oppressive or heavy, nay, we feel even happy under it. It is, I suppose, because everyone here left his soul at home and brought only his weariness. The banker's son, on the contrary, left all his spleen at home, and brought heart and soul with him. We are, consequently, to obey the only living man among us. The baroness and her dog make an exception, and cannot get accustomed to his noisy despotism. As soon as he appears in the salon, "Vesta" jumps from her mistress' lap and barks furiously. Yesterday he took the dog by the ears and made believe he would throw it out of the window. You should see what followed. The doctor and the head nurse were summoned. The baroness was furious; the doctor did not know which was the more important side—one was represented by a son of a banker, the other by a baroness and a lady. We all sided with the banker's son, of course. The baroness called us impertinent, went out of the room and did not condescend to appear at dinner time. Mr. Mittelman kept very quiet, but after all we did not mind it much and I don't think any of us would cry if, instead of the dog, the aerial flight would be performed by the baroness herself, so much we hate her. She hissed all day long and poisoned the life of her niece. The poor thing has nearly always red eyes. It is difficult even to approach and make friends with her, she is so frightened and harassed. It is a pity this old witch brought with her all her ill temper; how much better, if she would have left it at home.

I am recovering fast. I count the days and hours I have to spend here just like a school-girl. The doctor declares I

am in perfect health now. The dark cloud has passed over my head, the threatening waves are rolling quietly now, and I am ready to shout with delight, "Land! I see the land!" I struggle all this time with the intense desire to sit down to the piano, but I know well, if I do so they will have to drag me from it half dead. Music fills my heart. I listen to the senseless playing of Mr. Mittelman and do not dare to play myself. Soon, very soon, I will come and say: "There! I am strong and healthy!" Yes, soon! I must tell you in great confidence, I have composed a few fantasias, but, for God's sake, never breathe a word about it. Do you hear? not a single word to any one!

YOUR VARIA.

P. S.—All the flowers in our garden are gone by this time, but "he" did not come to see our dull place."

The following letter refers to the time of the Director's death:

"I never knew he was ill. His death struck me. We had been sitting in the drawing-room. Mr. Mittelman amused us as usual. Accidentally some one took the paper and read aloud the telegram about his death. I screamed and ran out to hide myself in my room. I never felt such despair since my grandmother's death. I did not want to play any more. Why should I if he is not there to listen to me, to be pleased or cross with me? I wept and wept for many hours. I remember I wished to leave off crying, but could not. I tried my best to quiet and comfort myself, but all in vain, and suddenly I felt cramp in my fingers. When I came to myself, the doctor was busying himself about me, and who else, do you think? The English ladies! As I learned afterwards, all the inmates of the house were afraid to come near me and only these ladies had courage enough to assist to bring me round. They have been so kind to me that I feel quite won over. I kept in bed for three days. All the ladies came to see me, not excepting the baroness, who went up to my room with her dog, and my head aches from too much attention. When I came down I could not resist

playing. I played for many hours without stopping. I played for *him* all the funeral marches, all *his* favorite pieces. I made all of them weep for *him*. When I went upstairs, they followed me with such respectful bows and solemn faces, as if I was the great artist himself risen from his grave. They did not even praise me, but only wondered. One of the English ladies sleeps in my bed-room on a small lounge for the fourth night. Notwithstanding my assurance that I felt very well, she remains unshaken. She seems to delight in the sacrifice she makes for me; nay, for my deceased master. What a dreadful word, "deceased." Is it possible I will never, never see him any more?

Your VARIA."

The last letter from Zürich runs as follows:

"To-day they weighed and measured me for the last time. I gained twenty-two pounds in weight and three inches in height; a brilliant result! I don't know though how much of it falls on my arms. I asked the doctor to weigh them separately; he smiled and told me my arms '*haben sehr viel Gewicht*' * Oh! it is so true! I had but to play and a fairy seemed to have touched me with her magic wand and changed the poor Cinderella into a Princess. These ten days have been like a triumphal procession for me. I played at a party at the Doctor's, at a Russian countess, at some friends of Mr. Mittelman, where I was presented with a wreath of laurels and the next day a morning paper published an article which ran thus: "The doctor so-and-so cured from nervous illness a pupil of the deceased Russian artist. She inherited his talent, but if possible more tender, and beautiful." What a sacrilege! It is all Mr. Mittelman's doings. He made an uproar all over the town and, imagine, made me a proposal last night. It happened so unexpectedly and he had such an awkward face, that I hardly could resist laughing. He is rich, pleasant and extremely vain. There is but one thing wanting to his fame: to be spoken of in the papers. His plan was most likely this: to advertise me

*Very much weight.

first, then to make a proposal and advertise again. In the capacity of his bride I would give several concerts in his native town—an advertisement again. Then there would be no end of articles at the time of his wedding, everything would be described: how he stood before the altar, what kind of studs he had, etc. etc. Advertisements without end! No! He, whom I will choose, must understand and feel!—however, I do not know how to explain what I expect him to understand and feel: yet I could overlook, I think, his not being the only son of a banker:—I could forgive him for not being rich, noisy or vain: but he *must* have some, if it would be only a very tiny particle, of God in his breast.

Just you imagine: the first praise I heard from Mr. Mittelman was: “*Sehr, sehr correct.*” (very, very correct.) He could find nothing in his heart besides this banal expression. When listening to my music, he begins to swing his head and to beat time with one of his hands, I cannot resist the desire to run away from the piano and never play in his presence. To my mind the officers are infinitely more musical. They never say a word, but fall back into a line and salute me in their military fashion. I believe Mr. Mittelman will never leave his wife in peace and will meddle with all her affairs. He will ordain once for all what is correct and what is not; he will try to regulate every minute detail of her toilette. Is it not tiresome? They advise me to give a concert on my way through Vienna, where I will have to appear as the pupil of the great deceased artist. But I flatly declined it. What a vile thing to make a reclame out of his death. I have still to study, though I have no heart to go back to my own conservatoire. Mme. Sultanova wishes me to stay at St. Petersburg where I can finish my musical education under Brassin. No matter if I do not get the medal. I hope to get a name by my talent alone. If I have but my arms, the whole wide world seems to lie open before me. Since I am able to play I have no fear. I am not to go to Frankfort. What is the use now, after I have declined with thanks Mr. Mittelman's proposal? I do not believe he ever loved me

and perhaps curses the idea of having made it. His *amour-propre* is wounded; nevertheless I hear he is making preparations for a farewell entertainment when I leave the place. He wants to appear a gentleman to the last.

I took part in a concert again. I received so many compliments that I feel the necessity of self-restraint. I will try to think of "him" and of his death. If such a man as "he" was, is no more, he rises still higher in our imagination. I start on my homeward journey to-morrow. Will telegraph from Kiev. What sort of a future awaits me, I wonder?

Yours with love,

VARIA RULOVA.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MASON'S TWO-FINGER EXERCISES, AND PIANO TOUCH.

I HAVE so many times undertaken to explain the proper manner of playing Mason's two-finger exercises and he himself has been so clear in his "Touch and Technic," and has taken so much pains to illustrate all the positions by means of singularly fortunate drawings, that it almost seems like presumption on my part to attempt to add anything to what has already been said. Nevertheless so many have come to me for lessons with imperfect conceptions, having obtained their ideas from the book that lately I have had another idea occur to me as a sort of missing link. In order to put this in its place I will again go over the different types of exercise.

1. EXERCISE FOR CLINGING TOUCH.—T. & T. Sec. 5. As a rule it is better to perform this strictly legato, and not super-legato, which is the manner where the finger is held after the succeeding one has taken its key. Mason expressly states that this type, which he uses for the sake of securing a good bearing down upon the keys, as basis for good legato, is only to be kept up until a legato habit is established, when the strict legato, the old finger rising as the new one goes down, is to be made the staple of practice. Aside from this misapprehension I have not met any other relating to this exercise except the general disposition to carry the wrist too high. It must not be permitted higher than the knuckles. The palm of the hand should be kept up quite high from the keys.

2. ARM TOUCHES.—T. & T. Secs. 1, 2, 3. The greatest novelty in the revised edition of "Touch & Technic" consists in the teaching regarding the use of the arm, and the manner of securing its action. The arm touches have for their object breadth, and effectiveness of tone. They are introduced

at the very beginning of the lessons in order to secure responsiveness of the whole playing apparatus, from the fingers to the shoulder. The teaching regards three typical uses of the arm: the "*down-arm*," in which the touch is produced by the weight of the arm falling upon the keys; the "*up arm*," in which the touch is made in springing up away from the keys, the finger having been in contact with the keys at the moment of beginning the touch; and the "*devitalized*," in which the arm and wrist are held perfectly limp, as when the hand swings limply, the arm hanging at the side. These three types are vital, the last perhaps most important of all, because it has in it the foundation of the whole matter, the art of getting out of one's own way, not permitting any one part to pull against any other part, but leaving all unemployed parts in a state of repose.

The first two types of these touches are applied to exercises 2 and 3 in T & T. The points are, that in order to begin the hand must assume the position shown in fig. 1 at *a*, and at the end must appear as in fig. 1 at *b*. The relaxation of wrist must occur at the very moment of the touch, *i. e.* instantaneously after the point of the finger has received the weight of the arm and communicated it to the key. The evidence that it *has* got there will be the full, broad tone, that this touch produces. If the relaxation takes place before the point of the finger reaches the key, and the wrist begins to flex, there will be no tone, or only a very small one. But when properly delivered the tone will be broad, and one of the best uses of this touch is that of educating the ear to a full tone. When the wrist is relaxed it must sink the full distance shown in the diagram, and be perfectly limp and relaxed.

The up arm touch begins where the last one left off and the touch is delivered as the hand springs upwards away from the keys. The great point is to see that the wrist behaves properly, rising first, so that at the completion of the touch the hand has sprung upwards away from the key, the wrist is perfectly relaxed, and the hand again hangs pendant over the keys exactly as shown in fig. 1, *a*. This is

the point commonly mistaken. The hand springs upward, but the wrist is not relaxed, and the hand remains straightened out in a line with the fore-arm, or nearly so; whereas the full benefit of this exercise will not be realized unless the hand comes into a fully relaxed condition at the end of the touch.

3. HAND AND FINGER ELASTIC TOUCH.—T. & T. Sec. The same exercises 2 and 3 are also practiced daily with hand and finger touch as described in the book. In this touch I find several misapprehensions. First, the hand is made to deliver the first touch by being swung freely upon the keys, like a flail, the wrist being the hinge whereupon the "business end" of the flail swings. This perfectly free wrist is of the utmost consequence, and will never be realized, except in very young students, unless you are quite sure what you want. The swing of the hand must be free enough to afford a full, round tone, made by the fall of the hand upon the key. In making the swing of the hand to touch, I generally require that it shall have risen higher than the arm. I want the greater motion to be performed by the extreme end of the hand, and not by the forearm. When the hand does not rise so high as the forearm, either the wrist will not be loose, or the touch will be too much an arm touch. The arm is mainly quiet, only a small motion being necessary to afford the hand this kind of a full swing.

Having made the first touch, and obtained a full free tone, then prepare for the second, which is to be pure finger, by raising the finger quite straight from the knuckle joints, and in fact as much higher as you can pull it. Let the other fingers come up with it, all but the one which is holding the key. Then make the second touch by shutting the hand. The point of the finger sweeps along the key, biting it forcibly when passing in its shutting motion. When this is done there will be no pressing down of this finger upon the key. It will merely deliver a very strong touch in passing as it shuts, without tarrying to press the key the slightest instant. Now the point is to get from this touch the same firm, resonant, biting tone which you had from the free hand in the tone immediately preceding.

There is also a very important point as to the disposition of the hand to be made at the end of this touch. If the wrist is loosened when the hand is closing, the hand will spring upwards a little from the key, as shown in fig. 6, *b*. This is the way in which I teach this exercise. But for strengthening the hand and fingers to the utmost, the drawing in motion may be continued until the hand assumes the form in fig. 1. For ordinary purposes I regard the form in fig. 6 as best.

4. FAST FORMS OF TWO-FINGER EXERCISE T. & T. Sec. 17. But it is in the fast forms of the two-finger exercise that the greatest misapprehension arises. The essential point is first to get the "devitalized" condition of the arm, hand, and fingers as described in sec. 3, and then to play the moderate forms and all the fast forms with this condition. In all the earlier practice the wrist must be entirely loose just the same as when the hand is swung limp at the end of the arm, or as when asleep; the fingers are also very loosely held, and the touch quality in all the earlier practice is to be as limp and passive as consistent with playing any tones in particular. The first tone of the motive in the first rhythm, Ex. 4, is taken with a very light and small fall of the hand, which has to be slightly raised for the purpose. The hand falls passively upon the key, by its own weight, and the fingers are to be so limp that the first tone is very soft and entirely lacking in aggressive quality. The finger that plays the second tone is also held passive, the point close to that of the finger which plays the first tone, and therefore not raised. When the second touch is made, the point of the finger is not drawn back at all, but the finger plays as passively as possible. Hence in a correct performance of this type of touch the tones are very soft and unaggressive, and the action of hand and finger is reduced to a minimum. What is wanted first of all is a perfectly passive tone and a completely "devitalized" arm, hand and finger; unless this can be secured the good effects of this exercise will fail. This is the point where the book is not clear enough. All the fast forms, exercises 4 to 13, are first to

be practiced with the "devitalized" touch. The point is to get rid of the tendency to undue tension, which the practice of the hand and finger elastic, or of any form of five-finger exercise, inevitably engenders; devitalization is the preliminary condition upon which all fine phrasing will later depend.

When the complete devitalization has been secured and the fast forms like exercises 4 to 13 can be played without the slightest degree constricting the wrist, but with it in the condition of absolute limpness already described, *then*, and not before, the finger points may be more lively, and the drawing-in touch be used upon the second tone of the first rhythm. In the second rhythm I think a better result will be reached generally by permitting the finger playing the second tone of the motive to cling to the key for a moment.

The second rhythm will present great difficulties, especially in the fast forms, until complete devitalization has been mastered. And then it must be so performed that the stress incident to the hand falling upon the key goes over upon the second tone of the motive, the finger playing the first tone being held almost completely devitalized, so as to produce what will be little more than a grace note. And only after this has been fully mastered should the finger staccato be applied to the second tone.

If these cautions are observed, the fast forms will afford invaluable training of the hands and fingers, and will prepare for many fine points of phrasing, as for instance in the "Entrance to the Forest," No. 1 of Schumann's "Forest Scenes." All this shadowy effect of the first phrase in the Schumann "Entrance" depends upon a devitalized condition of the hand.

In practicing the broken thirds, naturally the devitalization cannot go so far, for the best effects of this are obtained by legato practice, instead of phrased. But soft playing, with soft and full melodic quality of tone, should be the aim, and the wrist must be kept low and loose. Fingers may be raised high preparatory to playing, and must be taken up precisely after playing, just as the legato requires. I make it a point to have the rising finger come up high, obtaining

thus from this form the individualization of finger incident to five exercises properly applied.

When the cautions above given are fully observed, no one will derive harm from these exercises, but on the contrary they afford the most complete apparatus for educating the touch.

It is to be observed farther that children will not have any especial difficulty in acquiring these touches. Devitalization comes easily to them. It is only those somewhat advanced, with acquired bad habits, that find it difficult to "let go" and use no more force than the business required. Nevertheless this is precisely the form of advance which must be made before anything like fine phrasing will be possible, or a good quality of tone obtained.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

CONCERNING EUPHONY.

I STILL remember the first words with which the teacher of the elementary theory-class in the Dresden Conservatory introduced his instruction; he asked us, in fact, a very difficult question: "What is Music?" A bright little fellow answered, with all the naïveté of his nine years, "Music is pretty." The rest of us, of course, considered that very funny and broke out laughing. The teacher laughed a little with us and then delivered himself of a somewhat verbose elucidation of the concept "Music" which I have remembered not nearly so well,—probably because it was less funny and much less terse. But what had the little fellow said that was really stupid? He had, instead of giving the desired definition, named a property of music. However, this is not perfectly expressed, for not all music is pretty, only the good. And *that* isn't exactly right either, for good music is not always pretty as well.

This last remark will probably meet with immediate opposition from many; for, it will be objected, with an art which is its own final cause and should, in and of itself, give immediate pleasure, beauty is the only criterion for worth and hence both concepts must be brought into perfect concurrence in judging of a musical work. Now if one follows that reasoning out with the logical severity suitable to a presentation of the more elementary principles of art-aesthetics, it would be difficult to advance much in refutation of it. However, the music-aesthetician can hold closely to such large inflexible concepts only as long as he is laying foundation. As he comes to elaborate his structure he must begin to attach more weight to convincing than to proving; for, in music, which as an art resting largely on tastes, is incapable of having the yard-stick of mathematical demonstration applied to it, criticism must mostly find play in those

regions that lie beyond the arbitrary limits of *right* and *not right*.

If now we wish to make clear to our minds how a separation of the concepts "good" and "beautiful" can occur in the art of tone we must first of all consider the two-fold effect which music produces upon human nerves.

In the first place, every tone produces a physical sensation, a sensuous excitation which may be more or less intense according to the strength, pitch and color of the tone. The simultaneous sounding of several tones is able to greatly increase this effect but the difference remains one of degree, not kind. It is not until there is a *succession* of tones or chords that the intellectual interest of the hearer is aroused and this interest directs itself chiefly toward the relation of the tones with reference to their height or depth and their rythmical arrangement. In other words, one might say that only the *tone-line* exercises an influence upon the mind, the *tone-color* upon the ear.

As an illustration let us imagine hearing a fine polyphonic composition rendered by voices or instruments whose timbre (tone-character) was disagreeable to us. We would have to designate the impression received as an intellectual enjoyment, but a physical discomfort. From which clearly appears that we can speak of unalloyed musical enjoyment only when colors as well as lines are beautiful—*i. e.*, when mind and ear are simultaneously satisfied.

Tone and *color* are, in fact, exactly co-ordinate terms, mutually borrowed and lent by the two sister-arts, music and painting. To be sure one can conceive of a picture without color, but never of a music piece without tone. A picture without color is a drawing; what can we name in music that co-ordinates with this art-form? Why not a composition unperformed, existing only on paper? Music, performed, must have at least one color; simply written, it is able to entirely exclude the idea of any definite color. Hence in reading such a composition, a purely intellectual interest is aroused and the music sense, entirely emancipated from the ear, performs its function in absolute independence.

Here, however, a remarkable phenomenon sometimes appears; *viz.*: that the inner music sense often receives a pleasurable impression from a composition which, when the work is heard, instead of being augmented, is sensibly diminished. There are many contrapuntal combinations whose value the ear is incapable of measuring; they require to be read; their voice-progressions to be comprehended through the eye. Were one to appraise them by the degree of pleasure which they cause the ear, how deep would they sink back in the scale of estimation from that plane which a so-to-speak pragmatical decree of musical criticism has assigned them.

And when one sees how even celebrated masters sometimes force through the development of a difficult contrapuntal problem at the expense of melodiousness—how, in such a case, they make use of every loop-hole of melodic and harmonic law to render a work impeccable from a theoretic standpoint which nevertheless causes the ear actual tortures,—then one can really no longer escape from the conviction that between *good* music and *beautiful* music a forcible difference exists, and in spite of all logic will, perhaps, always continue to exist.

The musical taste of our day, to be sure, is inclined to recognize the claims of the ear as preponderant, and the development of music during the last two centuries has divested this art more and more of its mathematical character. .. This does not prevent the ear, however, from being obliged even nowadays to play the rôle of a go-between who must convey something to the mind and beyond that has nothing to say about things. This renewed subjection, however, it owes mostly to a different cause than formerly, to the modern striving after truth and realism. In fact, realism has gradually conquered the whole realm of art, and so thoroughly indeed that there isn't much art left over. We formerly conceived, naïvely enough, that it was the province of art to idealize and transfigure barren reality; we believed, foolishly of course, that art in the very nature of things, had nothing to do with ugliness. But our present time claims man's eternal gratitude in that it has finally discovered the

“*fin de si—ekelhafte*” ideal of hideousness and has invested it with the insignia of a new Muse.

Music, as long as it does not undertake to depict something definitely by means of programme or text, has certainly no defense against the reproof of ugliness; for a “striving after truth of expression” cannot be imagined in an art without taking a prototype in nature. So pure music has, partly perhaps for these reasons, come into disrepute with the adherents of the modern tendency; they refer to it as “idle tone-sport,” as an ear-tickling amusement which offers nothing to the mind. And so in order to satisfy this craze for ugliness, realism was enthroned in music also as highest ideal, and out of the theater, that world of beautiful illusions, was made more and more a world of hateful realities. With the old putative opera-stuff, which at least held the principles of musical euphony sacred, a thorough over-hauling was begun. The legitimacy of all polyphonic song was seriously questioned and ensemble-singing was tolerated at best only as an exception. The “*bel canto*” received a peremptory dismissal and the rounding off of the musical form was discarded as interfering with dramatic requirements. At the same time the superannuated precepts about a technically possible treatment of each orchestral instrument received a strong “choc;” they got beyond considering the possibility of a correct performance of that desired by the composer. Just so the whole should sound characteristic! Beauty in this way began to lose ground terribly but realism unquestionably gained in still greater proportion.

Does this indicate progress in art?

Every dramatico-musical work is based on a compromise. This compromise begins with the work of the singers participating and extends to the more or less severe observance of purely musical laws. It is reserved for the artistic sense of the works’ creator to decide on his point of treatment with consideration for both dramatic and musical requirements. To me personally it seems as if that point were seldom happily chosen nowadays. If the human voice be no more allowed to come to the unfolding of its

greatest charms; if to the melodic song, developed according to musical laws, be no more accorded the dominant place in the opera then the human ear will be cheated of its greatest delight. For wherein lies the charm of so many an old thresh-out Italian opera which, at a good performance, still calls forth jubilant applause? Any school-boy finds the libretto insipid, any half-way musical dilettante smiles in pity at the needy harmonization and the thread-bare orchestration; yet on this crumbling pedestal is enthroned a wondrous singing—the divine melodiousness of the human voice gilds the lines, so lacking in intrinsic worth, and the ear welters in delight in spite of all aesthetical objections—*“und das hat mit ihrem Singen, die Loreley gethan.”*

If we follow this striving for realism in art to its limits we arrive also at the boundaries of art. Polychromy in the plastic arts, naturalism in the drama, and the exclusive employment of the declamation style in the opera are questionable steps in this direction. Farthest of all developed is this stupid photographing business in poetry, which occupies itself of late from preference with the most forbidding features of life in the realistic description or representation of which it seems to discern its supreme mission. As unfortunate as this art-tendency may be, yet one can at least say in its defense that it might perhaps under certain circumstances subserve a moral purpose, something as Vereschagin purports, with his battle-pictures to propagate antibellic sentiment.

But what can be said in favor of a musical principle of style which at all times places characteristicness of expression above all melodiousness? It certainly cannot be denied that in tone-painting composition, even where realism is pursued to the point of purely decorative music, a great ingenuity of invention may come to light. Wagner especially has shown in this direction also an incredible talent for the certain attainment of desired effects. But with the sincerest admiration for his incomparable genius, it still seems to me that this rush after truth of expression has made him sometimes overstep the bounds of the beautiful.

Let us take, as an example, that scene from "Siegfried" in which the young hero is filing his sword and the orchestra accompanies this occupation with something like a hundred augmented triads! The accompanying figure in its rythmical and technical perversity corresponds perfectly, in and of itself, with the situation, but through so frequent a repetition produces a wearying and well-nigh painful effect on the ear. As counterpart to this tone-picture one might cite in addition the introduction to the "Rheingold," which plays around on E flat major triad for one hundred and thirty-six bars. The ear here fairly revels in the euphony of a slowly-waxing, wonderfully instrumentated orchestra crescendo. The mind of the hearer, however, remains of necessity non-participant, till in the 137th bar it is awakened by the entrance of the A flat chord, from a long but not unpleasant half-slumber. It is certainly not to be denied that a most highly poetical idea lies at the bottom of this thing but that its carrying out brought with it an exaggeration, I am equally sure everyone will admit whose healthy musical judgment has not been blunted by aesthetical sophistry.

In the cases hitherto mentioned we have spoken only of a mis-relation,—an imperfect equilibrium of the claims of mind and ear. It remains only to mention one other category of composers who avoid the luxuriousness of the ear with a shyness fairly puritanical, and who deny themselves, from principle, all those devices of instrumentation which make up the powerful charm of the modern orchestra. These composers have a trait in common with those painters who, even to-day, leave Conture's principles unheeded in order to impart to their paintings, by means of an intentional anachronism, an antique "classical" impress. Such artists, no matter how admirable their productions may be in many ways, are still to a certain degree, inimical to progress. In so far as they come into our discussion as musicians we will certainly not deny them the recognition that they have created magnificent things and that their harsh greatness deserves admiration. But we must not forget that we can

experience the highest musical enjoyment only when the ear is also enraptured by the purest euphony, and we will remember the words of Berlioz: "Music, unquestionably, has by no means the exclusive aim to be pleasant to the ear, but still a thousand times less that of being disagreeable to it, of torturing and mishandling it. I am of the same flesh and blood as other men; and I demand that some consideration be shown to my susceptibilities in the treatment of my ear, that thing so cloutish and yet so dear to me."

MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

(Authorized translation by O. Willard Pierce.)

DEATH OF HENRY FOWLER BROADWOOD.

From the London "Music Trade Review."

ON the 8th inst., at Horsham, Mr. Henry Fowler Broadwood, after some few weeks of gradually declining strength, passed away at the age of 82. By his death there has disappeared from the musical world one of the most conscientious and profoundly scientific of pianoforte makers. To a great extent the chief director of a large manufacturing industry works anonymously, and the good results which his energies and intelligent judgment bring about are often forgotten and unrecognized. Nevertheless, tradition rarely lets the memory of a truly great man die, and although Henry Fowler Broadwood's place has, during the past fifteen years, been worthily filled by his sons, Henry and James (who represent the fifth generation of the Broadwood business, in direct succession), with the assistance of the Messrs. Rose, it will be long before the senior partner who has just died is forgotten. He entered the pianoforte factory of his father as a young man of 21. He had just left Cambridge, and life in the workshops was, of course, very different from the life he had been accustomed to at the University. Nevertheless, he enjoyed pianoforte making, and took the keenest interest in every detail of the work he could acquire. His activity and restlessness were remarkable. He would invariably run upstairs three steps at a time, and yet would stand before a piano for hours without uttering a word, intently thinking how he might improve it in certain particulars. Just as Prince Bismarck was wont to examine the interior of Krupp's heavy ordinance, so did Henry Fowler Broadwood scrutinize every part of a grand piano with the greatest attention. He worked for some time at the bench, and then took instruction in tuning, in which branch of the pianoforte industry his father, James Broadwood, excelled, as his letters to the *Monthly Magazine* in September, 1811, on pianoforte tuning make evident.

In 1836 Henry Broadwood became a partner in the firm bearing his name. He married on Nov. 3, 1840.

His policy in business was to continue that of his father, by always seeking to improve the instrument and to lend a helping hand to musicians of talent who required help, and to study the requirements of the virtuoso in every way. In 1843 Henry Broadwood devoted his attention principally to scheming out improvements and alterations in the structure of his concert grands. When he came into the firm the mechanism of the piano was so heavy that many players could not use the instruments. Henry

Broadwood thereupon took counsel, and submitted the results of his experiments to musicians of note, such as Sir Sterndale Bennett, Boehm (inventor of the improved key system in the flute), Molique, Puer, Sir Charles Hallé, Ferdinand Hiller, Stephen Heller, Ernst, Sainton, J. B. Cramer, Sir George Macfarren, and others. Edward Schultz, in particular, followed Henry Broadwood's investigations with much interest. Having improved the touch, Henry Broadwood turned his attention to strengthening the piano with iron, and in January, 1846, he had completed a square piano with full iron frame. In the same year (1846) he had also finished a grand piano with a frame entirely of iron, an idea which, of course, had already been anticipated in the United States. The ironwork was by the celebrated locksmith Bramah. This piano was the result of much thought and innumerable experiments. Madame Pleyel was the first to use it on a concert tour. James Broadwood had preferred the sweet but weak tone of the bi-chord piano. Henry Broadwood, on the other hand, in order to augment the tone, introduced into his pianos tri-chord stringing. Just as his grandfather, John Broadwood, had consulted Carvalho and Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, so did Henry Fowler Broadwood call in his friend, Dr. Pole, to consult with him in the drawing up of scales. These consultations resulted in a new theoretical system of marking out.

Although of a most masterful mind, and a man who would be thwarted by no person whosoever, he, nevertheless, took nothing for granted. He was an omnivorous reader, and studied everything he could find bearing on the construction or history of the piano ever written in any language. He was a student of Anglo-Saxon-Gaelic, and was a good French and German linguist. He was a theorist, archæologist, critic, acoustician and metaphysician, and in every sense of the word a scientific pianoforte maker. His was a peculiar temperament. He was strongly adverse to publicity, and yet, at the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851, when the medal awarded in favor of his piano by the musical jury (which included such men as Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Henry Bishop and Sir George Smart) was annulled by an unprofessional *mélange* of the "Council of Chairmen," Henry Broadwood's energy was conspicuously revealed in his resentment of unfair treatment. The effect of his vigorous protest, which was ventilated by the entire press of the country at that time, gave him a moral victory, and it won for his firm the entire sympathy of the musical profession as well as the general public. The newspaper press, on their part, upheld the broad principles of justice, and advocated that the guerdon of merit should be bestowed where it had been awarded, and where it, therefore, was due. So strongly did music professors feel on this subject that a number of the leading musicians met at the house of the late Sir George Macfarren in Welbeck street, and unanimously resolved to present a testimonial to the Broadwoods, as a token of their sympathy in the unconstitutional treatment they had received. When the resolution passed at this meeting came to the ears of Henry Broadwood, he sincerely

thanked the eminent professors of music for their good wishes, but declined to accept any such testimonial.

Mr. H. Broadwood's personal appearance was striking, as a translation of a description given in the *Wiener Presse* at a later period will show. The writer had been visiting the factory at Westminster. He remarked: "A strange and extraordinary gentleman obligingly opened for us a grand piano. With a strong hand he drew out the mechanism and gave us an explanation of every detail of its construction. His personality had something fascinating in it, by its peculiar blending of intelligence and kindliness. The light-brown eyes, the youthful and elastic bearing, contrasted finely with the gray hair and furrowed brow. So, thought my neighbor, might a prime minister look. In fact, it was the piano manufacturer, Henry Broadwood, with whose name is coupled the representative of an imposing manufactory and business industry." The nation is proud of the achievements of his firm, and it may well be proud of him." Then proceeds a long panegyric concerning Henry Broadwood; with allusions to his early rising and to his being found at work at six o'clock in the morning, and to his being a man of education and accomplishments, and yet proud to be a mechanic.

When thirty-seven years ago Broadwood's factory was destroyed by fire, Henry Broadwood paid the men for all the tools that were burnt, and decreed that pianos belonging to customers, however old, should be replaced by new ones. He took much interest in the welfare of his work-people, and as soon as the factory had been re-erected turned his attention to their library, which had been burnt down. It had been founded in 1847, its nucleus being eighty volumes, granted by a society of which Lord Brougham and the Earls of Shaftesbury and Roden were active members. In 1847, when the question of the best means of extending the establishment of libraries was brought before a select committee of the House of Commons, it appeared that while France had 107 public libraries, England only had one. In 1856 a small library and reading-room was established in Westminster, but ten years before the nucleus of an excellent workmen's library had been formed in Broadwood's extensive factory, situated in the same district. Henry Broadwood now had a reading-room, with fire and gas provided for the men, and eighteen years afterward the library contained 3,800 books, the weekly issue being one hundred volumes, the works being chiefly historical, biographical, scientific or concerning arts, manufactures, voyages, travels and superior fiction.

In May, 1862, Henry Broadwood communicated with Dr. Decker at Berlin concerning the harpsichord made by his great-grandfather in 1766 for Frederick the Great. Dr. Becker promptly called at the New Palace, and found that the Crown Princess had just had the harpsichord put into good order, so that it was in excellent preservation.

A fluent French and German linguist, Henry Broadwood was much *en évidence* at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. He was frequently

the first visitor to the building in the early morning. Being unable to do things by halves, he arranged for 117 of his workmen to visit the Exhibition, barracking them in wooden huts in the inclosure. Great was the satisfaction of the men, therefore, when the prizes were announced, and the sole gold medal for English pianos was presented by the Emperor himself to Henry Broadwood. The men at once drew up a congratulatory address from the manufactory bearing fifty-eight signatures, that is to say, the name of one man only from each department. The value of this gold medal was 1,000 francs, or £40 sterling. Three gold medals of less value for pianos were afterward added. The first to congratulate Henry Broadwood appears to have been Sir William Sterndale Bennett, who wrote:

“MY DEAR MR. HENRY BROADWOOD:—

No one can feel more delighted than myself at the real success of your house at the Paris Exhibition. After seeing the instruments my only fear was that they were too perfect for a large and excited public.”

Innumerable letters could be quoted from Henry Broadwood at this period, concerning strings, polish, iron plates, iron frames, felt coverings for the actions, details of mechanism, bracings, analyses on the cost of production, sounding-boards, and experiments of all kinds, which might be of considerable interest to the practical pianoforte maker. With all matters pertaining to construction he was intimately familiar. He was master absolute, and his orders were observed to the letter. If any of the workmen dared to neglect his instructions severe retribution followed. A glimpse here and there at the innumerable memoranda of orders shows that experiment followed experiment. Henry Broadwood frequently says: “It is as well that we should keep *this* experiment to ourselves.” Yet he himself was the first to divulge it to any visitor in whom he took an interest.

As regards the testing of cases, sounding-boards, of spun strings, of the length and thickness of strings, of the quality of wire, marking off of scales, and strict accuracy in the working parts of the action, Henry Broadwood was undoubtedly the first master-maker who had records of his investigations and experiments extending over many years, systematically kept in books. It may be safely averred also that no maker made more continuous experiments without seeking publicity than did Henry Broadwood, whose restless temperament never admitted of repose. To insure the highest standard of work being maintained in the various departments he would often direct that experiments should be made, not in order to test the accuracy of known principles, but rather to prove to his own satisfaction that his orders, whatever they were, had been strictly adhered to and faithfully carried out. At other times, as has been mentioned, structural alterations and experiments, at considerable cost, would be deliberately made, where the result obtained had been already satisfactory, in the hope of discovering something still better or more novel.

Henry Broadwood had much to do in extending the compass of the Grand piano in this country. He never cared to decorate his pianos in any way, always maintaining that he was a musical instrument maker and not an upholsterer. His policy was to have everything of the best quality procurable and to avoid ostentation.

One little incident may be mentioned concerning him. A lover of good work, he could never endure seeing wet umbrellas or cloaks thoughtlessly deposited on the finely polished surfaces of his instruments. "Whenever you come across such things on the pianos, thrust them off at once," said he one day, addressing one of his clerks. Henry Broadwood, like Gladstone, was wont to wear a white hat in summer time, and shortly after giving the direction quoted, being absorbed in the regulation of a Grand piano and oblivious of everything else, he happened to place his own hat on a neighboring instrument. Presently the door opened and the clerk in question entered. Seeing the hat, and mindful of his orders, he immediately flung it across the room.

In 1871 Henry Broadwood, although disapproving strongly of unnecessary complications in the mechanism of a piano, such as extra pedals or other contrivances of no manifest advantage, constructed for M. E. M. Delaborde a special concert "Pedalier" Grand piano. The idea of a pedal piano was not new; John Sebastian Bach had in his possession a "*cembalo con pedale*," for which he wrote the "Passacaille" in C minor, and other admirable compositions. On this instrument he played organ compositions in quick time and with a marked rhythm with more effect than on the organ. Schumann composed also many pieces for the "Pedal Flügel." The rather clumsy application of the organ mechanism to pianos induced Henry Fowler Broadwood to devote his attention to overcoming the mechanical difficulties in connecting the piano keys with a set of pedals. Such an achievement, it was contended, would effect the introduction of a new class of piano-music novel, large in design and noble in effect. A tentative recital took place at the Hanover Square rooms on November 16, 1871. On the Thursday week following Henry Broadwood's Pedalier Grand piano was put to the public test in the same rooms, M. Delaborde being the experimenter. The instrument proved a complete success, the pedal action being as prompt as could be desired, while every gradation of tone was produced by the experienced foot as readily as it was on the manual by the experienced finger. According to the *Musical World*, criticising M. Delaborde's performance at the Saturday Popular Concert of December 9 of the same year, the pedal difficulty had been solved. "Had these been Grecian times," continued the writer, "the head of the house of Broadwood might have exclaimed '*Eureka!*' and sacrificed numberless 'beeves.'" Unfortunately, however, Henry Broadwood's pedal piano could only be heard effectively under the dexterous hands and feet of its especial exponent, M. Delaborde.

Henry Broadwood had pronounced views in regard to perfect freedom being given to eminent pianists to play upon whatever in-

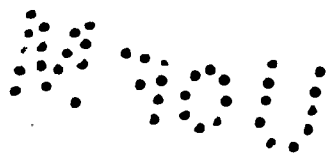


strument they preferred in the public concert-room, and when, in 1886, Rubinstein made his last visit to England, and expressed a particular wish to use, during his *tournee*, pianos from the firm of Becker in St. Petersburg, Henry Broadwood, out of respect for the great artist, and in order to carry out his contention, at once agreed to receive, unpack, and himself regulate four Russian Grand pianos. Not only did he do this, but he directed one of his best tuners to attend the virtuoso throughout his travels in Great Britain. He also had the pianos sold when Rubinstein left England in the manner that he desired. Henry Broadwood's liberal-mindedness and artistic sentiment seemed frequently to get the better of his commercial discretion, and on more than one occasion he would give every information he could to his trade competitors, and even supply them with his instruments to copy, saying, "Let them copy, when they do what we are doing now, we shall be ahead with something else."

In private life, through autocratic and of an independent spirit his character was noble, and he was often generous in the extreme with those of his dependents with whom he came in personal contact. He was a keen sportsman in an unostentatious way. Almost up to the last, until palsy paralyzed his right hand, he could bring down a rocketing pheasant. His especial hobby was, however, salmon fishing. He leased the pavilion at Melrose on the Tweed, and afterward a house at Galachiels; and as an old man he would wade up to his waist and land a struggling thirty-pounder which many a younger man would fail to master. It was during his fishing that his mind was most busy, and that he evolved so many new improvements in the mechanism and structure of his pianos. On such occasions his partners in London seldom received less than one letter per diem of suggestions from him.

Henry Broadwood disliked publicity, and was not given to keeping company, his thoughts being entirely absorbed in his pianos. At the same time to those who had the privilege of visiting him on his Sussex estate, he was exceedingly hospitable in a homely way. Although in his later days he seldom came in personal contact with the great pianists of London, it was his practice to have an account sent to him of the playing of every artist who used his pianos at each of the public concerts. No one kept himself better posted up in all that transpired of interest in the musical world, and musicians in all parts of the globe will hear of his death with regret. "The piano," to quote an able writer, "is the product of nearly two centuries of intense thought and science, aided by organization and capital." Among the most distinguished makers of the instrument the name of Henry Broadwood will be ever remembered. "He was an autocrat among his compeers," says a correspondent, "always to be depended upon, and with a perfectly spotless name."

Henry John Tschudi Broadwood succeeded his father in the Broadwood business in 1881. It is now carried on by Henry and James Broadwood, and Frederick and George Rose.



LOWELL MASON, AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL MUSICIAN.

THE exhibits of Congregationalism at the World's Fair include a chart relating to congregational contributors to American and especially to church music. Of these, Lowell Mason was chief during his own life time, and he is to-day as tested by the number, of his original and arranged tunes that survive in the most recent hymnals. Previous to his time, Williams Billings and Oliver Holden, New England musicians, had composed music and tunes of note. There had been a few composers, born before Mason, but contemporaneous in part with him. Timothy Swan (1758-1842) composed "China," about eight years before Mason's birth. It was sung to Watts's hymn on the death and burial of a saint: "Why do we mourn departing friends?"

It is still familiar and is generally used at funerals. Formerly it was one of the most popular tunes in New England. About the same time, 1785, Samuel Holyoke (1762-1816) wrote "Arnheim." It was the last tune sung to its author before his death. It survives but scarcely more than survives, because uninteresting.

Lowell Mason's life from first to last was musical. He spent twenty years of his youth in playing on every available instrument. He became the center and chief of a group of hymnists and composers, consisting of Thomas Hastings, (1784-1872); Oliver Holden, (1765-1844); Henry K. Oliver, (1800-1885); George J. Webb, (1803-1887); William B. Bradbury, (1816-1868); George F. Root, (1820-); I. B. Woodbury, (1819-1858); Leonard Marshall, (1809-1888); William F. Sherwin, (1826-1888). Some of these were Lowell's associates; others were his pupils. They were of different denominations. They composed hymns or tunes or both, that live and that will not soon die. A majority reached a good old age. Only one died short of fifty. Only one is still living.

Hastings was a voluminous hymnist and frequent composer. Webb is known by the tune named after himself. Holden is remembered as the author of "Coronation" and of the hymn: "All those who seek the throne of Grace."

Oliver wrote "Federal street" and "Merton" Bradbury, Root, and Sherwin, a Baptist group, are too well known to need specific mention. Woodbury was the author of "Siloam" and "If I were a Voice." Marshall, another Baptist, was a superior tenor singer, a composer of popular songs, and a few hymns. But the primate among them was Lowell Mason. Richards's "Songs of Christian Praise" contains seventy-four tunes by members of the group, thirty-six of them are by Mason, or only one less than one-half. The pop-

ular edition of "Hymns of Faith," by Professors Harris and Tucker, contains forty-one tunes by the group; twenty-eight by Mason. This discloses the comparative situation.

Mason accomplished four things on an elaborate scale:

1. He became the founder of national music. There was no American music worth speaking of until his career began. He went through New England and the Middle States, holding large musical conventions. He gave lessons in the elementary principles of music. He founded musical academies, institutes, and societies. His degree of Doctor of Music was conferred by an American college.

Root commended him as America's greatest musical educator. He was engaged in the composition of a tune when his friend called to notify him of the honor conferred.

2. He made Boston the most musical city in the United States. The Boston Academy of Music and the Boston Händel and Haydn Society were means to this end.

3. He introduced vocal music into the public schools. On the suggestion of Rev. William C. Woodbridge he adopted the Pestalozzian method of teaching vocal music in classes. The first class of its kind in the English speaking world was taught by him in the lecture room of Park Street Church and was attended largely by prominent people. He told the school authorities that vocal music could be successfully taught as a regular branch of education. He proved his theory by teaching without pay one year. J. C. Woodman, the author of the hymn-tune "Silver Street," was assistant in the work.

4. He was the father of a new church music. In the musical conventions that he held he was accustomed to spend the mornings, in part, in giving his ideas of church music. Principally he advocated:

1. Popular tunes and congregational singing. He believed that all the people could sing, in unison, with sweetness and power.

One Sabbath morning when he was threescore and ten, he was walking through Lewellyn Park, on the east side of Orange Mountain, N. J. He and a friend were on the way to church. They were talking of the relative value of congregational and quartette singing. Suddenly he paused, and said: "This is congregational singing; these grand old trees, this tangled wildwood. Yonder garden, with its flowers and evergreens of formal cut, is quartette singing. Which of these places would we choose as aids to worship?"

2. Expressive tunes and singing, natural and appropriate to the sentiments of the words.

On one occasion in North Reading "Behold the Lamb of God" was in study. He did not like the inexpressive singing. To awaken emotion he spoke briefly of the passion of Jesus. Then one of the alto singers sang the opening phrase with such fervor that the effect was thrilling. The whole chorus was then sung with feeling and with power, and the recitation closed with silent prayer.

In the improvement of church music he was versatile and prolific, as author and teacher, organist, director, choir-leader and composer. Rev. Henry Burrage, author of "Baptist Hymn-writers and Their Hymns," 1888, says:

"To Doctor Hastings and Doctor Lowell Mason, more than to all others, is to be attributed the great advance made in the character of this part of public worship during the last half century. They may properly be regarded as the founders of the prevailing psalmody of America." Mason was associated with Hastings, David Greene, Professors Park and Phelps, of Andover, and President Wayland, of Brown University, in compiling hymns and furnishing the tunes. The Bowdoin Street Choir, Boston, which he trained, has scarcely been equaled in any land. His name is associated as composer with the greatest American hymns and hymnists; with Ray Palmer and "My faith looks up to Thee;" with Rev. S. F. Smith and "America." Both hymns appeared in the same year, 1832. Mason met Palmer and asked him to furnish a hymn for a tune then written or about to be composed. Palmer drew forth a hymn from his pocket book which he had written when twenty-two, when distressed about his health and worldly prospects, and which he had carried two years. It was soon published with the music "Olivet." Mason afterward said to Palmer:

"You may live many years and do many things, but you will always be best known as the writer of that hymn." The prophecy was in accordance with events thus far.

In the year that Palmer wrote his great hymn, 1830, Mason wrote a great tune: "Watchman! tell us of the night."

When Dr. Smith was a student at Andover, Rev. William C. Woodridge returned from Germany, bringing German hymn books with music, which he put into the hands of Mason, who in turn gave them to Mr. Smith, saying:

"You can read these books but I cannot tell what is in them."

The music of one of the hymns pleased Mr. Smith, and he at once wrote the words: "My country, 't is of thee."

He had no thought nor expectation that he had written a hymn that would become a national favorite. He gave the hymn to Mason and it was first sung at a Sunday-School celebration in the Park Street church, Boston, Independence Day, 1832.

Mason went to Europe twice in 1837, the year of the accession of Queen Victoria, and in 1850. In England he interested himself in church music and congregational singing. He found the musical service, in R. W. H. Havergal's church, Worcester, England, "excellent in all particulars and far in advance of anything that he heard." His tunes were adopted into English hymnals. Rev. Geo. Bacon, pastor of the Orange Valley N. J., Congregational Church, where in later life Dr. Mason attended, said:

I shall never forget the thrill of pleasure with which, on my first Sunday in London, attending the church where the venerable Thomas Binney (1798-1874) ministered, I joined in the first hymn,

and found that it was sung to one of the grandest of Dr. Mason's familiar tunes."

Mason was original and a borrower as composer. His habit was to select themes from Händel, Haydn, Mozart and the great composers and give them a metrical clothing. Thus "Olmütz," "Laban," "Hamburg," and various tunes were arranged from Gregorian chants and other sources. G. F. Root said:

"Nothing before, so heavenly, had been heard as the melody to "Thus far the Lord hath led me on" (Hebron).

His tune for the Missionary Hymn was his first publication. When Bishop Heber's hymn: "From Greenland's icy mountains" written in Ceylon, 1824, first reached this country, Miss Mary Howard (Rev. Mrs. F. Goulding), a lady in Savannah, was much impressed with its beauty. She sought in vain to find a tune suited to it. Remembering the young bank clerk down the street who had acquired reputation as a musical genius she asked him to write a tune for it. He complied at once. It was first sung in Savannah but first printed in sheet form in Boston. Hymn and tune have been powerful aids to foreign missions.

In many of the old collections of church music which contained the "Mount Vernon," the following note was appended:

"Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston." The young lady was Miss Martha Jane Crockett, a daughter of George W. Crockett, a merchant. She was very gifted and popular. After her funeral, and the reassembling of her class, Mason began his lessons as usual. He wrote a series of simple exercises for the pupils to sing, all of a plaintive character. He wrote several strains harmonizing in the expression of sadness and solemnity. Near the conclusion of the lesson he combined the strains which had been sung separately as exercises, and formed a tune "Mount Vernon." The pupils sang it several times. Then underneath he wrote the words to which it has often been sung since:

"Sister thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze."

He had composed and written the tune on the way to the school that morning, the last line finished just before he reached the building, which was located on Tremont Street, near St. Paul's Episcopal church.

When Lowell Mason died, the expectation was general that his biography would be written. It has not been; it ought to be. The World's Fair has become the occasion for reviving his memory and giving a historic setting to work that he did. Many hymns are indebted for much of their power to the tunes which he composed and arranged. It was a great work. It lives daily and weekly, in America and in England, in society, the schools, and the churches. America and Congregationalism have common reasons for acknowledging indebtedness to this great musician, who was a rare man in intellect and morality, in heart and life.

END OF ART MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

THE monthly accounts of the musical doings at the Fair have not left the readers of *MUSIC* ignorant of the divisions and conflicting interests which have chosen the music bureau as their fighting ground. From the very first formation of the music bureau opposition has been pronounced. This feeling for a long time found no place in authoritative circles, but later, through the failure of the Fair to develop the attendance necessary to financial success, and from certain indiscretions of Mr. Thomas, the impression grew that art music as administered by him was not a success, and that since money could be saved by discontinuing his services, the whole matter had better be allowed to drop. As a result of many discussions of the situation, and certain decided rebukes and almost personal affronts to Mr. Thomas, in August he sent his resignation to the directory in the following terms:

CHICAGO, AUG. 1.

DEAR SIR:—The discouraging business situation, which must of necessity react upon the finances of the Fair, and which makes a reduction of expenses of vital importance to its interests, prompts me to make the following suggestions by which the expenses of the bureau of music may be lessened:

The original plans of the bureau, as you know, were made with the design of giving, for the first time in the history of the world, a perfect and complete exhibition of the musical art in all its branches. Arrangements were made for regular orchestral and band concerts; for performances of both European and American master works of the present day under the direction of their composers; for concerts by distinguished European and American musical organizations; for chamber concerts and artist's recitals; for children's concerts and woman's concerts, etc., besides a general review of the orchestral literature of all times and countries, in symphony and popular concerts throughout the season.

The reduction of the expenses at the Fair has obliged the bureau to cancel all engagements made with foreign and American artists and musical organizations, and to abandon all future festival performances, thus leaving very little of the original scheme

except the bands and the great exposition orchestra, with which are given every day popular and symphony concerts.

My suggestion is, therefore, since so large a portion of the bureau's musical scheme has been cut away, that the remainder of the fair music shall not figure as an art at all, but be treated on the basis of an amusement. More of this class of music is undoubtedly needed at the Fair, and the cheapest way to get it is to divide our two fine bands into four small ones for open-air concerts, and our exposition orchestra into two small orchestras, which can play such light selections as will please the shifting crowds in the buildings and amuse them.

If this plan is followed there will be no further need of the services of the musical director, and in order that your committee may be perfectly free to act in accordance with the foregoing suggestions and reduce the expenses of the musical department to their lowest terms, I herewith respectfully tender my resignation as musical director of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Should, however, any plans suggest themselves to you in furthering which I can be of assistance, I shall gladly give you my services without payment. Very Respectfully,

THEODORE THOMAS, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

Within a few days the resignation was accepted and arrangements begun for disbanding the orchestra, or dividing it about the grounds, and discontinuing all attempts at presenting the higher art of music. Thus was cut off the greater and finer part of the plans of the musical director, the American composer especially coming in for the lion's share of the misfortune, for nearly all the greater American works had been slated for performance during the last two months of the Fair, when it was hoped that the attendance would reach its maximum. Here also vanish all those concerts conducted by foreign composers, of which a few were still left to be expected in September and October.

At this writing the music bureau and the musical affairs of the Fair come before the judgment seat as to their merit or demerit and general artistic value. As the readers of *Music* know, the present writer was one of the first to outline a great plan for art music in this exposition. The matter was gone over at considerable length in the very first issue. The difficulties were stated, and the desirable ends indicated. The plans finally devised by Mr. Thomas and his associates were but little different from those in the first issue of *Music* for November, 1891.

The whole question turned upon the decision whether music was entitled to a place as an exhibit, or whether it should be treated as an amusement for pleasing the ears of the crowd. The decision was made, and very properly, that the art had here the same claim to recognition and full illustration as the sister arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. For these many millions had been spent. Plans for music had necessarily to be somewhat larger, since along with the high art there was also great use of music for pleasing purposes. Upon the whole, considering the difficulty of illustrating an art so highly differentiated into forms and species as is the art of music, the later reader will, probably, conclude that the general scheme of music at the Fair was well conceived and worthy of being carried out in the spirit which characterized the earlier months. All the varieties of musical art, except that of opera, here came to an expression more than creditable, and there must have been many thousands of people from remote parts of the country, who heard here for the first time high-class music well rendered.

It is a mistake to say that the public was not interested in the concerts. The free orchestral concerts drew large audiences. The pay performances varied, but in the aggregate it is stated that the returns of three months amounted to something like \$100,000. This is more than has ever before been received from musical performances of high class music, in the same period of time, except where extravagant prima donnas and other singers were the drawing power. The most that can be said in this direction is that the free concerts had much larger audiences than those where a fee was charged, and that the pay concerts did not pay expenses.

Here we come upon the vital mistake in the plans. There ought not to have been any fee for the high-class music, if for any reason a fee seemed imperative for concerts of any class. There is no more reason, in the nature of the case, why the people who come in should pay a dollar extra to hear a Beethoven symphony than to hear an expen-

papers were deploring the fact of Mr. Thomas being out of touch with the public, and that there was not a musical director capable of giving something besides "Wagner and high Dutch music." Consistency and persistency were here; and no doubt with effect. Why a newspaper, owned by members of the Directory, should adopt this tone with reference to an exhibit so likely to be undervalued by the philistine element as music, is one of those things which no outsider can explain. No one believes that it was a question of money. There was no interest in opposition likely to devote money to so unprofitable a project as that of tearing down the music bureau of the Fair.

The third class of opponents were perhaps the first, namely the piano makers, who had promised two years ago that if Thomas were brought here he would be "downed." He has been "downed" on this deal, but whether the directory will be pleased with their work later is another question, concerning which Chicago is likely to hear a great many uncomplimentary things said from the east and Europe. We have shown a willingness to sacrifice an artist and a high ideal to a hue and cry which had very little justice in it.

At least, it is not in order for a so-called musical paper to spend its breath in tearing down and discrediting a musical exhibit, against which the chief defects alleged are expense and comprehensiveness. In this quarter at least there should have been support. Nor was it less reasonable to look to influential daily newspapers of Chicago for a sympathetic handling of the idea, if not absolute approval of the director and his work.

Mr. Thomas himself was not without indiscretion. Knowing his own indifferent talents in the line of the suave and the persuasive, he had made at the beginning a contract that he was to be let alone. Accordingly he took it in very bad part when anybody "wanted to know"—as the National Commission most decidedly did apropos of the Paderewski and Steinway matters. He even had the temerity to attempt to carry out his own notions of right, by going

directly against their orders. It is true that when Paderewski played, the invitation to the Steinway house to put in a piano came from a higher official, but it was certainly within Mr Thomas' authority to have realized the violence and malignity of the opposition with which he was attempting to cope. Had he done so and spared the re-appearance of the fatal piano with Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler, he would have been in better condition. Once later he put his foot in it by refusing to permit the maker's name to be shown upon the side of a piano used at a concert. Here he was brought to book and made to reform.

Many of the programmes were rather stale in quality—by which is not so much meant that the pieces had been played before as that they still remained together in the same way. This was partly for the convenience in handling the music, no doubt, but also partly for want of time and spirit for making new and effective combinations. Even the popular concerts took a very high tone, and upon days when the grasshopper would have been a burden we had to listen to programmes which would have been severe in December. Also many of the interpretations were rather tame and spiritless. Naturally this may well have been so. Constant opposition, reiterated villification, most of it wholly groundless, and apparent apathy of the public, form an atmosphere in which a sensitive artist cannot well show his noblest and best.

On the other hand, there were occasions when the playing was grand and spirit-stirring. One of these was when Materna appeared in the "Götterdämmerung" selections, and the playing was superb. Another was at the last symphony concert, when Tchaikowski's Fifth Symphony was given with glorious effect. Except it had been conducted by the composer it is doubtful whether any one would have given a more finished or more taking and irrepressible interpretation. But as a rule the conventional in performance was too obvious. Things were smoothly done but they lacked the spirit needed for awakening tired and half-interested listeners. Here Mr. Thomas suffered from his unfavorable

environment, but it is likely that he might have overcome his inertia and the apathy of hearers had he been younger and more elastic.

Upon two points the accusations have been grossly unjust to Mr. Thomas. His salary was not too large. Even for conducting the popular summer night concerts at the exposition building in Chicago for ten or twelve years, his salary was never less than \$500 per week, with an interest in the profits above a certain figure. His salary for conducting the Chicago symphony concerts is \$10,000. This is for twenty concerts of the highest possible class, and the necessary rehearsals. For out-of-town concerts he has an extra allowance. For the incessant work of the Exposition with its burdens, the salary of \$2,000 per month was exactly the same as he had ten years ago for conducting a highly successful series of merely popular concerts, with an orchestra of half its present size. It must be remembered that the name of Mr. Thomas is a very valuable trade-mark for any orchestral festival concert. In spite of what his enemies may choose to say, it remains true that any series of concerts with Theodore Thomas at the head has an assurance of artistic standing which the name of no other conductor of the whole world would surpass. As nearly as possible he is the national conductor, the one great leader known to the entire American people. Even those musicians who assert that in personal bearing he is ungenerous and self-centered to a degree do not refuse him the credit of being one of the greatest conductors of the time. And it is perhaps enough to remind the reader that if any other conductor had been at the head of the exposition music, the very first and universal question on all hands would have been why Mr. Thomas should be slighted in favor of a lesser man, especially when it is well known that he has been for thirty years the great educator of Americans in orchestral music.

Much also has been made of the charge of \$600 per month for using his "library." The sapient critics seem to think that Mr. Thomas had a few standard books carted

down to Jackson Park and was endeavoring to collect a fee for their being there for reference. The fact is that the so-called "library" means his scores and orchestral parts, containing all the works he has given during thirty years, with a large set of players' parts, which besides being already prepared, have been carefully collated and corrected until a conductor can rely upon them. This vast collection of orchestral material is the largest in any private hands in the world, and represents an expenditure of about \$150,000. It is a part of the "plant" of the Thomas orchestra. Without it the exposition would have been put to at least ten or twenty times the disputed charge before it would have been possible to have even given that part of the repertory which these three months have illustrated. A charge of \$4,000 for its use is at the rate of about two per cent per annum on its cost, and the exposition was lucky to get it at any price.

It is too late to prevent the failure of this magnificent part of a great exposition, but it is not too late to recognize the great ability with which it has been conceived, the comprehensiveness of it, and the splendid manner in which much of the work has been done. To discontinue it at this stage was a mistake, unproductive financially, and discreditable to the judgment of the directory. It indicates a worn-out and tired mentality in the men who have been for more than two years under a gigantic strain, which has become more onerous just when success appeared to be within realization. They wrought splendidly all along, and only now and then have they made important mistakes.

Very likely if the musical profession had shown the proper interest in the plans of the music bureau, and had given better evidence of the high estimation in which they surely must hold the idea in progress of illustration, and their esteem for Mr. Thomas as man and artist, a different solution would have followed. But it seemed impossible to accomplish anything in this direction. Nobody seemed to think it necessary.

To many, Mr. Thomas will appear to have failed. To others he will seem the victim of persecution. Both are

right. He failed to overcome. Like the directory he became tired of constant bickering and thankless work. Still it must have been obvious to him that the public was with him to a considerable degree, and the unpleasant outcome affords him a much needed time of rest at his beautiful summer home at Fairhaven, Mass., while the giving up of the plans does not in any way reflect upon his professional ability.

W. S. B. M.

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

UPON many grounds the Welsh Eisteddfod, September 5 to 8, was the most interesting series of musical meetings yet held in connection with the Fair. It brought together a much larger number of active participants than any other event, and gathered its own public to hear its work, a public which repeatedly filled every part of festival hall, at prices ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. The number of singers here in active work must have been about 1,200. With them probably came some hundreds more of friends and associates. Upwards of \$10,000 was offered in prizes, the highest being that for choral work, as later mentioned. This had been contributed by different choral organizations and Welsh societies in various parts of the country. Some of it had been raised by issues of stock. The general work of preparing the Eisteddfod was done by Mr. W. Apmadoc, of Chicago, a musical director and enthusiastic Welshman. Owing to the breaking of the musical work of the Fair, the Eisteddfod appeared as "concessionaire," paying a certain proportion of receipts to the exposition, but deriving no aid from exposition funds.

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The public mass chorus singing of the Eisteddfod was a failure, owing to the unaccountable neglect to provide copies enough of any one work to go around. Hence all the festival work proper had to be omitted. In the chorales which from time to time occurred, the singing was musical, but there was no precision of attack.

One of these chorales, however, "Babel," was interesting as an example of the source and inspiration of the music of the New England psalmodists of Billings' time. In cadence and style this old minor tune is the well dressed counterpart of the badly done attempts of Billings, Swan and others of

that epoch. I do not know the history of this tune, but it may have been re-arranged from one of Billings; more likely however, it is the original, from which Billings imitated by memory.

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The Eisteddfod brought only one new work, Mr. John Thomas' cantata of "Llewelyn," with Welsh and English libretto. It is a traditional subject. The work was interesting from a musical standpoint, owing to the lovely melodies which it contains. These might about as well have been written by Donizetti as by Mr. Thomas, except that the Italian master would not have made them so generally expressive in quality, though he would undoubtedly have shown greater dramatic aptness. The work as a whole did not receive a good interpretation, the chorus work being almost wholly wanting. The solos were well done. Musically the work fails in its thematic work. For want of structural ability of a thematic kind, the dramatic passages are ineffective and there is no climax in it. On the other hand, there is perhaps no recent work in which there are so many singable melodies which please upon first hearing, and, no doubt, will continue to please after many hearings. Mr. Thomas directed. He is harpist to the Queen, and occupies a distinguished place in Welsh music. He is a man of medium stature, slightly bald at the forehead, his hair still black, and his stage presence easy and assured.

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Quite naturally in a Welsh gathering, there was much harp playing. On Friday there was a competition of six players on the pedal harp. Their piece was a Welsh air with variations. The prize was awarded to a young man for whom Mr. John Thomas promised great things if he could be taken in hand and his education completed. The playing of the ladies was rather stiff and inexpressive.

Mme. Chatterton, a former pupil of Mr. Thomas, appeared on Friday and the brilliancy of her playing was much admired. She also led the harp orchestra of twenty for

Mr. John 'Thomas' cantata of "Llewellyn."

Mr. John Thomas himself appeared at the concert on Friday evening, and his playing was magnificent. His tone is large, his touch very expressive, and his work remarkably enjoyable. He performed the same piece as had already been played in competition the previous afternoon, wherefore his playing had the force of a lesson in harp expression.

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Early on Friday afternoon there was a competition of soprano singers in Gottschalk's beautiful song "Oh Trusting Heart, Trust on." There were six entries, all young girls, generally under the age of twenty—to judge from appearance. I am not certain that I have the names of these singers correctly, so I will not discuss them in detail, except to say that the competition was very close indeed, and the award of first prize to Miss Mae John was made on the ground of her finer musical expression. Several of these singers belonged to the ladies choir from Cardiff, Wales. The best thing about this singing was the truthful expression and the pure legato and unaffected style of treating the ballad. We have few teachers of singing in this country able to produce so good results.

But then they have in Wales, and at times in England, better models of ballad expression than we usually have in this country. When we happen to have a good voice our teachers of singing set them to turn-about upon "Ernani Involami," the "Polonaise" from "Mignon," and other operatic arias. These they execute in quasi-Italian of which, as a rule, they do not understand one single word, with a well meant misconception of the composer's meaning, calculated to make an Italian woodcarving shade its face.

They do these things differently in England. These Welsh minister in their inherited tongue of Cymric, and when they want a foreign language turn to English, which possesses the advantage of being understood by the average hearer. Hence a list of truly admirable artists from Sims Reeves down, able to sing ballad and oratorio with pure

style and simplicity of expression. Of these qualities there were two notable examples present at the Eisteddfod. First I would place Mrs. Mary Davis, a lady, who has been before the English public now many years. Sweet and simple in manner, she possesses a voice of great beauty and purity, and her singing is the very perfection of good ballad work. It is the kind of art which is current in every civilized part of the world. The more one hears it the better one likes it.

Mr. Ben Davis is another example. He was a tenor chorus singer, a shoemaker, or something of the like, near Mme. Patti's Welsh home. Hearing his voice she took him in hand and had him sent away for study. His voice is pure and musical tenor, and his style the excellent English one of Shakespeare and Randegger, influenced by the simple musical instincts of his Welsh heredity. He is a very enjoyable artist.

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The great event of the Eisteddfod was the choral competition, which took place late on Friday. Four choirs were entered, the Cymrodorion Choral Society, of Scranton, Pa.; the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, from Salt Lake, Utah; the Scranton Choral Union, Scranton, Pa., and the Western Reserve Choral Union, from the Western Reserve in Ohio. The prizes offered were \$5,000 for the first, and \$1,000 for the second best. The numbers consisted of three choruses: "Worthy is the Lamb" from the "Messiah," "Blessed are the Men who fear Him" from "Elijah," and a sad piece of musical rubbish, "Now the Tempestuous Torrents rise," from "David and Saul" by one Jenkins, presumably Welsh in origin. The adjudicators were Messrs. John Thomas, Wm. L. Tomlins, and Dr. John Gower.

Each choir, as it appeared, filed out upon the great stage in Festival Hall and stood around the leader. The first one to appear was the Cymrodorion Choral Union, of Scranton, Pa., led by Mr. Dan Protheroe, a short man, showing in his direction excellent natural musical feeling, good ideas of expression, and, above all, a beat with definite intentions. The choir numbered 214, and the singing was entirely without

notes, except by a few of the singers in the closing number. The precision was excellent, the volume good, and intelligence far above the average of choral work in most singing societies. More than precision there was the finer accentuation within the phrases, which amateur choral societies usually neglect. I will say frankly that if I had been adjudicating, I should have given the first prize to this society. Possibly, however, their work may have shown defects at a distance where the judges sat which did not reach ears well down in front, too near for absolute certainty in matters of close comparison in a choir as large as this.

The second was the Salt Lake Choir, which usually sings on Sundays with upwards of 400 singers. There were 250 here, the limit permitted at the competition. The leader was Mr. Evan Stephens—a young man of more than ordinary musical ability. The material of the choir consisted of young men and women, many of them under twenty years of age, good, hearty boys and girls, full of spirit and determination. The singing was solid, strong, prompt, and full of “grit.” Expression was wanting or rather the soft expression, for the singing was mostly forte and without delicacy. In the soft passage at the end of the last chorus the voices fell from the pitch very much—a sure proof of imperfect training and forcing in the forte passages. The leading of the successive voices in the fugues was splendid. Nothing could have been better. Their work was greeted by enthusiastic applause.

The third choir was again from Scranton, the Choral Union, led by Mr. Haydn Evans—a name strongly suggestive of inherited musical tendencies. There were 240 singers, and the work was very excellent in most respects. Promptness, solidity of tone, good shading, and maintenance of intonation were the characteristics. It was a very close contest between this choir and the first, and if I had been adjudicating I think I should have voted the first prize to No. 1, and the second to this. But, as the event showed, the first prize was carried off by this choir, while the Salt Lake choir took the second. To my ear the musical shading

of this choir was not quite so good as in the first, and if the adjudication had been left to me I would not have felt safe without a second hearing of the first choir.

The fourth choir, collected from several towns in the "Western Reserve," was composed of better material than either of the others—that is, better in its possibilities. The singers were of better average cultivation, and the voices were of finer quality, and under a good leader with adequate possibilities for practice, they would be capable of work much higher than either of the other choirs. As it was, they came at the very end of a long afternoon, when everybody was tired and no doubt anxious, and they sang under a disadvantage. They were not nearly so well prepared as the preceding choirs, as was soon shown in the fact of their using notes—showing that the singers had not made themselves letter perfect in their parts—the first condition for the best possible effect in competition. The leader, also, was at fault, his beat being very bad indeed, circular and undecided. His ignorance of the conventionalities of musical direction may be inferred from his beating the opening chord of the "Worthy is the Lamb" from left to right, implying the third beat of the measure instead of the second.

As already intimated the judges awarded the first prize to the Scranton Choral Union, and the second to the Salt Lake society. I dissent from the justice of this decision, as noted above. I may be wrong. But also I may be right.

I have not seen the report of the judges, but the newspapers say that regret was expressed that the standard of work had not been higher. Quite a severe censure appears to have been passed upon the general merit of the work. Here again I dissent emphatically from the judges. While it is perfectly true that the work was nowhere up to the best work of the Chicago Apollo club, for example, it had certain elements of reliability which even this great choir often lacks. The material generally had been derived from the working and middle classes, and had therefore the honesty and sincerity of purpose which appertain to these

elements in the community. It had also the natural limitations of the same elements, namely, a general cultivation of merely average standard, and a selection of individuals composing the choir based upon voice and intention rather than, the further elements of personality entering into the higher forms of musical interpretation.

But to me it appeared the most significant musical event of the entire music of the Fair, that from a little town like Scranton, Pa., should come here, 700 miles away, or more, no less than about 500 choral singers able to sing "Worthy is the Lamb" and the other competitive numbers without notes, and with such evident honesty of intention and ambition. Chicago has indeed under Mr. Tomlins nearly 2000 singers in a fair state of training. But the Columbian choir of 1200 voices is by no means up to the standard of either of these Scranton choirs. This is something which musical people in the vicinity of Scranton should be proud of.

Moreover we have had here several of the most noted choirs of other cities, such as the Minneapolis and St. Paul choirs, the Cleveland Vocal Society, etc, and it is not true that their work was generally better than this. They had finer individual material, especially the Cleveland society, but the general precision was no better if so good; and the Minnesota societies were distinctly less perfect in all respects, although their leader, Mr. Samuel Baldwin, is probably a much more cultivated general musician and gentleman than either of the directors in this competition.

Therefore, instead of regretting that the standard was no higher I would begin by expressing gratitude that it was so good, and that four great choirs could be found with enough *esprit de corps* to come so far and prepare so well for this competition. It is safe to say that the whole thing turned upon the conductors. If they had possessed higher musical cultivation with the routine of drill and the technique of good conducting, all the choirs might have been brought to a materially higher standpoint. Of the four that appeared the Salt Lake choir most nearly reached the inherent limitations of its material. But even in this case a more

musical conductor with the same natural ability to control the singers would have been able to carry the choir to a finer finish. Very likely he will do this in any case. It is only unfortunate that these singers did not have the opportunity to hear the Apollo Club in the same choruses. They would there have heard the additional something which would improve their work; and, *vice versa*, it would have done the Apollo singers no harm to have heard this singing, and to have asked themselves whether they were quite sure of being able to surpass its precision and volume of tone.

W. S. B. M.

THE MODERN ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

A MUSIC EXTENSION COURSE OF TEN WEEKS, FOR PRIVATE
STUDY OR CLASS USE.

IN response to many requests, the following course of study in the "Modern Romantic School of Music" has been arranged for the use of students working alone or for classes. The apparatus required will consist of one book, "Mathews' Popular History of Music," which contains available summaries of the lives of the authors in question and a carefully written chapter introducing the school in question, and certain books of music. The *modus operandi* of a class would be to hold meetings at stated times, when the selected reading would be read by some one designated for the purpose, after which the illustrative pieces would be performed, either by the best performer in the class or, preferably, by members of the class designated by lot, all alike having prepared the entire programme. In the case of students working alone, the proper course would be to read the first selection designated, and then take up the illustrations; first learn to play them, and later study them until one begins to realize their meaning as shown in the introductory reading selections. Great care has been taken to keep within the limits of medium ability in playing and singing. At the end of the time, while the student or class would not have a full understanding of the literature of any one of the composers mentioned, at least a much better understanding of them with reference to each other and to principles of art would be acquired. The study ought to be carried to the point where members of a class become able to recognize the style of the different composers by hearing their pieces played, even in the case of works not previously studied. This is not so much of an undertaking as might be supposed.

In case the illustrative programmes are found too extensive to be mastered in a single week, they might be continued through two weeks or even longer, the point being not so much to complete the course in a given time as to acquire the education indicated in the study:

I. General Introduction to the Romantic School.

Selected Reading: Chapter XXXI, Mathews' "Popular History of Music," Pages 373 to 380.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

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| Schubert, | "The Erl King." |
| Mendelssohn, | "Hunting Song," "Gondellied," No. 6.
(Songs Without Words.) |
| Schumann, | "The Wayside Inn," "Slumber Song," Nacht-
Stücke in F. (Op. 23, No. 4.) |
| Reinhold, | "Gypsy Song." |
| Weber, | "Invitation to the Dance." |

In this and the following programmes several songs are used, because they show more plainly than the instrumental pieces the precise association between a poetic idea and the music illustrating it. It is better to have the song sung, but before singing it the words should be read over and the music appertaining to the successive pictures of the poetry should be played in connection with the poetry illustrated. When this kind of introductory study has been had, the class is ready to hear the whole song sung. In case there is not a singer available, (a supposition rarely justified if proper care is taken in making up the class), the song can be played by two persons, one of them playing the accompaniment, the other the melody, occasionally an octave higher. This proceeding will be the order in all similar cases. In all long compositions, where there are violent contrasts, the parts of the music should be played through in detail with comments, before the piece as a whole is given. In case the conductor of the class is not able to do this, aid may be derived from passages in Vol. I of "How to Understand Music," where most of these selections are commented upon in different ways, according to the aspect of music at the moment under consideration:

II. Schubert Reading, Chapter XXXII, Pages 381-391.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

"The Erl King," "Hedge Roses," "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," "My Rest is Here."

Instrumental pieces: Menuet in B minor. "The Fair Rosamonde." with variations. (Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142.)

Impromptu in A flat, Op. 142. No. 2.

III. Carl Maria Von Weber. Reading, History, pp. 406 to 411.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

"Invitation to the Dance." "Perpetual Motion."

Selections from "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon."

Polonaise in E major. Op. 72.

IV. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Reading, History, Pages 455-464.

Songs Without Words, Nos. 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 18.

Vocal, "Oh, Rest in the Lord." "Jerusalem, Thou that Killest Prophets." Trio from "Athalia." "Hearts Feel that Love Thee," or "Lift thine Eyes" from "Elijah."

Wedding March. Or music from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Sydney Smith.

V. Robert Schumann. Reading, History, Pages 464-477.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

"Kinderscenen." "Playing Tag."

"Warum." "Wayside Inn" from "Forest Scenes."

Vocal: "He, the Noblest." "Thou Ring upon my Finger."

"My Hat of Green," and "Moonlight."

Nachtstücke in F, and Novelette in E. (No. 7, Op. 21.)

VI. Frederic François Chopin. Reading, History, pages 436-446.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Mazurka in B flat.

Nocturne in E flat.

Impromptu in A flat.

Nocturne in F minor.

Prelude in D flat.

Funeral March.

Fantasia Impromptu, Op. 66 (if convenient.)

In case the above selections should be beyond the playing ability of the class, several selections might be substituted from the "Album for the Young," but the above are better.

VII. The Thematic and the Lyric. Reading. Consult the first lessons in "How to Understand Music."

552 **THREE MONTHS OF THE MODERN ROMANTIC.**

ILLUSTRATIONS:

The Thematic as shown by Schumann.

“Warum,” ‘, Wayside Inn,” “Novellette in E.”

The Lyric as shown by Chopin.

Nocturne in E flat. Prelude in D flat. Nocturne in F minor.

VIII. Modern Writers of Poetic Character.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Stephen Heller: Studies No. Op. 45 and 47.

Gurlitt.

Rubinstein, Melodie in F.

Rheinhold.

Moszkowski, Serenata, in D major.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

BY the death of the venerable John S. Dwight, in Boston, September 9, 1893, there was lost to earth one of the most lovely spirits associated with musical progress in America. Born May 13, 1813, Mr. Dwight graduated from Harvard in 1834, after which he took the theological course and served as Unitarian minister for seven years. In 1842 he joined the Brook Farm community, and was the musical editor of their paper. In 1852 he began the publication of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, at first a four page quarto, a little larger than a sheet of music. Later the size was augmented, and about 1859 it was acquired by Ditson & Company, Mr. Dwight receiving a salary for editing it. The journal was continued until 1882, when it was formally discontinued. The circulation was always small, at the best scarcely ever surpassing 1500 copies weekly, and for many years much lower. Its business management was never good, and from a counting-room standpoint the journal was not a success. Nevertheless it contributed to American progress in music to a remarkable degree. Mr. Dwight, as he himself once said in the journal, had never been technically educated in music. But he had great love for the art, and from his early manhood had been active in furthering its progress as a noble and to him singularly attractive form of culture. The establishment of the Harvard Musical Association in 1835 was mainly through his influence. This had for its first intention nothing more than a little music-making and some agreeable talk about music in connection with the annual commencement. But the association soon took on a more imposing scope, and out of it grew much intelligence and respect for music, in Boston, and finally the establishment of symphony concerts in Boston.

As a critic Mr. Dwight was effective mainly in awakening appreciation and sympathetic enthusiasm for art. He was not a particularly good judge of performance, upon the technical side, and if we may believe the stories of many local musicians he was not a good judge of musical phraseology—sometimes being caught in lapses where a real intuition would have saved him. But he loved everything in music that was lovely and noble, and he had a way of writing about it which carried conviction to sympathetic readers. Hence the influence of the journal upon real music lovers, and upon young students, was incalculable. The present writer is one of those who early came under the influence of this still small voice. As far back as 1853 he was a subscriber to *Dwight's Journal* and in 1859 his first contribution was printed in it. He did not become a regular contributor until about 1866, from which time

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

his contributions were numerous. This is to be noted because at that time his articles were very crude, and rather bumptious in tone, and it seems a wonder now that so fastidious a writer as Mr. Dwight should have admitted them to his columns. The explanation is, probably, that crude as the articles were there appeared behind them a certain honesty of purpose, which warranted him in expecting something creditable later.

One of the most important of the earlier writers in the journal was the so-called "Diarist," in other words Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, the Beethoven biographer. Thayer was a very interesting writer, and as he was even then engaged in collecting Beethoven material his letters were of inspiring interest. The late C. C. Perkins was another writer who did excellent service. After about 1870 Mr. C. H. Brittan became a regular and highly valued contributor.

Among the enjoyable articles in the journal were the beautiful letters which Mr. Dwight wrote from Germany upon his visit there about 1885. Provided with abundant letters of introduction from authoritative sources, he found every door open to him, and he brought away a store of rich memories.

It was one of the peculiarities of *Dwight's Journal* that the contributors became somewhat well acquainted with each other's ideas, and there was a sort of inner brotherhood existing between men who in some cases had never personally met. It was also an incident of the natural selection upon which the *clientèle* was made, that the opinions expressed in the journal attained a currency in certain exclusive circles which often surprised the contributors themselves. More than one of them, I am sure, numbers among his friends those who first were drawn to him by articles in this small but highly influential periodical. In fact there was no other musical journal in America which would publish a serious article upon music, until some time after Dwight's had ceased to exist, or nearly so.

It was an incident of Mr. Dwight's comparatively uncultivated condition as to the technical side of music, that he was much influenced by a few intimate friends. Among those who exerted a very active influence was the late Otto Dresel, a finished and accomplished musician who came to Boston as early as 1853, and almost immediately became intimate with Mr. Dwight. In this way many fine things in music were mastered by the editor, which without such able companionship might have escaped him for some time.

All the well educated young men who came back from European studies in music found in the journal a well-wisher, and a pleasant spoken introduction to the élite of American music. He worked well, not alone for the cause of orchestral music in Boston, but also for piano playing, good singing, and choral music.

When it came to estimating the value of new music, his pen was not so certain. Toward the last his attitude became highly

Mr. Wright was a very interesting and eloquent man. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his work was of great value to the cause. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his work was of great value to the cause. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his work was of great value to the cause. He was a man of great energy and ability, and his work was of great value to the cause.

The best portrait of Mr. Dwight is the oil painting belonging to the Harvard Musical Association, of which we have once before given a print, but repeat it here as an act of honor to a revered memory. For more than two years Mr. Dwight had been in poor health, suffering much from erysipelas, and other troubles incident to age and feebleness. His gentle spirit remained sweet but the capacity and enthusiasm for work failed. Only a very few articles came from his pen during the past two years. One of the best of these was for "Famous Composers" and another was for M. W. M. Derththick, upon the "Art of Program Making,"—an essay extending to more than 20,000 words. This has not yet been published.

W. S. B. M.

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with *ensemble finale*, "Adieux of Rebecca," "The Hebrews in the Desert," (march of the caravan and chorus of the escort), "Revery of Isaac at Eventime," and "Grand Duo between Isaac and Rebecca."

The work is conceived from a standpoint somewhat French in the gentle play of sentiment, and the demands upon the chorus are not severe. The music is sweet and melodious, and not without dramatic conception. If performed with proper delicacy and superior nobility of style, this would be an acceptable *pièce de résistance* for a "sacred concert." The text at present exists only in French. The general style of the writing is French of the modern school, and the voice is well considered. Naturally the two best pieces in the work are the "Adieux of Rebecca" and the "Revery of Isaac." If the workmanship of the orchestration is as good as that of the voices (the copy at hand is only that for voices and piano) there should be some very beautiful effects of color. The march in the desert is one of these. The work is of moderate difficulty, but requires good singers on account of the refinement of style pervading it.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. Operetta by G. W. STRATTON. Boston, 1893. G. W. Stratton & Co. Boards, Pp. 98.

In the preface the author says: "Like my earlier operettas "Laila," "Généviève" and "The Fairy Grotto" this work is designed for academy, school and singing class exhibitions and for parlor performances of amateurs." It is rather more difficult than those works and contains parts for a tenor and bass. The elaboration has been given mainly to the instrumental parts, for which he prefers a small orchestra. The players, he says, for large halls should consist of 3 first violins, 3 second violins, 2 each of viola, 'cellos and contrabasses, flute, clarinet, cornet, 2 horns, 2 trombones and drums. In small rooms the trombones, drums and violas may be omitted. The work may be described as a comedy operetta for amateur performance. It is laid in three acts. In the first the daughter is born to the king and queen; she is gifted with many gifts by the fairies and the child is laid under a curse by the malevolent fairy. In the second act the curse is made to work. In the third the sleeping beauty is awakened by the young prince who has been predestined for her, and as all the participants of the first two acts have survived through the century of slumber, now they all awaken and all ends well. The dramatic demands of this work are not beyond amateur means. It is a few degrees higher than "Esther" and other similar works which singing classes undertake in pursuit of innocent secular amusement.

MUSIC

OCTOBER, 1893.

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK.

ON the twelfth of last month Festival Hall at the World's Fair grounds witnessed a singular spectacle. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, the audience being mostly of Bohemian birth or descent, and the concert programme contained names of Bohemian composers only. A storm of applause shook the hall as an elderly gentleman of stately bearing and statesman-like appearance arose and quietly walked toward the conductor's stand. Flowers were showered upon him; a more than royal ovation given him by his countrymen—for it was Dr. Antonin Dvorak, the composer, who had come to Chicago as a guest of resident Bohemians to conduct a concert which was to form a part of their celebration of the Bohemian day at the Fair. Well may they be proud of him, for Dr. Dvorak is to-day one of the greatest living composers of the world—perhaps the greatest of them all.

In this country, Dr. Dvorak is looked upon as one of the three stars of the first magnitude, adorning the musical heavens of Bohemia. Smetana, Dvorak and Fibich is the noble trio. Dvorak is the greatest of Bohemian composers, though not the only great composer. There are a great many beside him who, if not his peers, at least reach up to his shoulders. To understand the position and the sudden fame of Dvorak, it may be well to take a cursory glance at the history of Bohemian music. The Bohemians have always been noted for their love of song and natural talents for music, and yet, notwithstanding a multitude of

talented composers and musicians and an appreciative public, their national music could not prosper as long as Bohemia had neither freedom of thought nor liberty of action. The heavy yoke of the Hapsburgs, beneath whose weight Bohemia had suffered for more than two hundred years, did not permit free artistic or literary activity. Accordingly, during the last two centuries, nearly all Bohemian composers and virtuosos of note are found in foreign lands, *e. g.* Zelenka, Benda, Myslyvec (Venatorini, surnamed Il Divino), Zach, Tuma, Jirovec (improperly Gyrowetz), Dusik (Dussek), Dreyschock and others. It is true, there was music in Bohemia, but Bohemian music there was none, none before Smetana's time. Bohemian national music does not date farther back than 1861, the memorable year of Smetana's return from Gothenburg (Sweden) to Prague—a year after the publication of the Imperial Diploma of October, which promised Bohemia political liberty.

Bedrich Smetana (1824–1884), a musical genius, whose star was scarcely less bright than that of Dvorak, is the real founder of Bohemian national music. His compositions breathe the true spirit of a Bohemian, as manifested in the folk-song, for he was the first to blend popular elements and classical forms in an artistic whole. Smetana, the idealist, gave up his position, wealth and worldly honors when he left Gothenburg for Prague. For all that he took the love of his countrymen, at times being satisfied with the bare consciousness of duty done! He was a genius. His music is Bohemian throughout and his opera “*Branibori v Cechach*” (The Brandenburgs in Bohemia), finished 1863, first performed 1866, is the first Bohemian opera that is truly national. Smetana's mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of Dvorak, in whom the founder of Bohemian national music has a worthy successor. Dvorak's life is a story of severe trials, rewarded by well merited fame; it is full of encouragement for young composers, demanding a hearing and struggling for recognition.

Antonin Dvorak was born on the 8th of September, 1841, at the village of Nelahozeves, near Kralupy, in central Bo-

hemia. Originally it had been decided that he should follow the occupation of his father, the butcher and innkeeper of the village, but Antonin took little interest in his father's trade, preferring to listen to itinerant musicians on Sundays and playing the violin on week days. The village teacher had taught him to sing and made him acquainted with the violin; the keys of the pianoforte and the organ he touched first in 1853, at Zlonice, where his parents had sent him to school. His boyhood years were severe times that tried his musical soul. On the one hand, the firm determination of his father that his son should be his successor in trade, on the other, the boy's no less stubborn determination to become a musician: what else could result but a conflict? Antonin's unswerving devotion to the divine art finally triumphed, but the triumph brought him many a bitter hour.

After a two years' stay at Zlonice, Dvorak was sent to an advanced school at Kamenice, where, among other things, he was to master the German language, which the Austrian government was fruitlessly endeavoring to force upon the Bohemians. There the youth, full of music, made his first attempt at composition. To no small grief of the ambitious boy the attempt proved a failure. Dvorak had composed a polka; with pardonable pride he brought the score home, hoping, perhaps, to win his father's consent by demonstrating his superior abilities. The polka was performed by a band of musicians at the paternal inn, but imagine his astonishment: instead of beautiful harmonies discords and only discords came forth from the instruments. . . . Not knowing that trumpets were transposing instruments, Dvorak wrote their part in a wrong key, hence the discords. There was little encouragement in this unhappy (though amusing) venture either for the father or the son. It was not until 1857 that Antonin was permitted to go to Prague, where he at once entered the organ school, maintained by the "Society for the Cultivation of Ecclesiastical Music in Bohemia" (organized 1827), and presided over by the composer Pietsch. His "*Lehrjahre*" ought to have their Goethe. Like many of his humble fellow-musicians he had to earn his living by

selling his skill as a violinist to the public at cafés and public gardens. He played in a band of about twenty men, earning a pittance of 22 florins (a little more than eight dollars) per month, beside a few extras. Those were hard times, indeed! He was too poor to see operas or high grade concerts and thus to make himself acquainted with the higher forms of musical art. He was poor—and when in Bohemia, higher art is only for the rich. He relates a touching incident of his early career. Once, when a performance of “*Der Freischütz*” was announced in Prague, he resolved to see the opera; his soul would have drunk the divine music with boundless joy—but he could not pay for a ticket! The cheapest place in the opera house could have been bought for the paltry sum of ten Austrian pennies—four cents—but to Dvorak that trifle was a princely sum. It was more than he could command, it was more than he could borrow, and thus for the time he had to forego the pleasure.

At the end of his course at the school Dvorak carried off the second prize. A more promising future opened before him when, in 1862, the “*Temporary Theatre*” was opened at Prague. Dvorak became a member of its orchestra and was retained even after that institution was supplanted by the “*Bohemian National Theatre*.” This new calling not only brought him better remuneration but also opportunity to study the scores of great masters, to whose works he was introduced by Karel Bendl, a noted composer, three years older than himself, who made Dvorak acquainted with Beethoven and other masters. With all his heart Dvorak seized the coveted opportunity to feed his soul upon the delicacies of musical art and, conscious of his own power, he began to compose in the higher forms himself. During the next twelve years he wrote a number of compositions (a quintet and two symphonies being among the first) but most of these went to his trunk or to the shelf—there was little hope for their publication, less for performance, and the least for remuneration. This was the stormy period of his career as a composer. It was not until 1873 that he appeared before the Bohemian public with his “*Hymnus*,” a cantata based

upon a patriotic poem of V. Halek entitled "Dedicove Bile Hory" (The Heirs of the White Mountain). The hymnus bore the unmistakable stamp of genius and the Bohemian public at once recognized the new master.

Other compositions followed in rapid succession and Dvorak steadily rose in public favor. He had secured the position of organist at the church of St. Adalbert and left the theatrical orchestra. His prospects were brightening, but still the boundary lines of his country were too narrow for his genius; he was destined to dazzle the world with the beauties of his art. An opportunity soon presented itself. Dvorak made an application for a governmental stipend which he supported by some of his compositions (the "Moravian Duets" being among them) as proofs of his talent. The jury that was to pass upon the application included the composer Brahms and the gifted musical critic Dr. Eduard Hanslick. They at once recognized in Dvorak a composer who possessed both talent and originality, and did not hesitate to declare so publicly. Upon the recommendation of Brahms the Berlin firm of Simrock's undertook to publish Dvorak's "Moravian Duets" and the "Slavonian Dances," a review of which, written by Louis Ehlert, headed by Dvorak's name, and published in Westermann's *Monatshefte*, at once drew the attention of the musical world to the hitherto unknown Bohemian composer. The "Slavonic Dances" soon made a tour of the world and Dvorak's success was assured. His existence was made known to the world—and that was all that was needed. The Muse had indeed been lavish in bestowing upon him her most precious gifts, and Dvorak derived additional stimulus from the knowledge that henceforth his compositions were to be written for millions. He now poured forth precious pearls, one after another, from the cornucopia of his talent. England was the first to do homage to him. The unprecedented success of his "Stabat Mater" in London made Dvorak the "prophet of English choral festivals," as Mr. Krehbiel says. England was followed by Germany, Russia and America. To the American public Dvorak was introduced by our incomparable Theo-

dore Thomas. Many honors were conferred upon him: the universities of Cambridge and Prague honored him with doctorships, and several academies conferred upon him their membership (lastly, in February of this year, also the "*Akademie der Bildenden Kuenste*" of Berlin).

Dvorak has tried his hand in every form of musical art, and always with success, yet his individuality is best seen in those forms of the art, where music exists for its own sake only, where music reigns supreme, in chamber music and the symphony. Any one of his four noble symphonies would alone have sufficed to make him famous. Next to them we may name an orchestral Suite, two beautiful Serenades for wind and string instruments, twenty-four Symphonic Variations, three popular Slavonic Rhapsodies, Legends, two Concertos, Scherzo Capriccioso, Notturmo, music for Samberk's drama "*Josef Kajetan Tyl*" and the forceful overture "*Husitska*." Of his chamber compositions we may particularly mention nine quartets, three quintets, one sextet, three trios, "*Malickosti*" (Trifles), "*Romance*," a Sonata for pianoforte and violin, "*Dumky*," etc. His oratorios, both secular and ecclesiastical, are well known. His "*Hymnus*" of 1873 was followed by the "*Psalm CIL*," written for the Hlahol Singers' Society, of Prague; then came his best known work of this class, the "*Stabat Mater*," followed by a superb trio of the "*Svatebni Kosile*" (The Wedding Garb—which the bashful English translate "*Spectre's Bride*"), "*Svata Ludmila*" and the awe-inspiring "*Requiem Mass*." The Mass in D major also deserves mention.

Of his great vocal compositions we may further mention: Three male choruses with, and three without accompaniment; four male choruses, the cyclus "*V prirode*" (In Nature) and "*Pisen ceskeho rolnictva*" (The Song of Bohemian Farmers). The songs for which Dvorak has composed music, are pearls of Bohemian lyrics, but they are too numerous to be specifically mentioned. Those best known are: "*Cikanske Melodie*" (Gypsy Melodies), four songs for baritone, six songs from the Queen's Court M. S., three modern Greek poems, "*Vecerni pisne*" (Evening Songs), "*Moravske*

dvojzpevy" (Moravian Duets, improperly called "Sounds from Moravia), four poems by Gustav Pfleger, etc.

Six operas, marked by melodious freshness and dramatic force, conclude the list of Dvorak's notable works. They are: "Kral a uhliř" (The King and the Collier, 1871-'73, '75, '87), "Torde palice" (The Stubborn Heads, 1874), "Vanda" (1875), "Selma sedlak" (The Cunning Peasant, 1877), "Dimitrij (1882), and Jacobin (1889). The first, second and fourth are comical, the other three serious operas.

We have hereby presented a rough sketch of Dvorak's activity, making no attempt at a complete list of his works. A Bohemian musical critic, Mr. Emanuel Chvala, himself an eminent composer, recognizes three distinct periods in Dvorak's career (1): first the period of crystallization, or what the Germans call the "*Sturm- und Drang-Periode*," the products of which filled young Dvorak's trunks and shelves and of which only little was published—second, a reaction toward "classical" forms, Dvorak watching anxiously the purity of his phrase and following the old masters even in instrumentation, though having to check the flight of his imagination on that account—and finally the period of maturity: Dvorak conscious of his powers, bold and free.

As we have said above, Dvorak has drawn his strength from the Bohemian folk-song to which he owes much of the freshness and vigor of his compositions. Of the beauty of the Bohemian popular lays we have spoken more fully elsewhere in this magazine (2); we shall therefore only briefly characterize them. There is, perhaps, no law of the musical art which they could not illustrate; their periodicity is like the combinations and permutations of algebra; their rhythm is varied, their melodies original and beautiful; in accordance with the demands of expression they employ intervals of all quantities, the chromatic as well as diatonic scale, and

1) See his "Twenty-five Years of Bohemian Music" (Bohemian and German), Prague, 1887. We owe many a valuable suggestion to this little book.

2) See our article on "Bohemian Popular Poetry and Music" in the March number.

all kinds of modes, including those of ancient music. Their expression is free, bold, forcible; their naturalness is the secret of their charm.

Dvorak, it is admitted, has drawn strength from the folk-song, yet he is always true to himself: in his compositions you feel the spirit of the folk-song, but it is Dvorak who speaks. Thus, in his overture to "Tyl" you seem to recognize the melodies of two well known Bohemian songs, but in a moment they escape your notice; they have been completely naturalized in Dvorak's musical realms. Give those two melodies to a composer of unskilled hands, and he will not know what to do with them. The very best material will be of no avail to a would-be sculptor who lacks the divine gift of talent. Had Dvorak left his country before he fully developed his powers, he would never have attained to the summit of fame he has won. He had to live among his people and feel, suffer and hope with them, in order to enable himself effectively to express his people's aspirations through the medium of tone. In fact, it is the national element in his compositions that is, at the same time, purely human, aye, cosmopolitan, although this assertion may be looked upon as a paradox. And Dvorak is a nationalist throughout, in things both great and small. The reader may have noticed how jealously he guards the diacritical marks above the I and the R of his name.

The nationalist movement in music is of recent date, and it is another merit of Dr. Dvorak to have directed the attention of both the public and the composers to the beauties of folk-music. He points to our negro melodies as the possible ground upon which to build our national music, and justly so, for these melodies are both American and original. One of our professors of music—a Chicago gentleman, by the way—criticizing this suggestion of Dr. Dvorak, declares its realization an improbability, "because," he says, "these negro melodies are associated with discreditable political conditions, which neither whites nor negroes recall with pleasure." It is true that no American except, perhaps, a bloody shirt orator, recalls those disgraceful political con-

ditions with pleasure, but I do not see how that fact can effect the possibilities of national music. The negro melodies are not encomiums upon slavery, neither does a negro song, expressive of hope for a better future, call forth the shades of the Confederacy. It would be interesting to know Dr. Dvorak's opinion concerning our Indian melodies which too many rightfully claim recognition.

In his adherence to folk-music and its interpretation Dvorak follows the example set by Smetana whose influence upon Dvorak is best seen in the latter's comic opera "Selma sedlak." It is no more, however, than the influence of a guide: there is not the least trace of imitation. Indeed, there can be no imitation about Dvorak. His individuality is too clearly marked; he is an absolute musician who reduces to music whatever *he* touches—not what touches *him*. Once he tried to imitate Wagner and composed his first opera "Kral a uhliř" along Wagnerian lines, but the attempt was a failure and Dvorak rewrote the opera two times in his own style. This incident is instructive in more than one respect; it shows, too, the moral strength of the composer.

Dvorak is a sincere patriot, a true Bohemian, who loves his people and his country. It is not true, however, that he "had inherited all the fierce hatred which the Czechs feel for the Germans," as a New York critic has charged him. (*) Neither Dr. Dvorak nor the Bohemians feel any hatred for the Germans; whom they hate is their oppressors, not the German people. As soon as the Austrian Germans cease to withhold from the Bohemians their sacred rights and to oppress them, the Bohemians will bury the hatchet. The fact that Mozart, a German, was far more cordially welcomed by the Bohemians of Prague than by his own countrymen, does not show any "fierce hatred" on the part of the Bohemians. It is true, that in the past the Bohemians were often compelled to defend their liberty, aye, their very existence, against German crusaders and German invaders,

*) Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, in the *Century*, Vol. 22, p. 68.

notedly in the famous Hussite wars (1419–1434), in which the Bohemians, inspired by the justice of their cause, won an unbroken series of victories. The Hussite war-songs are as manly as were those enthusiastic champions of freedom, and their free spirit has since become the common heritage of the Bohemian people. Although Dr. Dvorak is a devout Catholic—for his religious compositions have all sprung from deep and genuine religious sentiment—still most of his compositions reflect the spirit of those old Bohemian heretics, the Hussites, that spirit of independence, nay, defiance which every Bohemian sucks from his mother's breast. The manly vigor of ancient Bohemia particularly asserts itself in Dvorak's noble overture "Husitska," founded upon the mighty tune of the fifteenth century warsong "Ye who are the champions of God," the song that put enemies to rout and won battles.

In private life Dr. Dvorak is, perhaps, more sociable than most of the great artists living. It is true, that whenever he touches the sphere which is particularly his own, viz., the arcana of musical art, he becomes inaccessible to ordinary mortals, but in common discourse the halo disappears and, chatting in a circle of friends, Dr. Dvorak is the most amiable of men. He is very modest—as a true genius—and shuns publicity. Accordingly, he is shy of our enterprising newspaper reporters. Thus far he has been quite successful in evading them, for though he had been in Chicago three times in August last, his presence was made known but once (on Bohemian Day). Beside modesty he bears another mark of a true genius: he is a persistent worker. His unusual talent enables him to compose quite rapidly. Here we may mention a fact which is not generally known and may seem incredible but is nevertheless true: he wrote his "Stabat Mater" in less than a month. But of late he has been applying to his works the file of self-criticism more severely than ever. He hates idleness with all his heart. The early morning finds him at his desk. His creative powers are at work even when he takes his morning walk. "*Vita brevis, ars longa*" is an old adage, and Dvorak

is determined to make the most of the "*vita brevis*." He is truly indefatigable. He has his own ideas of rest. With him rest does not mean cessation of work but merely change of work. Thus, having completed his great oratorio "*Svata Ludmila*" he sought recreation and rest from the exhaustive work of nine months in—writing a new series of Slavonic dances and a volume of songs.

This year he has been spending his summer vacation with his friend Mr. Jan Kovarik, at Spilville, Iowa, occasionally making excursions to Chicago, St. Paul, etc.; yet amid the many distractions, he has found time and leasure to compose a quartet and a quintet for stringed instruments. Besides, he is presently working on his fifth symphony, in E minor, which, I am informed by Mr. Joseph H. Capek, is to be performed in London immediately upon its completion. This symphony, I expect, will be a genuine surprise to the musical public.

Dr. Dvorak is now in his fifty-second year and full of vigor; he has not spoken his last word yet and we may confidently expect many a treasure of musical art from him. His presence in the United States cannot fail to prove a powerful stimulus to our young composers, for Dvorak has won his fame only by indomitable energy, having to surmount innumerable obstacles and difficulties. He has fought his battles bravely and now the victory is his. Long may he live!

"Na zdar mistru!" (1)

JOSEF JIRI KRÁL.

1) Hail to the master!

THE SCRIBBLER ABROAD.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., AUGUST 13, 1893.

“**A**LL sorts of craft are sailing by.” line-steamers conscious of a right to the deepest part of the channel, fussy steam yachts, sometimes a freighted brig, her black hull low in the waves, bird-like sail boats, and everywhere the various St. Lawrence skiff. The typical variety is amber in tint, trig in build, and has a comfortable seat in the stern with crimson cushions, the joy of the middle-aged person; but there are others just big enough for sailing in duetto, in whom a Japanese umbrella affords complete

“ALL SORTS OF CRAFT ARE SAILING BY”

privacy, and still others, scow-like in build, much affected by the timid, who enjoy the water tremblingly.

Alexandria Bay is sometimes called the Saratoga of this "Venice of the North." One Thousand Island Park is supposed to be a Methodist retreat, and there is a legend, that in its early incorporate days all lights were out at ten o'clock,

GAFFING A MUSKALUNGE.

and such a game as Pedro was unknown. Round Island, which is notably high and dry, was once Baptist, and Westminster Park, which was flanked by a froggy and musquitey bog, suggestive of the limbo one falls into, who gets away from "the creed," was Presbyterian. Now the "pursuit of happiness" is not interfered with at any of these delightful

places, but to a tired person like myself, with no ambition for mental or spiritual improvement, the Bay offers special fascinations. Westward, up the lower channel is Cherry Island, where ninety years ago the epicurean Gouverneur Morris ate the fish-dinner, that not many hours later cost him—his wooden leg, and still further to the west is the curious rocky knob, famous since vindictive Bill Johnson hid in its secret heart. A faint, dark line revealed the entrance to the cave to my skipper's experience. I, not being an "agitator," felt timid when "The Swallow" glided into "The Devil's Oven," for so the cave is named in effective American taste. Bill might have become William Johnson had the rebellion of 1837-'38 succeeded in being anything but ridiculous. "The Oven" is big enough to securely hide from any chance passer-by a large canoe, and a man, and here for more than six weeks of the tumultuous summer of 1838, Johnson lay concealed, ministered to by his daughter Kate, who nightly dared danger from flood and foe for his relief. It is pleasant to know her plucky devotion was appreciated by a lover capable of voicing his thoughts. He was, I may add, a gallant officer of the U. S. A., and his verses are delightfully old-fashioned. The following stanza is my favorite:

"When the fame of the soldier shall sink to decay,
And the wreath of the statesman shall wither,
Thy home will be sought by the noble and gay
And the minstrel shall wend his way thither."

"Castle Rest," the summer palace of the Pullmans, lifts its towers to the west, and eastward, on the New York mainland, rise the gray roofs of "Bonnie Castle, the whilom home of Dr. J. G. Holland. Grenedier Island, the gathering point for American forces during the war of 1812, stretches green and massive across the main channel east of north, and a fairy-like group of islets hides the route from the Lake of the Isles, the strange long leap of green water, called the Lost Channel, and picturesque Fiddler's Elbow.

Just opposite I see an ideal summer home, upon a little island, far from the madding postman, and book

agent, where with sufficient groceries and coal, and a biting dog, one could bid defiance to the world for a fortnight on a stretch, and fish all around the lot at one's ease. The splash of water upon the rocks, the whispering of leaves, the song of forest birds, and the metallic chirp of

NIAGARA FALLS, FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

insects are the only sounds. The air is sweet with the breath of the river and the perfume of the cedar. Along the rocks vermillion lines tell that the lichens are in bloom, and the wood vine that wreathes the slopes is turning crim-

son and purple, for spite of the warmth of the sun there is a hint of snow in the breeze. So enchanting is the picture, it is difficult to imagine it ever other than the abode of pleasure and of peace. But the gray rock against which I lean has seen Huron and Iroquois dart by on quests more terrible than any errands tigers know, and perhaps seen sights of agony the modern mind refuses to know in detail, save as

FROM INSPIRATION POINT.

the student must know fell diseases as matters of fact. It saw, too, this voiceless watcher, the missionary priest on his way to "Oniagero," Detroit and far off Mackinac, or set out with a passion unspeakable for the crown of martyrdom, to labor among "the people of the long house." They were gently bred men, of the most polished nation of their

day, those priests, Jesuits and Sulpitians. But they went on! Ah! what did they whisper to these shores as they swept by? This rock, no doubt, saw Robert Cavalier, *Sieur de la Salle*, on his way to the country of the Illinois, and a century later beheld *Montcalm*, hastening to the capture of *Oswego*, that thorn in the side of New France. *Isaac Walton* (an authority to invoke in this region) says he is

FROM PROSPECT POINT.

grateful to God for every evil he escaped, and I count it among my mercies that I lived not in the romantic times of *Louis the Magnificent*, when it is safe to say that *La Salle* and the men who went after him spent four times the days between this point and Illinois than I will spend hours traversing very nearly the same route. We come, drawn by a

sixty-ton steel horse. Our coach was a luxurious salon, and when hunger overtook us, we had "the best the market affords," carefully cooked and served. It is difficult to conjecture, what La Salle did have save hardship, yet we hear of "the good old times."

The World's Fair compels one to take everything seriously and industriously this summer, so I had to note the rose-colored marble wainscoating going up in the Michigan Cen-

FROM BELOW GOAT ISLAND

tral station. Beautiful as the rhodonite the Russians prize, it is fit to adorn a queen's boudoir.

"Where did it come from?" I asked.

"From the Adirondacks, near Lake Champlain," replied a workman.

"It makes me proud to think that so exquisite a stone should come from our native state to decorate Chicago, the home of our adoption," I confided to Timotheus.

"Pride is like purslane and will thrive on anything," he

moralized reprovingly. "And I need not remind you, Elizabeth, that it is also one of the seven deadly sins."

I did not think these remarks appropriate to a vacation, and silently gave my attention to the architecture of the great building, which is admirably adapted to its peculiar purposes, yet succeeds in being imposingly beautiful, till three Egyptians, no doubt tired of "the Midway," and

FROM BELOW THE AMERICAN FALL.

bearing on their backs their possessions in what looked like potatoe sacks, sat down opposite. They looked very odd under those springing arches, set with electric lights. Their dirty blue raglans left a great deal of chestnut colored leg out to the weather, and their yollow slippers, which were of the heelless variety we call "mules," made disconsolate music on the tessellated floor. They evidently had take_n

the "Falls route" by intention, for I saw them solemnly gazing at the view upon the folder, and wondered what tales they would tell about it when safe again in "Egypt's land."

After a year over a desk, the homely landscape of central Michigan and Ontario had a peculiar sylvan charm. How refreshing was the blue tint of the oats, the gray greens of the apple orchards, and the gleams of cardinal flowers in secluded nooks! Moses, our courteous porter, told me that the curious sand dunes about Michigan City are due, in his opinion, to "the elements of nature," and I was inclined to attribute the failure in this year's apple crop to the same cause, but a fellow-passenger declared that the cause of all our present troubles is "the administration." He did not place "the administration" in Washington or elsewhere! He added that his bean lot is not going to amount to shucks, his cabbages have all run to roots, and his pumpkin vines have been attacked by cutworms. "But," said he in pessimistic conclusion, "what can you expect!"

We found visitors from every quarter of the world at Niagara, not excepting India, for a real Maharajah of marigold complexion, with a wife, and six gentlemen of his suite were stopping at the Clifton. But one does not look at people at the Falls, which to the most frequent visitor are always showing new faces. The smallest rapid, like the Great Whirlpool, has its gamut of change. The waters gather head rushing over and upon themselves, and find relief in upward leapings and spoutings of infinite variety. Each hour, each atmospheric change, has its echoing tones of emerald and amethyst in the cataract, notably in the American Fall, and the carefully tended parks offer an ever varying panorama of its charms. The voice of Niagara also varies with the hour and the season, becoming pianissimo at noon, and fortissimo at dawn and at night, and grandioso in the rain. But to hear its full power one must listen rocking upon the river's breast, when the sky is heavy with clouds. It was with a distinct winding up of the courage that I stepped aboard the "Maid of the Mist," and Timo-

theus did his best to unwind it by remarking, as we began to stagger up stream, that "we were as safe as the weakest spot in her boilers, and that it is fatuity to reason that because a thing has never happened it is never going to." It is, however, bracing to know one is "in for it," and I do not think any one guessed that my heart beat heavily as we neared the terror of the "Horseshoe," the attempt seemingly the height of human impertinence. We were well to the left, opposite "Inspiration Point," and steamed straight at it. Then we drifted heavily down stream, stern on, up we went again more to the right, then drifted back, a horrible sensation to me. At last, as if with a supreme effort, we dashed up at the center, and had an instant's glimpse of an indescribable abyss of waves, of radiance, and glancing lights. Then with a shudder the boat turned heavily and plunged down stream, and in a few moments I was safe upon the rocks, wishing that mine were a Beethoven's or Schumann's imagination and power of expression. When the great American composers come, and they are surely coming, what inspiration and suggestion they will receive from the great cataract! Historic association is not lacking, though, perhaps, the battle of Lundy's Lane, and the tragic fate of the Caroline and the hapless patriots are too recent to be effective. The Cantilever and Suspension bridges are, despite their utility, exhibitions of marvelous creative cunning and human daring, and the old-fashioned devouring dragon's hunger can be imagined by any one who will go out upon the Third Sister Island and note how eager the flood seems to swallow it. I was grateful that my last visit there was interrupted by a large party of Germans, just from the Fatherland, who scared the birds with their polysyllabic enthusiasm, though they vexed me with the question I have thus far pondered over in vain, viz., what is the relation between sausage and sensibility? What used to be called fate, and is now called environment and heredity, is pictured forth notably by the leap of the waters as one sees it at Luna Island and Prospect Park and the avalanche one gazes up at from the rocks at the foot of the American Fall.

And what a disgruntled monster may look like can be imagined before the Whirlpool, which, terrific as it is, has been dared by a man in a barrel. Timotheus, who is never carried off his feet, said as long as the Whirlpool winds itself up and needs absolutely no tending, it should be free to the public, barring, of course, the fee for the ride to it. Possibly it was the financial arrangements that distracted my attention and emotions, but I fancy it was the barrel episode that took the edge off the Whirlpool for me. Certain it is that what we see depends largely, not upon what is without us, but curious, mysterious processes within us.

Even the most indifferent traveler must see the Falls, for the two most altogether satisfactory sights are visible from railway trains. At Falls View, far upon the Canadian shore, our locomotive, with a politeness that did his tough heart credit, stopped five whole minutes to give us the rarest refreshment. We ran across the well kept esplanade to the protecting stone wall. One hundred and fifty feet below us swept the majestic "Horseshoe." Then came Goat Island, a bower of verdure, beyond which, glowing like silver, shone the American channel and the jeweled splendor of the American Fall. Our last glimpse of the wonder was from the American shore, as we hurried northward. But the Four-leaved Clover route is devoted to the St. Lawrence and the Adirondacks, and gave us but a few moments to behold Niagara, the matchless, beneath the morning sun. Just before rounding the mountain above Lewiston, we caught a glimpse of emerald waters in a deep, black gulf; an instant later we saw Brock monument and the blue waters of the lake.

It is sobering to reflect on the years one can remember, and as we sped along to Ransomville and Wilson and the other pretty towns I was depressed thinking how my memory runs back to a time when that shore road was not, when Ontario beach had no water toboggan but was given over to button balls, and scrub oaks, when Sodus saw the world by way of its harbor, or by stage, and instead of there being one Hannibal, there was a Hannibalville, a Hanniba

Center, and a South and East Hannibal. Oswego has lost its seventeenth century notoriety for "profane cursing and swearing," it still has a fort to make the cows laugh. And all this is changed! "The River," as the St. Lawrence is affectionately named in Northern and Central New York, offers such supreme attractions, such a comfortable road to "Nature's Heart," the Adirondacks must take a second place. Among them hide the true devotees of angling, and of the woods, and also, alas! the despoiling wood choppers. "John Brown's Tract" was its old time home, when it was really inhabited by bears and panthers, and banishment to its wilds was threatened for naughtiness, so that to hear it mentioned made me as obedient as my temperament permitted, and particularly polite to the old, and the bald-headed. Never in my wildest dreams did I fancy myself penetrating its fastnesses in a railway coach, as last week when we went up all the way to Benson's mines. Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain and Naples, once owned 150,000 acres in this wild and romantic region; and at Natural Bridge where the lovely Indian River finds its way under arches of white lime stone in dry weather, he built a summer house, protecting it with concealed port-holes, for he believed himself always in danger of assassination. He built lodges near the gem-like lake, bearing his name, but which he called Lake Diana, and another at Alpena, until this year occupied by his son-in-law, Col. B. There are many tales of gay doings at his homes, and at "The Hermitage," the mansion of Mme. de Ferriet at Great Bend, where after generous entertainment the guests were lulled to sleep by strains of sweet music, and of gondola excursions on Black River above the Long Fall, where feasts were served on golden plates. But as we passed in view of wooded heights and starry water, and delicious scents of fir and hemlock greeted us, a raucous voice dispelled the charm by shouting: "Bony's Lake!" Oh! mockery of fame! Oh, Time, what do ye make of kings! The last time I penetrated the Adirondacks, the picturesque son-in-law of ex-king Joseph was my companion to Alpena, which is quite as unpicturesque from

one point of view as any town in the utilitarian West. Not a drop of French blood flowed in the Colonel's veins. It was imagination that had transformed him into a perfect gentleman of the first empire. Fancy an attenuated, erect figure of medium height, a fine white head, keen, blue eyes, a chapeau which must have been made to order, ruffles, a snuff-box, and a bearing and manners, at once charming, courtly, and the antipode of the natural product of our republic, set against the background of the violet heights and primeval forests of this northern wilderness!

As Niagara is to set going an energy equal to 120,000 horse-power, so the St. Lawrence is being made more and more useful to man, and a corps of engineers under a United States officer are re-surveying the channel, which is to be made wider and deeper, a fact of immense commercial significance. But one day a tone poet will come to make a better survey. He will write the story of the Lost Channel, and embalm the tales of love and death, of hope and deep despair, which are part of this fair archipelago. Aye, and a mighty one will come to write the secrets of Niagara. And coming here when all these heavenly tinted shores are shadows beneath the glimmering moon, moved by the thousand twinkling lights that tell of homes and hearts among these restless waves, will voice anew in harmonies beyond all words to hint at the mystery of life. The finest uses of Niagara and this Hochelaga, the magnificent, are yet to find.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

MUSIC IN OUR SMALLER CITIES.

W. H. PONTIUS.

MUSIC shares with all the arts the necessity, for its most perfect flourishing, of a complex human environment. Aggregations of population far advanced in civilization, in a word, cities, are necessary to the highest manifestations of music just as they are of painting. Poetry in this regard is the freest of the arts because it is the most abstract and exists wholly in the mind itself. Though the arts of elocution and acting may enhance the effect of certain kinds of poetry they are rather an addition to it than an essential part of it, and, indeed, to many of the loftiest forms of poetry anything more than the simplest and most general elocution is an absolute impertinence. A dramatic poet must live in a city; witness, Shakespeare, for his business was with men and manners and a vast aggregation of multifarious life was necessary to it; but, again, there are poets who scarce ever see a city, who live with nature and the broad abstractions of humanity. Witness, Wordsworth among his beloved cottagers and more beloved mountains. The painter is more dependent than the poet upon cities and civilization, for though much of his work may be done in the wild company of nature, in order to study his art and to reveal it he is compelled to go to the cities, and not merely to the cities but to the very large cities. Music is neither so closely tethered to city life as painting, nor is it quite so free from the needs of manifestation as poetry. For the most part, however, cities of the first or second magnitude have been the model points in the history of musical art. Vienna with Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and Schubert; Dresden with Weber, Leipzig and London with Mendelssohn and his followers; Paris with Lulli, Gluck, Chopin, Berlioz, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Saint-Saens and a host of others; in our own country, Boston with

W. H. PONTIUS

the Händel and Haydn Society and the old Harvard Symphony Orchestra; New York with its numerous and magnificent orchestras, and now, in the latest phases of American history, Chicago with her Apollo Club and Thomas Orchestra.

The natural corollary of all this evidence is that musicians feel a potent attraction, as of some mighty lodestone, drawing them toward the great cities, a longing which sometimes makes them intensely restless and miserable if their lot happens to be cast in the smaller places. But if one will only turn the eye upon some of our third and fourth-sized American cities, he will be astonished to find how much musical work of high artistic value is carried on in them. Many facts in this category might be discovered and it would be well if musical magazines brought them more prominently to the fore. The residents in cities varying from twenty to fifty thousand inhabitants are, so far as general education, refinement and what is vaguely but comprehensively known as culture may be concerned, just as far along as the corresponding classes in any great metropolis, but the opportunities for development in certain forms of taste are not so complete. However, as the number of well educated musicians in the United States continues to increase, it becomes necessary for men of sterling attainments to cultivate these less familiar fields and some of the results are astonishing.

One instance out of many may be particularized since it is a shining illustration of what may be accomplished by the union of musicianship, industry and enthusiasm.

Mr. W. H. Pontius has resided for eleven years in the city of Mansfield, a place containing about twenty thousand people, situated somewhat northeast of Columbus, Ohio. He has there directed a large chorus choir, and the Gounod Club, instructed a host of private pupils, and more than all, has organized and successfully carried out a number of large choral festivals, the nucleus of the chorus being made up from the citizens of Mansfield. To these annual performances, usually lasting two or three days, he gave the nam

“May Festivals” since they occurred in the month of May, and thereby adopted the name made celebrated by the twenty years activity of Theodore Thomas in the city of Cincinnati. Mr. Pontius continued with marvellous energy to enlarge and perfect these performances till at last they reached a high tide of artistic excellence and public enthusiasm, and a long list of the most eminent vocalists of the country assisted in the concerts, besides which an excellent orchestra was engaged and many of the great historical works of music were presented. The mention of a few must suffice to give the reader an idea of the scope which Mr. Pontius has imparted to these Mansfield May Festivals. The works given have been: Händel’s “Messiah” and “Judas Maccebaeus,” Haydn’s “Creation,” Mendelssohn’s “St. Paul,” Barnby’s “The Lord is King” (first time in America) and “Rebekkah,” Gounod’s “Gallia” and “Messe Solonelle,” J. C. D. Parker’s “Redemption Hymn,” H. W. Parker’s “Idylle,” Koschat’s “Sunday in the Alps,” Herman Mohr’s “Hymn of Praise,” Schubert’s “Song of Miriam,” Farmer’s “Mass in B flat,” Butterfield’s “Belshazzar,” Weber’s “Jubilee Cantata,” Millard’s “Mass in G,” Rossini’s “Stabat Mater” and others. Among the eminent soloists employed were:

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Corinne Moore-Lawson, Clementine DeVere-Sapio, Anne Kennard-Martin, Grace Hiltz, Dora Hennings, Clara Poole-King, Ida M. Smith, A. Margaret Goetz, William H. Rieger, Whitney Mockridge, William Dennison, Mackenzie Gordon, Fredrick Jenkins, Myron Whitney, Arthur Beresford, Dr. Carl E. Martin and others.

The influence for good in the direction of musical development and all that it means for the softening and refining of life and the augmenting of its higher pleasures, which the activity of such a musician has exerted in a city of this size can scarcely be calculated and in view of the fact that Mr. Pontius has just accepted a call to a larger city, Dubuque, Iowa, with a still wider circle of activity before him, his example is a splendid one for other musicians to follow.

There are at the least calculation, in the United States, one hundred such fields as this which would yield an ample harvest for any thoroughly, all-around, capable musician, and so large is the country that these men would not in any way trench upon each other's grounds or interfere with even the outskirts or circumference of each other's fame and influence. Musicians, like other people, are apt to forget that six-tenths of the American nation still reside in the country.

Mr. Pontius specializes in the departments of voice, harmony and history, but he is a musician of general attainments, reading orchestral score with fluency and being familiar with all the great choral works from Bach's "Passion Music" to the present time. Many of his voice students have reached good positions both as teachers and church singers. Such champions of music as Mr. Pontius are admirable assistants to the great uplifting work of the American College of Musicians and the general status of musical art in the esteem of the nation.

J. S. VAN CLEVE.

MME. LINEFF'S RUSSIAN CHOR.

MME. LINEFF'S RUSSIAN CHOIR.

THE accompanying group represents one of the most interesting organizations which has appeared in connection with the Fair—the Lineff Russian choir. Within the past few years there has been a great movement in Russia to recall and permanently retain the body of folk-song which from time immemorial has reached a development in all parts of Russia, more luxuriant than in almost any other part of the world. Some months ago the story of this folk-song was given in *MUSIC* (see number for June, 1893). Mme. Lineff, an energetic woman of rare musical gifts, has been one of the most active of these investigators. After some years of research she found herself mistress of a considerable body of folk-songs, and these she completed by the aid of the researches of other investigators. And when it became a question of making an exhibit of Russian skill and intelligence at the Fair she had the happy thought of bringing to Chicago her Russian choir which has gained already such a very high reputation in America, especially in the eastern states. The idea was indorsed by the Musical Bureau of the exposition and an engagement was entered into by Mme. Lineff to give a series of Russian concerts to illustrate all kinds of Russian music, not alone the folk-song, which had been her primary intention, but also the ancient music of the Russian composers of sacred music for the Greek church, and other well marked Russian compositions.

Her choir numbers in all thirty voices, but can be divided into smaller bodies when desired, for chamber concerts or secret organizations. The singers appear in costume, and in the folk-songs there is dancing with the singing. While the singers are doing the song, one of them reserves his voice and performs the dance immemorially associated with it. These dances are sometimes of a representative

character, telling or suggesting a story; at other times they are merely rhythmical groupings of bodily motions, and occasionally there is a pronounced element of the grotesque.

In most Russian music there is an undertone of sadness—minor keys prevailing, as if one heard there the barren existence of the steppes, and the hard struggle with nature. In spite of the sad undertone, the songs themselves are generally mirthful in their sentiment, or tender. The Russian peasant is one of the best-hearted fellows in the world, and above his life of toil and hardships, often reaching dangerously near the starvation line, he presents a good-humored front, which easily becomes smiling. It is the same happy provision of nature as where men and women who formerly existed in our domestic slavery might at a moment's warning be sold apart from all that they loved, banished this dreadful suggestion by songs and dances which often lasted far into the night, after long days of toil.

The cultivated music of Russia is full of a resistless energy, like that which finds expression in the exhibit of paintings in the art gallery of the Fair, where in two not large rooms this nation has made a magnificent exposition of its skill and daring, an exposition which demands the attention of all, and stands out in the memory as the most brilliant feature of this great display of contemporary art. So it is with the music of Tschaikowski, and in a less degree in that of Glinka, whose works are often drawn upon in the programmes of this organization.

By way of illustration we append a sample programme from the new advance circular which Mme. Lineff has published. It should be remembered that Mme. Lineff not only travelled and collected these songs, but she also collected the singers, and has herself trained them to a degree of efficiency which few expert choirs are able to surpass. Here, however, she was obliged to maintain a certain reserve. Inasmuch as her primary design was to present the folk-songs exactly as the peasants sing them, she had to select her material from the peasant ranks. And in bringing this vocal material under discipline she was equally obliged to restrict

the training to limits which would not destroy the *naïve* character of the folk-song, which after all are the main features in her entertainments. There is a degree of cultivation which can be attained without depriving the folk-songs of their child-like and simple character. This has been her ideal, and she has well maintained it. Hence the listener is not to expect from this choir the same degree of technical excellence as he occasionally hears from such a body of singers as, for instance the New York Liederkranz, or the Chicago Apollo Club, but something much nearer the folk-tone, and the simple heart of homely song.

Thus regarded Mme. Lineff's choir affords one of the most attractive musical entertainments now before the public, and she has decided to make an extensive American tour during the present World's Fair season. Their singing at the Fair was one of the best attractions during the month of June and part of July and it is with great pleasure that we are able to announce that the Musical Bureau of the Exposition has concluded another engagement with this choir, the Russian concerts to begin in the Music Hall on the Lake Shore on Monday, October 2.

This time, besides the Russian folk-songs, Mme. Lineff intends to give a complete and faithful representation of a "Russian peasant wedding" with all the characteristic and highly interesting ceremonial, customs, music, dances, costumes, scenery, etc. This, we have no doubt, will prove a great attraction for the public at large, and knowing already from experience the loving and reverend care which Mme. Lineff invariably bestows on her work in connection with the Russian folk-lore, we can assure without any hesitation that the "peasant wedding" will be truthful in every detail and quite worth a study from an ethnographical point of view, besides the purely musical and artistic element which this representation will involve.

By the time the new series of Russian concerts will begin Mme. Lineff will have printed an illustrated book on Russian folk-songs with a historical sketch, a translation of the songs sung at the concerts and a detailed sketch of the

wedding ceremonies. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel gives an interesting introduction to the book in which he says:

“It was a happy idea to bring the marriage customs of these people on the stage and thus to give us a beautiful object lesson in the scientific study of which I have spoken. Books, paintings, and musical performances have done much to make us understand Russian thought and feeling, but nothing could be devised to vitalize this understanding better than a dramatic representation of the chief incidents of the wooing and wedding as they have existed from time immemorial.”

MUSIC, EMOTION AND MORALS.

AN ADDRESS AT THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS, BY REV.
H. R. HAWEIS, AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORALS," ETC.

MUSIC, emotion, and morals. I find that the connection between music and morals has been very much left out in the cold; yet music is in its golden age. You have heard many grave things debated in this room during the last three or four days. Let me remind you that the connection between the arts and morals is also a very grave subject, and the connection between the musical art and morals has been very much overlooked. Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, living in the middle of the golden age of music, perhaps without knowing it. What would you have given to have seen a day of Raphael, or to have seen a day of Pericles, you who live in the nineteenth century? And yet the age of Augustus was the golden age of Roman literature, the age of Pericles of sculpture, the Medicean age of painting, for the golden age of music is the Victorian or the Star Spangled Banner age.

Music is the only living growing art. All other arts have been discovered. An art is not a growing art when all its elements have been discovered. You paint now and you combine the discoveries of the past; you discover nothing. You build now and you combine the researches and experiences of the past. But you cannot paint better than Raphael; you cannot build more beautiful cathedrals than the cathedrals of the middle ages. But music is still a growing art. Up to yesterday everything in music had not been explored. It is very difficult to make any progress; it seems impossible to create anything new in architecture. In painting, architecture and sculpture you simply combine or recombine the discovered elements. I

say we are now in the golden age of music, because we can almost within the memory of man reach the hands of Mozart and Beethoven and Wàgner. We place their heads upon pedestals side by side with Raphael and with Michael Angelo; yet we haven't any clear idea of the connection between the art of music and morals, although we acknowledge great men like Beethoven along with the great sculptors, the poets and painters. Now let me tell you that you have no business to spend much time or money or interest upon any subject unless you can make out a connection between the subject and morals and conduct and life; unless you can give art an occupation on an ethical and moral basis. You do spend a deal of money upon music. You pay fabulous prices to engage gigantic orchestras; you give a great deal of your own time to music; it lays hold of you, fascinates and dominates you, yet perhaps you have to confess to yourself that you have no real idea of the connection between music and the conduct of life. An Italian professor said to me the other day: "Pray, what is the connection between music and morals?" He then began to scoff a little at the idea that music was anything but a pleasant way of whiling away a little time and creating a pleasurable diversion, but he had no idea there was any connection between music and the conduct of life.

Now, in case after to-day any one asks you, what is the connection between music and morals, I will give it to you in a nutshell. This is the connection: Music is the language of emotion. I suppose you all admit that music has an extraordinary power over your feelings, and, therefore, music is connected with emotion. Emotion is connected with thought. Some kind of feeling or emotion underlies all thoughts, not from moment to moment as they flit through your minds. Therefore music is connected with thought. Thought is connected with action. Most people think before they act or are supposed to—at any rate I must give you the benefit of the doubt. But thought is connected with action, and action deals with the conduct or use, and the sphere of conduct is connected with morals.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, if music is connected with emotion, and emotion is connected with thought, and thought is connected with action, and action is connected with the sphere of conduct or with morals, things which are connected by the same must be connected with one another, and therefore music must be connected with morals.

Now the real reason, the cogent reason why we have coupled all these three words, music, emotion, morals together, is because emotion is connected with morals. You will all admit that if your emotions or feelings were always wisely directed that life would be more free from the disorders which disturb us. The great disorders of our age come not from the possession of emotional feeling, but from its abuse, its misdirection and the bad use of it. Once discipline your emotions, once get a good quantity of that steam power of life which we call feeling or emotion and drive it in the right channel, and life becomes noble, fertile and harmonious. Well, then, if there is this close connection between emotion or feeling and the life or conduct, morals, what the connection between emotion and morals is, that also must be the character of the connection between music, which is the art-medium of emotion, and morals.

Now there are a great many people who will say: "After all that art which deals with emotion is less respectable than an art which deals with thought." I might be led here to ask, What is the connection between emotion and thought? but that would carry me too far; but in a word I may say that thought without feeling is dead, being alone. You may have a good thought, but if you have not the steam power of emotion or feeling at the back of it what will it do for you? A steam-engine may be a good machine, but it must have the steam. And our life wants emotion or feeling before we can carry out in actions our thoughts and aspirations. Indeed, so strange is this wonderful inner life of emotion with which music converses at first hand so intimately without the mediation of thought or words, so strange is this inward life of emotion, so powerful and important is it, that it sometimes transcends thought. We

rise out of thought into emotion, for emotion not only preceeds, it also transcends thought. Emotion carries on and completes our otherwise incomplete thoughts and aspirations. Tell me, when does the actor culminate? When he is pouring forth an eloquent diatribe? When he is uttering the most glowing words of Shakespeare? No. But when all words fail him and when he stands apart, with flashing eye and quivering lip and heaving chest, and allows the importance of exhausted symbolism to express for him the crisis of his inarticulate emotion. Then we say he is sublime; emotion has transcended thought.

Now, why has emotion or feeling got a bad name? Because emotion is so often misdirected, so often stands for mere gush without sincerity; it does not pass on, has no tendency to pass on into action. Hence the lady who in Dickens was carried home in a sedan chair in a flood of tears, is one of those who have the power of turning on the water works at any moment. "Tears, idle tears." Tears which fall easily and for no adequate cause we don't respect. There is no genuine emotion back of them. There are men who will swear to you eternal friendship. You would think these men's feeling at the boiling point, but you ask a man to back his emotion with a hundred dollars, you find his emotion is of no use whatever. That is the reason why emotion has got a bad name. But believe me, ladies and gentlemen, nothing good and true was ever carried out in this world without emotion. The power of emotion, aye, of emotion through music, on politics and patriotism, the power of emotion, aye, through music upon religions and morals—that in a nutshell will be the remainder of my discourse. What does a statesman do when he wants to carry a great measure through our Parliament or your House of Representatives? He stands up and he says, "I want to pass this law." Nobody will attend to him in Parliament. When he goes stumping through the country he goes to the people and explains his measure to them, and at last he gets the whole country in a ferment, and then he comes back to Parliament or to Congress and says:

"Gentlemen, you see the people will have it." Their voice is as the voice of many waters; it is as loud as the roaring of the ocean and as irresistible. And you cannot oppose a law which has the emotional feeling of the country back of it; and presently the law is passed which they would not listen to before the country got aroused.

Why, I remember in the great war of the North against the South, how Mr. Lincoln said Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest motive power he had in the North. And why? Because he would go into a meeting, packed with Southerners or with advocates of slavery and disunion, and leave that meeting boiling liberationists and going solid for the preservation of the Union. Well, that was the power of emotion in politics and patriotism. And I remember very well, because I was in Italy at the time, how, when Garibaldi came there for the last time—that was the third or fourth time he had come over at intervals to try to rouse the people—how he was engaged in his great fight for the freedom of Italy. He devoted his life to that mission, and he came over again and again until he fired the people from North to South with his own patriotism, and it was nothing but the steam power of feeling and emotion which carried the great revolution for a United Italy. It may be true that Victor Emanuel took and gave the movement its constitutional form. Mazzini was the thinker, Cavour the statesman, but it was Garibaldi who aroused the great emotional feeling that sent that revolution through and made Italy one. And see now the connection between the national music and emotion. There has never been a great crises in a nation's history without some appropriate march or song which has been the embodied emotion of the people.

I remember Garibaldi's hymn, it expressed the essence of the Italian movement. Look at all your patriotic songs. Look at "John Brown's body is a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on."

The feeling and action of a country somehow pass into music. It is the power of emotion through music upon politics and patriotism. I remember when Wagner, as a very

young man, came over to England and studied our national anthems. He said that the whole of the British character lay in the first two bars of "Rule Britannia." It is John Bull, elbowing through the crowd. And so with you your "Star-Spangled Banner" has kindled so much unity and patriotism. The profoundly religious nature of the Germans comes forth in their patriot hymn, "God save the Emperor." Our "God Save the Queen" strikes the same note as "Rule Britannia," "Confound her enemies, frustrate their knavish tricks."

That is in the same spirit as "get out of the way;" and it is enshrined in the British national anthem. This shows the connection between emotion and politics and patriotism. It throws a strong light upon the wisdom of that statesman who said; "Let who will make the laws of a people, let me make their national songs."

I see another gentleman is in charge of the topic "Religion and Music," but it is quite impossible for me to entirely exclude all religion from my lecture to-day on the power of emotion through music upon religion, and through religion upon morals—for religion is that thing which kindles and makes operative and irresistible the sway of the moral nature. It is impossible, with this motto, "Music, Emotion and Religion," for my text to exclude the consideration of the effect of music upon religion. I read that our Lord and his disciples at a time when all words failed them and when their hearts were heavy, when all had been said and all had been done at that last supper, I read that after they had sung a hymn our Lord and the disciples went out into the Mount of Olives. After Paul and Silas had been beaten and thrust into a noisome dungeon, they forgot their pain and humiliation, and sung songs and spiritual psalms in the night, "and the prisoners heard them." I read that in the history of the Christian church, when the great creative and adaptive genius of Rome took possession of that mighty spiritual movement and proceeded to evangelize the Roman empire, that St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in the third century collected the Greek modes, and adapted

certain of them for the Christian churches, and that these scales were afterwards revived by the great Pope Gregory, who gave the Christian church the Gregorian chants, the first elements of emotion interpreted by music which appeared in the Christian church. It is difficult for us to overestimate the power of those crude scales, although they seem harsh to our ears. It is difficult to realize the effect produced by Augustine and his monks when they landed in Great Britain, chanting the ancient Gregorian chants. When the king gave his partial adherence to the mission of Augustine, the saint turned from the king and directed his course toward Canterbury, where he was to be the first Christian archbishop. And still as he went along with his monks they chanted one of the Gregorian chants. That was Augustine's divine war cry: "Turn away, Oh Lord, thy wrath from this city, and thine anger from its sin."

That is a true Gregorian, and those are the very words of Augustine. And later on I might remind you of both the passive and active functions of music in the Christian church—passive when the people sat still and heard sweet anthems, active when they broke out into hymns of praise. Shall I speak of the great comfort which hymn singing was to Luther, who stood up in his carriage as he approached the city of Worms and sung his hymn: "*Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott?*" Shall I tell you of others who have solaced their hours of solitude by singing hymns and spiritual psalms, and how at times hymn-singing in the church was almost all the religion that the people had? The poor Lollards, when afraid of preaching their doctrine, still sung and throughout the country the poor and uneducated people, if they could not understand the subtleties of theological doctrine, still could sing praise and make melody in their hearts. I remember how much I was affected in passing through a little Welsh mountain village some time ago. At night in the solitude of the Welsh hills I saw a little light in a cottage, and as I came near I heard the voices of the children singing: "Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly."

And I thought of how those little ones had gone to

school and had learned this hymn and had come home to evangelize their little remote cottage and lift up the hearts of their parents with the song of Jesus.

Why, the effects of a good hymn are incalculable. Wesley and Whitfield and the great hymn-writers of the last century, and the sacred laureate of the high church party, Keble, have all known and exerted the power of religious song. "Sun of my Soul," from "The Christian Year," is about the best known of all our hymns. Do make your service congregational, and do not let the organist cheat the people out of the hymns. Don't let him gallop them through with his trained choir. Remind him that he has his time with the anthems and voluntaries, and that when the hymns come that is the people's inning and fair play is a jewel. Hymns have an enormous power in knitting together the religious elements of character. I never was so much struck as in entering Exeter Hall one time when Messrs. Moody and Sankey were ruling the roost there. What did Mr. Moody do? He knew his business. He sent an unobtrusive looking lady to the harmonium and she began a hymn. There were only a few people in the hall but others kept dropping in and they joined in the hymn, and by the time they had got through the twenty-fifth or thirtieth verse the whole of the hall was in full cry. They were warmed up and enthusiastic, and then in comes Mr. Moody and he could play that vast crowd like an old fiddle. Believe me, emotion through music is a great power in vitalizing and cementing and unifying the religious aspirations of a large mixed congregation.

I now approach the last clause of my discourse. We have discovered the elements of music. Modern music has been three or four hundred years in existence and that is about the time that every art has taken to be thoroughly explored. After that all its elements have been discovered: there is no more to be discovered properly speaking, and all that remains is to apply it to the use, consolation, and elevation of mankind. Well, as I said, we have reached that era in music, we are living in the "golden age." It is difficult

to imagine anything more complicated than Wagner's score of "Parsifal," or the score of the trilogy. We have all these wondrous resources of the sound art placed at the disposal of humanity for the first time. But there is a boundless future in store for music. We have not half explored its powers for good. I say let the people have bands. Cultivate music at home; harmonize crowds with music. Let it be more and more the solace and burden-lifter of humanity, and above all let us learn that music is not only a consolation, it not only has the power of expressing emotion, but also the power of disciplining, controlling and purifying emotion. When you listen to a great symphony of Beethoven you undergo a process of divine restraint. Music is an immortal benefactor because it illustrates the law of emotional restraint. There is a grand future for music. Let it be noble, and it will also be restrained. When you listen to a symphony by Beethoven, you place yourself in the hands of a great master. You hold your breath in one place and let it out in another; you have not to give way at random, but you expand only as the master wills; he drives his audience as a charioteer drives his team. Musical sound provides a diagram for the discipline, control and purification of the emotions. Indeed it seems to me that music, the most spiritual and latest born of the arts, has been given us in its most material and skeptical age, not only as a consolation, a sovereign art medium of emotion, but to restore in us the sublime consciousness of our own immortality. We stretch forth the spiritual antennæ of our being and touch the invisibles, and in still moments we have heard the songs of the angels, and at chosen seasons there comes a kind of open vision.

We have seen "white presences among the hills."

"Hence, too, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be.
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment toward thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty water rolling evermore."

A GREAT TALENT.

A NOVEL.

Adapted from the Russian of Mme. A. Shabelsky by A. Lineff.

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III.

A FEW friends met at Olga Nikolaevna Sultanova's. Her house had the reputation of being a very pleasant home. Every one felt so perfectly comfortable in her small but cosily furnished parlor. Her husband managed an estate somewhere in the South and while in expectation of easier times in future, they occupied for the present a little flat in one of the small streets in St. Petersburg. Notwithstanding the very plain and even odd furniture—the whole had a stamp of poetic carelessness and looked cheerful. It was difficult to imagine Olga Nikolaevna in other surroundings and almost impossible to imagine these rooms without her. She brought with her elegance and simplicity both of which she possessed in the highest degree. She had a beautiful voice, understood music thoroughly, and could sing extremely well. In conversation with her one could not help wondering at the witty unexpected sallies her talk was sprinkled with. She seemed to be always above her surroundings and every one in her presence instinctively tried to appear at his best to be more witty, more practical, more elegant.

Olga Nikolaevna looked particularly lovely to-day. She had just recovered from the birth of her first baby. Her face and all her movements bore signs of tenderness and softness. She looked handsomer than ever. Now and then she jumped up to go to see the baby in the nursery. The husband who had returned not long ago from the South watched her with loving eyes. Among her guests were

Miss Malova, who had just finished the Conservatoire in Moscow and now came to St. Petersburg to complete her musical education; a barrister with his wife, a nice looking, tall lady; a young doctor who promised to become very fashionable among the ladies, who was courted by a young lady with fair curly hair and the profile of a Calypso. The doctor winked like a tom-cat, uttered some indistinct complacent sounds and tried his best to be interesting. A young officer of the Life Guard, a cousin of Olga Nikolaevna, related for the hundredth time his attendance on duty in the Military Court, during a political trial. He spoke with the satisfaction of a man whose social position procured him a distinction which many longed to attain in vain. The barrister listened to him with undisguised envy. "What luck, what luck," he repeated constantly. At a distance sat a young man with a high white forehead, encircled by a luxurious growth of black hair and with a pair of most striking eyes. He read some book; having already heard all the particulars concerning the political trial he did not pay any attention to the narrative; he was a poet well known in society and every one present knew and read every line from his pen. The rule of the house was never to interfere with anyone's comfort and freedom. The most varied society met here and felt perfectly at home.

"Akim Victorovitch!" called out the hostess.

The young man raised his head. She continued:

"Do you remember the pianist with disabled arms, I spoke of? The one I met in Zürich?"

"Oh yes, to be sure, I do." He put the book aside.

"A pianist with disabled arms! What a subject for a drama!"

"Now imagine," continued Olga Nikolaevna, "she is quite hopeless. The doctor says she must give up music forever; her arms are gone!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the poet and whispered: "Poor, poor creature."

"She returned from abroad not long ago, where she had been again for her health, but all in vain. If you heard her

play you would die in rapture. You know I understand and love music. I have heard all our great artists, but she moves me more than any of them. She is a fairy! She can melt rocks and call monsters from the bottom of the sea."

"I feel intensely interested," murmured Akim Victorovitch, while the hostess continued:

"She seems to be made of nerves alone. Fancy her strange fate! Both of her masters died—the one was the Director of the Moscow Conservatoire, the second, the great Brassen. Now she imagines she must die herself."

"What a terrible fate!" exclaimed Akim Victorovitch "Why did I not meet her here before?"

"I do not know how it is," responded Olga Nikolaevna. "You both come very often and it is strange that you have not met yet. It is wonderful. Perhaps she will come tonight."

"Please send for her," pleaded Akim Victorovitch. "This is a real drama: a pianist with disabled hands! Where does she live? Tell me, I will go and bring her here myself."

"She will come, I think: if not, I will send for her."

Olga Nikolaevna was called to the dining-room. The young poet reclined in his easy chair and was lost in thought. His mind was full of the strange tragic fate of the unfortunate girl. He imagined her tall, graceful, with the stamp of genius on her high forehead. Suddenly a bell was heard, and in a few moments Miss Rulova came in. She was welcomed clamorously. The poet's dreams evaporated! He saw her neither tall or graceful; but she was better than his fanciful dreams: she was alive. She sat down beside the barrister's wife and a warm discussion took place between them about the last symphony concert.

Akim Victorovitch watched her eagerly from his corner. "What a marvelous face," he thought: "her eyes show genius and sorrow at the same time, and how charming she looks, too!"

Olga Nikolaevna came in at this moment.

“Varia, let me introduce you to our foremost poet,” she said.

“Where, where is he? Let me see him at once,” she rushed from the lounge and met Akim Victorovitch face to face.

“You are a poet,” she said, shaking hands with him, “but you are not the chief. We have no chiefs at present. The chiefs have departed and we must do without them. I am very anxious to know you. Olga Nikolaevna has told me so much about you.”

“I longed to see you, too,” he answered.

“But beware of me, I am the unfortunate Rulova, the one I love must die,”—she sang imitating Rubinstein’s “Azra.”

He stood fascinated before this young girl with her pale face and dark circles round the eyes. Her hot dry fingers trembled in his hand. In her eyes were unfathomable depths of sorrow.

“I had two masters,” she continued, “and now I go to see their graves. A German lady abroad told me: ‘Don’t take a third one, you will kill him.’”

She drew her hand back and sat down on the first easy chair. All were silent.

“Why are you all so quiet?” she said laughingly.

Her laugh was sonorous and silvery. When laughing she threw her head back and dimples played on her cheeks.

Akim Victorovitch looked at her and thought “people of genius always have something childish in their faces and manners. She looks a perfect child.”

“Do you know what I am doing now?” said Miss Rulova. “I try to find a good and kind-hearted organ-grinder.” They all laughed.

“What do you want him for?” asked Miss Malova.

“He will play while I dance and sing to his music. I have nothing else left.”

“There was such deep sorrow in these simple words, said in a would-be calm voice, that the poet felt a creeping sensation all along his spine; Olga Nikolaevna rose from her

seat, took the girl's hand and invited the whole company to tea into the dining-room.

At tea Miss Rulova kept very quiet and never spoke a word. Akim Victorovitch could not take his eyes off her face. He felt as if he assisted at the performance of some drama. All she did, if she spoke or laughed, or kept silent, seemed to him full of the despair of a young broken life. He suffered intensely while looking at her.

Towards the end of the tea-party it became more lively. A young lady over-turned a glass of hot tea into the lap of the doctor, the latter jumped up and nearly knocked the tea-pot out of Olga Nikolaevna's hand, and the barrister with his mouth full of cake remarked testily "I say what is the use of being so excited, madam!" The young lady tried to justify herself. At last the company got up with a good deal of noise and directed their steps to the drawing-room.

"You never said a word," said Miss Rulova taking Akim Victorovitch's arm.

"I thought of you," he answered.

"Do you pity me?" she asked

He did not answer her question, only looked at her.

There was something like a sudden spark in her eyes but it died out in a moment.

"I am firmly convinced," he began, feeling that he must speak, "I am convinced you will get over it, will play and drive us all mad."

"No, I never will," she said in a subdued voice. "All the doctors gave me up as hopeless. They all decided that my song is over."

At this time they passed the hall, she took back her hand, leaned against the mantel-piece and went on. "My song is over just when I was ready to sing it. I feel only now that power to get which I toiled preservingly for eight years. For eight years I never ceased working. Sometimes I thought the time dragged too slowly. I thought I never would reach the ideal I had in my heart of hearts. Now I feel I did reach it. My mind is full of sounds and I feel at times so dilated with happiness that I am ready to

weep and pray. And at this very time I loose my hands!" She lifted up her pale thin hands. "There they are, these poor arms! I was obliged to take off my bracelets, they were too heavy for me; they hurt me so!"

Akim Victorovitch stood silent before her. What could he do to comfort and console her? He had a pair of strong, powerful arms with muscles like steel. He had a warm heart, capable of embracing with love and feeling all humanity down to a single individual. Yet he stood there dumb. She was ready to weep.

"Lately, while abroad," she continued, "no one took interest in me, not a single ovation was made me as before. They looked upon me as past all hope of recovery. And you? May be you think: 'She has been something perhaps, but now, what is there in this broken-down creature?' I am now a singer without voice, an actress without tongue, a painter without eyes!"

"I thought nothing of the sort," he said warmly. "I thought that I should like to give half of my life to save you."

She laughed nervously and ran into the parlor.

"Olga Nikolaevna!" she exclaimed, "my soul is overflowing. I want to drink and to dance, I want to drown my sorrow in merriment!"

Olga Nikolaevna ordered wine to be brought. They all drank to the hostess' health and to the recovery of Miss Rulova. She suggested dancing, but, as it often happens on such occasions, the gentlemen did not know or did not care to dance. The young life-guard required a great deal of persuasion before he condescended to dance. The doctor proposed to draw lots which lady-partner every one should have. Akim Victorovitch took his lot and turned round. Behind him was Miss Rulova making the sign of the cross.

"What are you praying for?"

"I wanted to fall to your lot. I wish to dance with you."

"What a child you are!" he exclaimed. "Am I not ready to dance with you all evening long, without any lots at all?"

They went off. The barrister played a polka with such high spirits that the strings could hardly stand the pressure of his powerful fingers. Miss Rulova laughed. "Go on! Go on! Please play again," she pleaded, when the improvised *tapeur* threatened to stop the music and they danced and danced. She led her partner, who did not keep time well and brushed every chair in the room. At last the barrister cut the polka short in the middle of a bar and jumped up from the piano; the couple whirled through the salon into an adjoining half-lighted room. There they sat down on a small sofa; Miss Rulova reclined against the back with half-shut eyes and folded her arms on her lap. The room was red-papered. The light from a lamp with a ruby glass hanging down from the ceiling fell on her face and gave it a tinge of unusual animation. Her arms in short sleeves seemed pink also. She breathed nervously and quickly. He fanned himself with a handkerchief. This room was the boudoir of Olga Nikolaevna. A faint aroma of violets filled it. Perfect quietness reigned here. The guests in the parlor were absorbed in chess-playing.

"Recite some of your poetry," she asked.

He began with a faint, unsteady voice. She listened without changing her attitude.

"More, more," she pleaded when he stopped. "I love poetry; I feel as if I were swinging on a wave, when I listen to it; music must be supplanted by poetry!"

He began a piece of poetry describing the execution of a man condemned for his convictions. The martyr was ascending the steps of the scaffold one by one.

She opened her eyes wide, bent down her head and listened breathless. Her hands trembled on her lap.

"I have distressed you," he exclaimed, perceiving suddenly how nervous she was. "Forgive me, for God's sake. Oh, what a fool I am!"

"Don't be afraid for my sake," she answered. "But it seems that life is so useless if it does not give you what you love, what you long for and there is no use to live; death is

better then," and bending close to him she asked in a low voice: "Have you ever loved?"

"I did," he answered almost in a whisper, "have you?"

"I never knew love."

She did not mean the love she cherished for her masters.

"Is it sweet to love?" she whispered again.

"Yes, it is."

"When I am dead," she said, "they will all come to kiss my cold lips."

There seemed to be a deep regret in the meaning of these simple words, regret that no one loved her. He took her hands and covered them with kisses.

"Do not talk like this," he whispered. "You will live, you *must* live! One could love you madly! You must be saved!"

"I will remain in your imagination and when I am no more, and forgotten by all, you will write poetry. You will say: 'she was graceful, beautiful, her eyes were beaming' and no one, no one will recognize in these lines poor, plain Rulova. No one will understand how she suffered, how she loved music and how her soul's yearnings were in vain, in vain. You tell me I must live, but how? If they would deprive me of my eyes in exchange of my hands, I would be happy; if they would cut my tongue, I would be still able to bless my fate; but now I am looking forward only to the last step!"

Her voice faltered and broke down.

"I will ascend the last step without hesitation or fear. I will not listen to the voice that would call me back. Behind me is nothing but disappointed hopes. Do you know"—she stooped down to his ear, so near that her lips almost touched his hair—"do you know what I overheard this morning? The doctor said my arms will begin to wither up."

She said these last words almost unaudibly with an inward tremble, as if crushed by the horrible ghost of a coming storm. He was caught by the same sensation. Involuntarily he stretched his arms towards her as if he

wished to protect and save her from the fearful blow. Their eyes met in the dark and her head fell on his shoulder helplessly. Thus they sat together for a few moments with love in their hearts, also untold sufferings and endless sorrow; love—as hopeless as her despair and pure as her girlish life. She was the first to come to herself and went into the parlor to take a seat at the piano. He followed her. Miss Malova besought her most earnestly not to play. Miss Rulova looked at her with imploring eyes.

“For the last time, dearest,” she entreated, “only for once. He never heard me play, let him listen for this once.”

He came forward as well and implored Miss Malova to let her play.

Miss Malova felt very much perplexed, she had heard what the doctor said, she knew more than her unfortunate friend. She loved her as only a less talented artist can love her more powerful friend. She never envied, but fervently admired her friend’s genius; now she felt as if her idol were falling into an abyss, and she was helpless.

“Come here,” she said to Akim Victorovitch, “I will tell you something very important”—but he hardly had time to approach, when Miss Rulova rushed at him, grasped his arm and made him sit down near her.

“Let me alone,” she said to Miss Malova in a low but firm voice, “let me be free for this one evening; it is my last benefit-night!”

Miss Malova retired to the remotest corner, nearly crying. She had heard the doctor say that Miss Rulova must have absolute rest, otherwise she was sure to get inflammation of the spine. But Miss Rulova wanted to play this night on the dawn of her vanishing power. Full of despair for her broken young hopes, longing to love and be loved, she felt she was gliding into a dark and terrible abyss, without leaving behind any trace of her existence. And if she is doomed to become a wretched, half-dead creature let *him* remember this last night of her life, let him think of her and never forget her. It was a poor, but alas! her only consolation.

The first chords caused her untold suffering. She quickly took her fingers off the keyboard and bent her head with a throbbing heart. Akim Victorovitch could not tear his eyes from her; he felt in a mist and hardly knew where and what he was doing.

Again were heard some chords as soft and beautiful as the sound of her voice. He listened intently. What was she playing? It seemed to him he had never heard these sounds before and yet they must have been forever in his soul. How could he live till now without her music! What grandeur in sorrow and what soberness in suffering! He soon recognized what she was playing. It was Beethoven's "Appassionata." This was what she had felt herself in the half-dark room a short while ago. It was the murmur of a strong passion, complaint against undeserved, hopeless fate.

"Is it really possible that she will lose forever the power to produce such sounds?" He reclined on the back of his chair and felt in such a mood as when a man cannot even cry. Olga Nikolaevna thought all the while "she must be saved, she ought to be saved." The barrister's wife who, was considered a good pianist, felt she would be unable to sit down to her piano for a long while, for she must forget this music first. The barrister was in an ecstasy. He thought it was not the modern fashionable playing but Beethoven himself led her fingers from the other world. The doctor was silent. A while ago, he thought Miss Rulova crazy, dull and uninteresting, now he was ready to kiss each of her fingers. Meanwhile she glided into the adagio, solemn and harmonious like a church choral, like a song of nature's greatness. Be humble—she seemed to say in sound—forget your personal sufferings. As long as the sun shines, as long as there is life upon earth, you never will exhaust either your joys nor your sorrows. Do not look for happiness in the narrow groove of your own life, it lies in the consciousness of bliss that lasts forever; in the appreciation of splendor of the beautiful; in the purity and gentleness of your own hearts. After the solemn, con-

cluding chords followed the two ascending chords *arpeggio*. the powerful, passionate short prelude, striking like an alarm bell, rushed in the allegro. How the sounds gradually broke out in a torrent of such bitter despair, such heart-rending, unquenched passion and never to be reconciled, earthly sufferings, that Akim Victorovitch dropped his head on the table and wept while the piano moaned and complained under her fingers. When she finished there was not a single applause. Every one was moved and agitated. She sat at the piano with downcast eyes, her hands folded on her lap. "Is she to play or not? Is she to spend in this very evening all that life seemed to promise in her future and then perish? While her fingers can move, while she is able to will her emotions, she can make her listeners cry and laugh, tremble and bless her. Yes! she *will* play."

Again the first chords made her suffer piercing pain, but the more she got excited, the less she felt the pain. She played several graceful, charming pieces. "More, more, please" was the general outcry, her listeners forgetting how dangerous it was for her to play. She began something impetuous, some dance, full of catching mirth and suddenly passed to Beethoven's Funeral March, solemn and cold as death itself. Akim Victorovitch thought: "This march was written on the death of a hero. No tears are shed over his grave, because he cannot die but rises from earth and his memory surrounded by legends still lives among men, but those tears of sorrow in Chopin's March suggest an untimely grave over one who strove for high aims but could not fulfill them during his short life, who passed away with his heart full of sufferings and sorrows.

All these thoughts whirled in the poet's head. He lost all idea of time. It seemed to him that during these few hours he felt more than in all his lifetime. Still she played. It was neither Beethoven, Chopin nor Mendelssohn. It was something perfectly new, never heard before by any of them. It was her own song borne out of desperate struggle between life and death. It sounded like a farewell echo of a funeral air and ceased.

Some one's hand touched Akim Victorovitch's shoulder. He lifted his head. Miss Malova was before him, telling him something which he could not understand. At last he made an effort to control himself and understand.

"She must be taken away from the piano," she said. "Look at her! she is fainting."

He approached the pianist. She sat still, with clenched hands and bent like an old person. Her lips were blue, her eyes lustreless. It struck him that during these few minutes while he was not looking at her, she had grown suddenly smaller and older.

"I am so cold," she said in a faltering voice, stretching her arms forward.

A slight convulsion shook her frame; her friends hastened to take her away.

These wonderful fingers never touched the keyboard again, never originated that heavenly music which made the listener forget his grief and sorrows and dream of a better, ideal world.

END.

THE OLD LYRIC STAGE AND THE NEW ONE.

• “The best prophet of the future is the past.”

—*Byron.*

I AM a middle-aged man, an ex-stage singer, who left his medical study at the university on account of stage attraction.

From 1860 to the present time I have had numberless occasions to study accurately the strange evolutions of music and lyric drama, and I believe it to be of some interest to my young readers, to point out the reasons of the great difference between the old and existing modern lyric performance.

Of all arts the most voluble is undoubtedly the lyric one.

Painting and sculpture have few possibilities for variations, because colors and lines are limited to a certain degree of shadings and plastic dispositions.

To interpret and appreciate them in a right sense, it requires a good eye, a fine taste, a great deal of attributive mind capacity, power of historic or mythologic knowledge; all these depending upon nature, education and culture; but to understand and enjoy music and song depends upon the quantity and quality of hearing power, nervous constitution and soul-feeling capacity.

Culture is not so generalized as to understand conveniently painting and sculpture, but music and song are the only arts which we can call popular, as also the only ones which undergo very easily the consequences of political events, variety of costumes, difference of uses and habits.

It would be a very heavy task to take into consideration the musical and lyric arts of all the world's countries, therefore we must limit ourselves to studying them in their native land, Italy, which represents the most prominent factor of that country.

About a century ago, we hear Cimarosa, Pasiello and many other authors, whose musical and lyric styles were effective and charming at that time of peace and ease, and when the absurdity of method and system of art negations, as also of accepted regulations, were prevailing; when, in a word, all arts more or less, were bound to follow as slaves the general art-tyrannical Credo, adopted systematic form.

Then we had the *Canzone*, the *Andante*, the *Andantino*, the *Allegro*, the *Allegretto*, the *Pezzi di Bravura* and so forth, succeeding each other regularly and quickly, like dishes at a dinner party.

Yes it was music and a good one, songs and fine ones, but there were also other individualities and different political, social and progressive conditions.

Love was a year's affair; marriage a limited consequence by prudence and humanism, separations a very rare event, friendship truer and more lasting, and feelings depending upon a general adopted form of platonism.

Ideality was pre-eminent, home sentiment and poetry had both an almost absolute dominion and influence upon man's mind and man's social life.

Besides stage singers, there were the *Trovatori*, the *Menestrelli*, the *Cantastori* and the *Buffoni*, charming the populace on the piazzas, or the aristocracy at their palaces.

Their music and song, without betraying the popular sentiment, were either serious or joking plagiarism of the great living maestros.

But some time after appeared on the musical horizon a young *Pesarese*, who whilst bowing to the genius of his predecessors and masters, had the good sense not to forget his own. Impulsive, quick, witty, sarcastic, full of jokes and fun, and nevertheless decided and confident, he tried to shape out a way of his own in lyric composition. He succeeded, and the world attracted by the novelty of a new and powerful talent, forgot, with the noted volubility of a meridional people, the old stage and the old maestros.

But there was also at that time of young Rossini's a

great political impulse all over the world, personified in Bonaparte.

The easy chair was disregarded, platonism was outstretching its hand to realism. Love had lost its languors, the melifluous cord of the lyre was broken, and the player was now touching others which were of a more decided and rich nature.

The thunder of gigantic European wars had awakened the people from their dreams, the wonderful sword of a twenty-four years old general dazzled the mind of all nations; his repeated and successful undertakings astonished still the oldest and most learned generals of the French republic.

Under such an irresistible impulsions, mind and soul both were now following hand in hand a new path of progressive and irruent development.

Yes, Rossini had acquired the glorious apex of musical and lyric celebrity, but near him there were coming forward other geniuses, pointing to a more realistic and sensational, and still more not yet tried lyric style.

Prominent among the many were Paisielli, Bellini, Donizetti and Mercadante.

The "Italiana in Algieri," "Maometto" "Semiramide," "Otello," "Gazza Ladra," "Barbiere di Siviglia," had to compete with "Saffo," "Norma" "Lucia" and "Guiramento" and Rossini's star began to fade a little.

The tranquility which followed the downfall of Napoleon, left things in almost the same condition of competency between the various composers with only the difference of the prevailing fashionable Rossini's influence, against the remaining authors.

To destroy or to mitigate popular opinions, takes not only a remarkably long time, but also something which astonishes and dazzles the mind and catches the soul.

Such a tenacity on the part of the people was proved by the great downfall (fiasco) which crowned the first performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Norma" at the theatre of La Scala at Milan.

But Italy, although impulsive to inconsideration,

recognized very shortly her error, and those great masterpieces of Donizetti and Bellini came into a wonderful prominence not only in the sunny land but also all over the world.

Whilst Bellini was dead and Donizetti agonizing, besides the great Rossini there was Mercadante, a great maestro, full of musical science and tunics but not a genius.

The revolution of 1848 brought forth a great and dangerous competitor, both to Rossini and Mercadante, as also to all other more or less skillful or fortunate lyric writers.

At this point I believe it convenient to note the acuteness of Rossini's spirit, ambition and pride.

When this new genius appeared, the great Tuare thought better to put down prudently his pen, hiding himself to the clouds of his vanishing splendor, and after the Italian war of 1849 leaving Italy to go and rest forever in Paris.

This appearing genius was an organist of a small village, almost rude in manners, with an old mind in his young body. His name was Guiseppe Verdi.

The "Conte di San Bonifacio" performed at La Scala, proved only his talent to the generality, and his genius to a prominent musical, intelligent Milanese Patrizii who encouraged Verdi. Fortunately for the new maestro, he met a young poet to rival Romani in his biblical conceptions, Z. Sotera, and in a comparatively very short time there appeared "Nabucconozor," which surprised, amazed, enchanted the public, and was the *pierre de touche* by which to recognize in Verdi not a simple and pure talent, but better an imposing rising genius.

After "Nabucco" he wrote the "Lombardi" and "Attila" both operas in accordance with the belligerent dispositions of those times, and patriotic aspirations for independence of that then ill-fated country.

Triumphs followed triumphs, and since from those by-gone days the glory of the now old maestro never faded or lessened.

But as in everything else, there is an established law of providential deterioration for the renewal of matter and life.

Verdi lately and at the age of more than 75 years, wrote "Otello," and "Falstaff" with a great success; perhaps he will write something more, which will be a blessing for the stage, but here and there we see the decline of his star, whilst in Mascagni a new talent appears whose capacity as a composer seems to approach more the actuality of life and sentiment. Summing up and going back to the scope announced at the beginning, we shall state as follows:

At the time of Cimarosa and Paisiello, the principal factor was the song, and music and its helpmate as a scope of pleasure, and at Rossini's time the old canzone was adorned with *floriture trilli*, *gruppetti*, *agilita*, *appaggiature* and vocal *bravure*. Voice and a good deal of *solfeggi* were the necessary requisites for a singer. Declamation in a lyric form was useless altogether, as music and its accidentalities were predominating.

Hence we can say that Rossini's genius was a brain's genius, who composed all his operas with the elements of his incomparable "Barbiere de Siviglia," the true enunciator of his giocose and shrewd nature very little inclined to sentimentality or high passionate heart-feelings.

In fact take away from his serious dramas as "Semiramide" "Otello," "Maometto" and from all other compositions all those *roulades*, *trillos*, *floriture agilita* and so forth, and there will remain absolutely nothing of a lyric expression. Rossini was nothing more nor less than a fashionable brain genius as we noted already, destined to grow old and to be forgotten.

But very different were the lyric intuitions of Bellini and Donizetti. Bellini in "Somnambula" makes your eyes water, and in "Norma" your blood curdling. Donizetti in "Lucia" paints all human passions, and in "La Figlia del Reggimento" all the heart's *bizarre* nature and in a very powerful way. In both we find the true heart's genius.

"Semiramide," "Otello" and all Rossini's operas are nowadays almost intolerable, but "Somnambula," "Norma" and "Lucia" will last till the end of the world's life, because they describe love, hatred, fear and every soul's feelings which interest human nature.

Verdi's genius, more prone to modern exigencies and progressive views, wrote in a style more impressive because more decided on account also of a certain physical nervosity, idealism, and conception, as also of convulsive political excitements of fierce fights and bloody battles.

Whilst we do not see any classicism in his "Trovatore" and "Traviata," nevertheless we like his musical painting describing our fast times in which love at sight is so common and as a rule very short living and lasting; divorce so quick, heartlessness so abundant, enjoyment so exigent, sensuality so incontrollable, occasions for passions so numberless, friendship so false, irascibility so intent, revenge so cowardly, humanity so selfish.

Nevertheless, thinking about the future of the lyric stage, there are many probabilities, of perhaps, a slow but a sure change. Fiction and operatic abnormalities, though absolutely indispensable as the events of years must be converted by the lyric poet in three or four hours time, begin already to lose their prestige. To listen to a singer saying "I am going," or "I am coming," "I love you," or "I hate you," and stand there at the footlight always singing, without moving a step or coming to a conclusion, is altogether a very senseless or better stupid affair, which spoils a great deal of the realistic form pretended by the public nowadays. Perhaps, among all composers, Wagner was the only one who, provoked by the same considerations, tried to dramatize his operas by the way of the declamative power, but in vain, as long *recitativi* do not make up an entire drama, nor high, loud notes and accentuations inspire or excite our spirit.

There will come, therefore, a day in which the ancient Greek lyric drama will be generally accepted as the only one true to nature and man. The Greek lyric drama was a spoken one, and music was only a powerful addition to enlarge expression because the human language is a very poor one, limited to measure only, a very short scale of man's feelings. Such was the Greek's idea and to broaden the power of speech, he resorted to music.

An actor was saying to his lover, "I love thee, I love thee," always and at each repetition giving strength and louder expression, but the diapason of his voice could reach only a certain extension, and comparatively, to his heart feelings, a very short and imperfect one. At that point in which the actor was meeting the impossibility of ulterior expression or manifestation for lack of coloring voice, there was beginning a form of descriptive music relative to a higher grade of love feelings, vanishing gradually in a mysterious, indefinite and sublime or, better, heavenly sensation. The effect was magic, sweetly dreamful, almost absorbing mind and heart.

There is no music sweeter than that of the human voice, when proceeding from an uncorrupted nature, a noble soul and a generous heart, and we think that such will be the kind of next lyric performance, prevailing in times to come, so needful to counteract the general tendency to imitate humanity rather than to be human.

PROF. CHARLES C. BILLIANI.

FOR MUSICAL LITERARY CLUBS.

THE CLAVIER.

THE interesting collection of Mr. Steinert, of New Haven, Conn., quite a good part of which is now on exhibition at the World's Fair, throws considerable light upon the predecessors of the pianoforte. Among his instruments are a number of claviers, the same for which Sebastian Bach wrote his "Well Tempered Clavier." The clavier was a very small pianoforte, with a sounding board which covered only that part of the interior between the right hand end of the keyboard and the extreme right-hand end of the instrument. Thus the keys are quite open to view the whole length. Among the specimens in Mr. Steinert's collection are some old ones which are less than half the size of a small square pianoforte. Later specimens are larger, but the largest of all measures less than five feet.

They were strung with small brass wire, a pair of wires to each note, and the older specimens have fewer pairs of wires than notes of compass. Two strings to the unison was quite an early discovery, having been handed down from the dulcimer, which was a still older instrument, and the Arabic Quanon. The principle of tone production in the clavier was quite different from what is generally supposed from the terms used to describe it. It is at this point that the present collection revolutionizes our ideas most completely. What we are accustomed to hear mentioned as a "tangent," the metallic attachment of the key which caused the vibration, was a tangent in the strict geometrical sense only. The mechanism of the clavier can easily be constructed by any one in the following manner: First make a key, balanced upon its center, in the usual way. Adjust this at right angles to the string and about two inches below it.

The key should cross the string at near its middle. Now drive in the key a nail, having a head about as large as that of a clapboard nail. This nail head is the tangent which, when the key is depressed, should come against the wire with sufficient spare motion to engage the wire and raise it about a quarter of an inch. If the wire be stretched so as to produce a musical tone, it will be found that when the key is pressed the nail head will not only engage the wire, and stop it, as a finger does a violin string upon the finger board, but will also cause the wire to vibrate. The part which should vibrate will be that upon the right. That upon the left of the tangent is prevented from vibrating by means of a little piece of cloth woven in. This mode of producing tone is entirely contrary to the conception generally entertained of the key action in the clavier. It necessitates a pressure of the key instead of a stroke, and the tone will continue only so long as the key is held, for as soon as the finger is withdrawn the tangent moves away from the wire and leaves the vibration to distribute itself through its whole length, where it is lost by the cloth damper before mentioned. Thus the tone sustaining mechanism of the clavier differed from that of the pianoforte in the following important particulars: First, the tangent engages the string and remains engaged throughout the whole duration of the tone; there is no escapement, as in the piano, where the hammer strikes the string and immediately rebounds. Second, there is no damper, properly so called, because the cloth woven in at the left end of the strings acts as damper; moreover the string loses its proper tension for its particular tone the moment the tangent is withdrawn, which is the moment when the key is permitted to rise.

The tone of the clavier is thin, soft and musical, much like that of the zither or mandolin. There was very small volume, and no percussion. The tone begins more softly than it continues.

All the old writers made use of what they called the "*Bebung*," or tremolo. This was effected by vibrating the key while holding it, but not permitting it to rise far enough

to disengage the tangent from the string. In this way an effect was produced not unlike the tremolo of the violinist's finger upon the finger board. This, also, can be imitated upon the rude mechanism already described.

In the oldest instruments of this class there were not so many strings as keys. The missing tones were supplied by having tangents engage the same string. From a certain string they got C and C sharp, according to the key taken. This also one can easily try. Make two keys, with two tangents, the one engaging the string about a half inch or three quarters farther to the right than the other. When you take the right hand key you will get a tone about a semi-tone sharper than the other. This will make no difference, because you will not need C and C sharp at the same time. Every string was thus made to produce two different tones, except two: A and D. These were always left free. The others were called "*gebunden*"—and nobody knows why they were so distinguished, or why the principle of obtaining two tones from a single string was not carried out to the bitter end. A clavier thus constructed could not be tempered equally, since the intonation of all the secondary tones (those obtained from a string by the second tangent) were of pitch determined by the scale of the instrument, *i. e.* by the place where the second tangent engaged the string.

Mr. Steinert in his youth learned the clavier. This was early in the present century. He became fond of its quiet tone, and its sensitiveness to expression, within its own narrow limits. Hence, when he acquired leisure from business, through success, his thought turned again to the little walled Bavarian town, where far up in a chamber in one of the towers the town musician lived, who had been his teacher. He went there. His teacher had been dead many years. Two successors had lived and died in the old tower. But there was still the very same old clavier upon which his boyish fingers had puzzled out Sebastian Bach's counterpoint, and by the aid of whose thin but musical tone he had unlocked the old Cantor's thought. The instrument was in a ruined condition. For many a long year its tone-producing

capacity had departed. Strings were missing, tangents missing and a few keys broken. He bought it, and then when he had it in the Connecticut city he had it tenderly reconstructed, and once more restored to its original powers, except that he does not dare to put tension enough upon its strings to bring it up to concert pitch. All that he asks of it is to give him again the tone quality of his boyhood, which after all his years of handling the Steinway pianos he regards as the sweetest and most musical tone of the world. He even thinks that Bach ought not to be played upon any other instrument.

He carried his collection to the Vienna exposition. One of his objects was to find there some one who could throw light upon the now obsolete instrument. But there was no one. To the most eminent professors, Bach scholars and antiquarians, his old instruments and their powers were a revelation. Medals, diplomas and honors were showered upon him. Nothing of this kind will befall him in Chicago, for we are living in the twentieth century of Chicago civilization, when our reverence for the past is not enough to make us loose our heads. We shall examine his collection, thank the indefatigable collector, ignore the untold mines of sentiment and romance locked up in the history of every one of these venerable instruments, and very likely end by calmly showing him that as a "back number" his collection is worthy of praise; but its principal office is to show how much wiser we are about music and tonal effect than were the musicians who had their entire tone-world within these simple and as we think insufficient boundaries.

W. S. B. M.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

THE remarkable man who has just passed away was one of the most unique figures Boston has ever claimed as her own. Men of naturally fine and sensitive artistic nature, yet without productive promptings are not uncommon; neither is it very seldom that we find a man of this sort who has been content to develop his æsthetic bent in a wholly general way without giving much heed to the minutiae of special quasi-technical cultivation in any particular direction. But it is exceedingly seldom that one finds such a man pass a long life in intimate, almost daily communion with literature and fine arts, and preserve intact all the native spontaneity and *naïveté* of his feelings, so that he remains quite free from any taint of self-conscious dilettantism, wholly uninfluenced by merely artificial standards.

What most made Dwight remarkable was his inveterate instinct for culture—as distinguished from mere learning. Perhaps it may have been in a large measure a certain unconquerable mental indolence that prompted him always to take the royal road in everything, to skip lightly over the dry rudiments of every study—or what to men otherwise disposed would have been study—and absorb immediately what he could of its final essence. Mentally indolent he certainly was to a high degree; he abominated work; the necessity for work seemed to him, upon the whole, a sad mistake in the scheme of the universe; and though he did a good deal of it, first and last, in the course of his life, it was never otherwise than irksome to him; he worked, as it were, under protest. Yet, making all due allowance for this mental indolence of his, one must recognize also that his inveterate longing for complete intellectual digestion and assimilation led him as by an inborn instinct to bring his mind to bear only upon what was really digestible and assimilable by it. He felt that more knowledge, or half-

knowledge was of no genuine use to a man, that only that knowledge which has become so thoroughly part and parcel of the man's own self as to be convertible into feeling and instinct is really valuable; so he threw open his mental receptivity only in the direction whence intellectual or artistic experiences would come of themselves to meet it and would leave their indelible trace on the retina of his mind of their own accord and without any effort on his part. And what he got in this way he did completely and thoroughly digest; it was absorbed into his very being and became a functional part of himself. None but the most absolutely genuine, true and indestructible artistic nature could have gone through life on such a plan without inevitable ruin; but Dwight got no harm from it, and pure gold of his æsthetic sense was only more refined by the ordeal; his *naïveté* of perception, his ever youthful enthusiasm, his ineradicable power of enjoyment held out unimpaired to the end. What he was he was genuinely and thoroughly; fashion had no hold on him, and his refinement never had a touch of dandyism nor finical affectation.

Dwight's artistic gift was of a very general sort. His choice of music from among the fine arts as his daily companion through life was undoubtedly less owing to any special aptitude than to the extraordinary vividness and intensity with which musical impressions affect almost all artistic natures. Music was the art which could be enjoyed most intensely, immediately and with least effort, so he took to music. What Carlyle called that "kind of gift of unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that," was just the art of all others to appeal most strongly and irresistibly to a dreamy, sybaritic and intellectually luxurious nature like Dwight's. His life-long communion with it was, as it were, predestined. Of specifically musical organization he had extremely little; his only native aptitude for the art consisted in what is commonly called a "fair ear" and great general æsthetic sensibility. It may be doubted whether he ever really studied music; his technical knowledge of the

art was always slight. He could read notes and work his way through pianoforte-scores on that instrument, although he never even began (or tried to begin) to master its technique; when in college, he played the clarinet a little in the Pierian Sodality; he had a certain, rather superficial knowledge of the rudiments of harmony and a somewhat more exact and extended acquaintance with the rules of musical form; his knowledge of musical terminology, however, was comprehensive and exact—astonishingly so in one whose technical knowledge of the art itself was so incomplete. He never developed anything that could fairly be called musical facility; he never handled musical notation with the ease of a craftsman, and always found some difficulty in following performances from the score, especially when things went at a rapid *tempo*. His naturally musical ear never developed to more than an average pitch of delicacy; technical slips seldom disturbed him, and “rough performances” fully satisfied him, if the right spirit was there.

Yet, with and in spite of all this, his musical instincts and perceptions were, in a certain high respect, of the finest. He was irresistibly drawn toward what is pure, noble and beautiful, and felt these things with infinite keenness; he had an inborn and unconquerable horror of the merely grandiose, of what is big without being great, of the factitiously intense, of the trivial and vulgar. He was an optimist through and through, and wished all art to be as optimistic as himself; what was morbid had little attraction for him, and the divinities he most worshiped were the “healthy, eupeptic” composers: Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Glück, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber and Mendelssohn. Of the morbidly sensitive and analytically introspective composers he could only sympathize with those in whom he found morbid sensibility constantly cured and atoned for by immaculate beauty and perfect clarity of expression, such as Schumann and Chopin. His utter distaste for music of the more modern schools, for Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner and even Raff and Brahms, has too often been ascribed to sheer prejudice. No doubt prejudice did play some part in

the matter; these modern men came upon Dwight somewhat late in life when, although he retained all his *naïveté* and enthusiasm, his musical receptivity had become to a certain extent ankylosed into immobility, and he found it difficult to throw off old habits and adopt new points of view. But there was nevertheless a deeper and more solid ground for his abhorrence of these composers; the whole essentially modern spirit that pervades their work, with all its high-strung, nervous energy, restless striving and lack of serenity and repose, the way in which their music reflects the characteristic strenuousness and turmoil of modern life, were totally antipathetic to his nature. He was essentially a Hellenic and an idealist; any too drastic and realistic presentation of the morbid side of life shocked his finer sensibilities and seemed to him unworthy of the sacredness of art.

Upon the whole, Dwight was a man considerably astray in this nineteenth century of ours, with its hurry, bustle and fierce struggle for existence; if he could sympathize with and honor its aims, he thoroughly detested its methods, and could never be brought to see that these methods were the necessary outgrowth of its aims. Beauty and ideality were to him the only important realities; what was merely practical and, as the common phrase goes, "useful," seemed to him superfluous and impertinent. It is related of him that, when the building in which he lived at Brook Farm took fire and was burnt to the ground, he straightway ran up to the top of a neighboring hillock and was lost in ecstasy at the beauty of the flames against the dark sky. The anecdote is sharply characteristic! Of what is called nowadays "enterprise" he had no conception; for mere Athenian curiosity, the common greed for accumulating indigestible facts, he had a supreme contempt. Probably the compliment paid his paper, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, that most pleased him was when Richard Grant White once wrote him that it was "not a *newsy* paper—a vile phrase for a still viler thing!" He was never in a hurry, and never could understand why anyone should be.

For such a man to edit a paper of any sort certainly had

its whimsical side. Yet, if we look more closely into the matter, we shall see that it was just because Dwight was what he was that *Dwight's Journal of Music* was so admirable a paper. It certainly was the highest toned musical periodical of its day, all the world over. In it Dwight's fineness of artistic instinct and his unflinching intellectual honesty found adequate expression. He has often been praised for the courage he showed in standing to his guns as he did, through thick and thin. Indeed, his moral courage was something wonderful, and all the more so for being wholly unconscious; for it never occurred to him that it took any "courage" to say just what he thought, utterly regardless of consequences. Then he was a born critic in the highest sense; not a man whose exact technical knowledge of his subject enables him to discourse learnedly and irrefragably on it, not one whose comparison of a work of art with acknowledged standards would be academically instructive, but a man of the keenest perceptions of beauty and grandeur, who could make you see the beauty he saw, and make you feel with him the grandeur he felt. In all criticism there is, perhaps, nothing superior to his wonderful, thrice wonderful analysis of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which appeared in one of his early issues of his *Journal of Music*. Well might Theodore Parker (who, by the by, was thoroughly unmusically) exclaim after reading it. "To think of a man being able to make all that out of an opera!" It is more than an analytical criticism; it is a work of art!

Indeed, Dwight's specific literary faculty was as fine as that of any born American who ever wrote; his style was at once brilliant, solid and impeccable; better prose than his it were hard to find anywhere; for facility and neatness, for elegance and unforced grace, it approached that of the best French masters. His gift for writing verse, too, is conspicuous; and although he had neither creative genius nor promptings, he made some of the very best translations of well-nigh untranslatable German poetry in existence. No one else has succeeded so well as he, when at his best, in preserving the aroma of Heine's poetry in an English version.

Though probably his greatest feat in this line was his translation of Luther's "*Ein feste Burg*," in which he dared to retain all the rugged, masculine strength of the original. He always had the courage of his convictions, and this showed itself quite as plainly in his literary and poetic style as in his expression of opinion. He had the faculty of finding the right word, and daring to use it, whatever it might be. How his

"An' were this world of devils full,
All hungry to devour us;
Yet, fearing naught, *we'll stand the pull*,
They shall not overpow'r us!"

makes all other current English versions seem like rose-water! Here you feel there is a man's hand at the bellows! You hear Luther himself speak!

Personally Dwight was the most genial of companions. His inveterate optimism, his sunny nature and unspoilable power of enjoyment were contagious. Few men probably ever enjoyed life as he did; to him life was all roses, with never a thorn—save, perhaps, in the (to him) minor matter of Wagner, Liszt & Co. Whether it was a fine day, a fair landscape, a poem, a Beethoven symphony, or a lobster-salad with a bottle of champagne, his enjoyment of it was something wonderful to contemplate. And external conditions had but little influence upon his delight in the good things of this life, intellectual, spiritual or fleshly; even in times or circumstances that would have driven other men to the brink of despair, he had an alchemy that contrived to extract some pleasure from the most unpromising slag. How that benign, intellectual, sun-lit face of his will be missed from the seat in the first balcony of the Music Hall, of which he was the almost never failing occupant for twenty-five years or more! It is fitting that the Music Hall he loved should go with him. May both rest in peace!

W. F. APTHORP.

From the "Boston Transcript."

THE MUSICAL CONGRESSES.

THE attentive reader of Music will have observed a certain discrepancy between the advance announcements of the musical congresses held in July, and the after-treatment of them in its pages. It was expected and announced in advance that a considerable number of papers of original importance would be presented, and that discussions of significance would be had, which, if fully reported, would be of value to all lovers of music. These expectations, however, were largely disappointing.

When the programme committee began its work of devising the congresses and securing the speakers, one of the first difficulties which presented itself was the question of audience. It was already obvious that no eminent foreign musician would be present; and it was equally sure that no one of the more celebrated American musicians would be here. Dudley Buck, Prof. Paine, E. A. McDowell, Arthur Foote, Carl Faelten, William Mason, Mr. Joseffy, Alexander Lambert, Theodore Thomas, Wm. L. Tomlins, S. B. Mills, Samuel P. Warren, Hugh A. Clarke, and scores of other eminent gentlemen were absent, and this was known in advance. Instead of having the bishops and archbishops, the apostles and fathers, the composers and conductors, the committee foresaw programmes on which very few names of national celebrity would be represented; and perhaps no one single name of international importance. In this emergency it was considered advisable to try and bring in the aid of the leading musical organizations, in order to reap whatever advantage we might from their *esprit de corps*; and so the time of the congresses was roughly apportioned to the American College of Musicians for one day, the National Association for two days, the Illinois Music Teachers' Association for two days and the Women for three days. The latter division of the congresses, under the

tactful and persistent leading of Mrs. Geo. B. Carpenter, of Chicago, greatly distinguished itself. The programmes occupied parts of three days, and papers were presented from many of the most celebrated musical workers. Between the papers there were performances at which a large number of fine singers and players were heard;—some of them amateurs, other professional. The women's musical congresses were attended by very large audiences, completely filling the large halls, whereas the men's congresses at no time fully occupied one of the large halls, and were generally held in the smaller rooms, holding from 200 to 600 people.

In spite of the popular success of the women's congresses, the results were not of the kind originally intended in the general scheme. What was desired was a general summary of the present state of the knowledge, and expert forecasts of progress from the most advanced minds in the musical profession. Such papers, if they had been presented, would have attracted great attention, and would have been worth as much for later reading as for popular hearing at the time. The papers in the women's congresses, however, were very largely what might be called, ungraciously but not disrespectfully, "axe-grinding" papers, in which practical teachers aired their hobbies and somewhat neatly made exhibition of the principles upon which they supposed themselves to be conducting their work in teaching. Several vocal singers, like Mme. Albani and Mme. Nordica, were of the general texture of newspaper interviews, in which the interviewed makes a general exhibition of good will towards the world and the rest of mankind, and avoids treading upon any one's toes. In all the list there does not appear one single paper adding anything material to the existing state of knowledge upon the subject, nor does there anywhere appear forecasts of real insight and breadth.

Upon the men's side the results were almost equally barren. The participation of organized societies had the unfortunate outcome of affording the leaders society work which took them out of the general meetings except upon

the half hour when they had a paper to read. They contributed nothing to the general discussion, or but little, and the papers themselves were too often devoted to the interests of the society, as such, without grasping the larger interests of the art or pedagogy of music. Thus to cite the most distinguished example, the gentlemen prominent in the American College of Musicians attended the small meeting with which the congresses opened, the time of which was occupied with short addresses of a reminiscent character. The design of the College was well stated, and Mr. Calvin B. Cady presented a paper upon the value of examinations as tests of ability, which had in it something of the quality desired in all congress papers. But in all the later sessions the examiners of the College, Messrs. Liebling, Sherwood, Parsons, Gleason, Eddy and others, were kept busy in conducting examinations or correcting papers. This was the case through all the first four days of the week.

Of all the papers delivered during the congress, those representing the original intention were upon Indian music and folks-song, Mr. Cady's paper already mentioned, and a paper upon Musical Terminology, by Prof. Pratt of Hartford. Prof. Pratt was not here to read his very excellent paper, although he had been in the city a week previously. This fact is one of the illustrative symptoms of the condition of professional apathy, which prevented the musical congresses working themselves out into something better.

The prime difficulty, of course, lies deeper. Music is not an art which goes by talk. The best musicians are not always the best talkers. But we have a number of gentlemen able to do excellent work upon the platform, in a literary way no less than as actual musicians. Among these might be mentioned Walter Damrosch, Dudley Buck, Prof. Paine, Prof. Hugh A. Clarke, Edgar Kelley and others. We had here no very well known American composers except Mr. Wilson G. Smith and Fred Grant Gleason, and the latter is also more a composer by reputation than to the actual knowledge of the people, for very few of his many

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and highly elaborate works have ever been heard. It would have been a satisfaction to many to have seen such well known composers as Paine, Buck, George W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Edgar Kelley, Ethelbert Nevins, etc.

Hence the musical congresses, while interesting to their attendants and succeeding with a momentary success better than had been feared, nevertheless came short of what the occasion and the opportunity demanded. And the programme committee was left in the unenviable position of not being quite sure how much of the failure ought to be attributed to their own defective grasp of the subject, and how much to apathy and want of spirit in the musical profession itself.

But to revert again to the international features desired, there were two papers in this category which were extremely well done. Mr. V. J. Hlavac, of the Royal Conservatory of St. Petersburg, read a paper upon the present condition of music in Russia, giving some very interesting particulars, covering a wide range. An alternate paper had been prepared by Mr. J. de Zelinsky, of Buffalo, which was also read, giving an elaborate review of Russian composers and the present state of the art. This was also illustrated with a recital. It was, however, a serious mistake in this part of the programme not to have made it the feature of an entire morning, and to have had a recital from Mr. Hlavac, who is a virtuoso pianist of unusual powers. This gentleman also was in a position, if we had known it beforehand, to have contributed something in the nature of a forecast, covering the desirable advance to be made in the pianoforte, for example, and the harmonium, to both which departments he has made important contributions. Prof. Julius Hey, who had promised to be here, did not arrive until some weeks later, and then no paper was heard from him.

The foregoing criticism upon the congresses are made for the sake of suggestion, should any future occasion open up similar opportunities. It is a just subject of regret with the programme committee that they did not devise means of accomplishing more thoroughly the ends proposed by the congresses.

The committee is also quite well aware that the congresses in general were largely amenable to the same criticisms as those upon music, with the added element in our favor that all other subjects upon which congresses were held are more easily brought into the daylight of intellectual discussion; whereas music is something which goes by intuition and feeling; the intellect, while entering into it and dominating it one sense, nevertheless holding a less obvious relation to the higher manifestations of the art, and to a real appreciation of them. The intellect does indeed enter, is in fact dominant, and is present in very high powers, but nevertheless, the *prima facie* impression of the highest music and of the highest performances of high music is and must be intuitional, emotional, and not at first glance intellectual. And one of the most difficult problems the teacher of music has to meet is that of educating the intellect to its proper dominance in this form of noble effort without at the same time permitting it to divert attention from the purely beautiful and speaking qualities of art.

Upon one subject alone was the kind of representation desired by the president of the congresses fully appreciated—namely, electricity. In this were brought together such world-renowned lights as Helmholtz, Edison, Elisha Gray, and others, most of whom were represented by papers and were heard in discussions. This was a congress worthy of memory. Would that something of the kind might have been heard in music! The congresses of religion, also, under the leading of Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, were successful in bringing together representatives of many different faiths, but of one common object, (that of subjecting spirit and conduct to the domination of the highest ideals); and many papers were heard. The influence of this remarkable series of meetings will no doubt be great in breaking down walls of prejudice and misunderstanding; but aside from this it is doubtful if anything very radical was realized, or could have been. All religions rest upon the tacit or overt postulate that revelation has been completed; inductive sciences rest upon the postulate that we live under an order in which

improvement is to be constantly expected. Hence progress in religious forms and doctrines is not only difficult, but contrary to the intellectual forms of the various cults themselves, and accompanied, therefore, by enormous friction, as we see upon every hand.

Hence in estimating the influence of the musical congresses upon American music as problematical, we are after all going but little further than an expert would need in the case of almost all the congresses in their several departments. A vast amount of talk was had, and magnificent advertising, which will have an effect upon the public; but of real productive influence upon the progress of the department there was comparatively little. Such seems to the writer a just estimate of the record of the World's Congresses upon Music in 1893.

W. S. B. M.

AWARDS AT THE FAIR.

THE system of awards at the Fair has turned out badly. Mr. John Boyd Thatcher is undoubtedly an honest and a very determined man, who entered upon his undertaking with feelings amounting to confidence. It was his idea to make the Columbian Exposition a model, by modifying the current methods of "first," "second" and "third" grades of medals into something much fairer and more inclusive. Without grading them, he proposed to award as many medals in each class as the exhibits deserved, be they more or fewer. With each medal was to go a diploma, stating the precise grounds upon which the award had been made. In this, he thought, would all the exhibitors, no matter how numerous they might chance to be in any department, have an equal chance of credit for deserts which examination by experts might show them to have. And thus a full roster of all the diplomas in any one department would show the full list of merits in that department and a discreet inventor would be able to infer the missing links of a perfection not yet reached.

Moreover, all these examinations were to have been made by experts trained and practiced in the kind of work which they were to examine. This was capital.

But Mr. John Boyd Thatcher reckoned without his hosts. He missed two tricks which were vital to the whole business, and hence the confusion and backbiting which are rampant in every department of the Fair, and which in fact excel that of any previous exposition, so far as history records or memory of man recalls.

Mr. Thatcher supposed that all the exhibitors wanted recognition for what they had actually attained. And that when they *had* this they would be willing that other exhibitors should have like recognition. Here he mistook.

Every exhibitor knew perfectly well what he actually

had, and was ready to bank upon it for his future success, without aid from the Fair. What he desired the memory of Columbus to do for him was to give him recognition for the points *which he had not*, but which somebody else *had*. What did he care to be recognized for something that everybody knew he had?

And what would be the good of his recognition when his neighbor across the aisle had recognition for the one missing quality which he had been working for but which he already knew he had not yet attained? "Are we babes?" he asked himself. "Are we after a rattle?" Nay, verily. We are after stuff, and unless Uncle John Boyd is going to help us in this we are not "in it."

The other trick that Mr. Thatcher missed was when he supposed the exhibitors would be content to see their competitors recognized as fairly as themselves. Nothing of the sort. "There was but one, and we got it." This was the gentle song which every exhibitor desired to sing when the Fair was over.

Hence all this withdrawing and removing from competition. One leading maker would not come in because he was afraid that somebody else would get as plausible an award as he. When there was no "first" what would the advantage of a reputation of making the great and only first? And suppose there were to be a first, what if some one else should get it? Alas, the lot of a competitor is "not an 'appy one." So out went all the leading makers with few exceptions.

Worse than all has been the composition of the juries, the selection of "experts." Take the jury for musical instruments, for example. Look over the list, Hlavac, Schiedmayer, Ziegfeld, Carpenter, Steck. There is not a single name on there, associated with first-class piano making, excepting the name of Schiedmayer, whose uncle, living some 500 miles away from him, makes one of the finest pianos in Austria. The only other expert was Mr. Hlavac, who was recommended as the representative of Russia. He is a good musician, and a piano expert to the extent of having contributed an important improvement himself, which was in

for competition in the very jury of which he was a member. Mr. Steck is indeed an old and, no doubt, sincere piano maker, who formerly made excellent square pianos, and uprights and grands, reliable in mechanism and solid in construction. Then passing to Carpenter, Dr. Ziegfeld and the rest, why should *they* be on the list? Has any one of them ever shown musicianly or expert qualities, entitling them to preside over the destinies of the American and foreign piano makers? If so, the fact has never been made known publicly. The jury is simply an average gathering, of no generally recognized authority, nor of any expert value. This is not only the case in the department of music, but in many others of the exposition. Go through the art gallery and notice the pictures which have medals. Upon what principle were they assigned? Yet it must be admitted that the Columbian Exposition is no worse than those which have preceded it. The Centennial had upon the committee only two men conversant with piano construction, and one of these, Kupfa, was the most venial and unreliable member of all, who sold his services so many times over that they were of no value to any one.

A part of the incompetence of the jurors must be charged to the grasping disposition of the trade itself—not alone of the music trade but of all other departments as well. There is no department of the Fair in which experts, would-be “experts,” have not filed testimonials for judgeships, backed by the most eminent names in the line of trade, and sometimes backed by recommendations which were privately nullified at headquarters by opposing representations of confidential representatives of the very firms signing them. The astute Mr. Marc Blumenberg fell a victim to this sort of double dealing, they say. He had indorsements of practically all the trade; yet he was not appointed. Is not this strange?

Dr. Ziegfeld was appointed by the director-general, because he thought him to be a good fellow—which he is; and as honest as the rest of them, which very likely he is; and perhaps knew as much, which, however remained to be demonstrated.

In the music department the selection of one single expert is simply an impossibility. Not even the name of Helmholtz himself would satisfy these opposing interests. For, as mentioned above, what every fellow really wanted and meant to have if he could get it, was not so much a recognition of what he *had* as a credit for what he *had not* got. And in the same way as Helmholtz has given a certificate of tonal excellence to one make of pianos, so every other man of real ability to judge has at some time in his life given favorable opinions which in a crisis of this kind would be quoted against him as evidence of pre-judgment and partiality.

In the nature of the case, there is not any pianist or eminent musician who does not use some one make of piano more than another, or to the exclusion of all others; and there is not any expert piano maker who is not either in business for himself or in the professional service of some house. So it is not possible to select any one man on whom all would agree. As a rule, any expert that could be named knows too much to suit the views of the average house wishing awards, for the reasons mentioned above. The same is true, though not to the same extent, in other departments. Take the department of school text books, for instance. Every superintendent and author of repute in this line is writing or has written books for some one publishing house, or has introduced the publications of some one house into his schools. He is therefore regarded by all the rival publishers as being more or less unduly influenced in favor of that house. In short, the idea of a single judge resolves itself into a wholly impracticable scheme, like making a protestant judge of Roman Catholic progress, or a Catholic judge of Christian science. Or water color painters the judges of oils--and so on.

What follows? Is the expert unavailable? Not at all. But we must have more of them together, and trust to the natural rivalry and mutual watchfulness to exclude unworthy motives and prejudice from the verdict. If there had been a jury of experts in the department of pianos, com-

posed, for instance, of three leading piano makers, not in competition, and three eminent artists, selected, if possible, with reference to different tastes, as shown in their habitual choice of a piano to play, is it not quite certain that the eminence of these gentlemen would have been safeguard enough against any undue influences actuating their verdicts?

Or if objected as it well might be, that if there had been a prospect of a jury like this, the leading houses would not have withdrawn, and therefore their heads would have been debarred from serving, this would not hinder the professional people from being available, and other eminent piano makers could most likely be found by careful search.

At all events, the existing system has grievously failed to satisfy the exhibitors, or to afford the public any valuable information as to progress in piano making. And a similar observation holds in nearly or quite every other department of the Fair. As it is too late now to remedy the matter this time, the conclusion is valuable only for historical purposes.

The one-judge system is excellent from an ideal standpoint; but practically considered it is a failure.

There remains, however, the plan originally urged by all the leading makers that the pianos be not judged, and no medals be given, since experience had shown that owing to the close rivalries of trade it is not possible in this department to arrive at conclusions scientifically determined, and therefore of commanding authority, and any plan of awarding diplomas based upon actual merits of the exhibit, is liable to be rendered nugatory through the application of influences foreign to actual merit.

This plan, if carried out, would perhaps have been better, since it would have assured a complete exposition of American piano making in its best aspects, and the backbiting and scandals of the present and of all preceding expositions would have been avoided. All the same, however, it would have been a very lame outcome. Piano making is a fine art, in which a vast amount of inventive and constructive genius has been concentrated, no less than artistic qualities, and business sagacity of a very high degree, and it is a

most lame and impotent conclusion that in this Columbian year we cannot contrive a method of bringing all of these to a test and a proper recognition. Nevertheless this appears to be about the situation.

Meanwhile, the general fact remains that the awards of the Columbian Exposition, whatever they may presently be shown to be, will at least be as valuable as those of former expositions. And if there is any choice, it is not unlikely that those of the present are at least rather above than below the lines of the former ones, in respect to competence and impartiality, injunctions to the contrary notwithstanding.

But as for Mr. John Boyd Thatcher, Music trusts that he has by this time seen a light; and in a future exposition will seek for himself a field of usefulness less distinguished by briars, brambles and thorns of the wilderness, than the office of Chief of Bureau of Awards. This recommendation is made purely out of altruistic considerations. It is for his own comfort.

There are unresolved dissonances in the piano department of the Fair in which a mere amateur had better not meddle.

W. S. B. M.

THREE SONNETS.

NATURE, LIFE AND LOVE.

(Inspired by Antonin Dvorak's Triple Overture.)

I. NATURE.

A radiant afternoon in early spring,
When glinting sunbeams made the meadows bright:
When wandering windfags blew their trumpets light,
And down their airy paths soft music fling:
It is the time when violets wake, to bring
A flush of purple dawn o'er winter's night:
When all around is wondrous to the sight,
And nameless ecstasy makes poets sing.
It is the glorious childhood of the year,
A time of birdlings, birds, and perfumes bland.
The sea-blue sky has drawn its arch so near,
That heaven encircles us on every hand.
Oh! growing nature and so fair to see,
What will the fullness of thy promise be?

II. LIFE.

Oh! Life, so raging, maddening, passion-fraught!
Endless delirium of pulse and brain!
Sinking in ashes, flaming wild again!
Eternal war of matter and of thought!
Secret of happiness, forever sought,
Why dost thou still elude these weary men?
Olive-hued Peace, by life-blood only bought,
Why wilt thou not begin thy happy reign?
Onward we whirl throughout Life's awful dance.
A waltz gigantic, terror-breeding sounds:
Bewildered, here and there we turn our glance,
Each questioning heart with ghostly impulse bounds.
Fiercer the music draws its mighty breath
And hurls us downward, in the gulfs of Death.

III. LOVE.

The summer moon sails softly up the skies,
Flooding with light the palpitating air:
Sweet on rose-petals lie the dew-tears fair:
List! canst thou hear the wandring night-wind's sighs?

THREE SONNETS.

Dreaming, I gaze into thy star-like eyes;
 My soul-thoughts revel in the lustre there;
 Lost, for one golden hour, is earthly care,
 My raptured spirit dwells in paradise.
 Love, from the smiling stars, slides down in thrills;
 Love, from the kindly moon, doth burn and gleam;
 Love ripples forth whene'er the night-bird trills.
 The dewy rose of Love alone doth dream.
 "I love thee! God of Love! where'er thou art!
 Oh! lay thy burning finger on my heart!"

FRANK E. SAWYER.

 Weihe des Gesanges.

O Schutzgeist alles Schönen, steig' hernieder,
 In sanftem Weh'n, zu weihen uns're Lieder,
 Daz sie sich freudig auf zum Himmel schwingen,
 In heilger Kraft von Herz zu Herzen dringen.
 Von deinem Hauch die Brust durchbebt,
 Hoch über Welt und Zeit uns hebt.
 Vereine alle Menschen und versöhne,
 Was sich getrennt, im Wohllaut deiner Töne!
 Dem Edlen ist das Schönste nur beschieden,
 In der Gefühle rein erklungnem Frieden.
 Von wilder Lust der Erde rein,
 Rein musz das Herz des Sängers sein.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF SINGING.

BY CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

THE little book which bears this title has recently been launched into the world of thought. It is calculated to cause a stir of interest and admiration wherever there are art-thinkers, and to all seekers for light in this direction it must become a vital inspiration. It bears the message of truth, and sweeps away the clouds of egoism, vanity, sordid aims and ignorant misapprehension and points to the divine ideal of true art. The author is both a philosopher and a singer, a rare combination, and writes with such cogent power, such a wealth of illustration, and such a lofty and thoughtful enthusiasm that the reader cannot but be pierced with the feeling that here at last is something both actively inspiring and practically helpful.

The book is divided into three parts: 1st, "The Philosophy of Singing," 2d, "Mechanism and Technique," and 3d, "Application and Elucidation of the Philosophy of Singing." The middle portion covers the entire ground of vocal technique, giving many examples and exercises, enabling the student to grasp intelligently the principles governing a perfect tone production and to adjust them for his own individual use.

But it is of the philosophical part that especial mention should be made. Though the title is "The Philosophy of Singing," the author herself says that it might as properly be "The Philosophy of Life," for the analogies between life and art are so close that a system of thought applicable to one may be equally well applied to the other.

By reading the word "piano" or "violin" for "voice," the book might even be called the "Philosophy of Piano-playing or Violin-playing." It therefore appeals as well to the players on instruments as to singers.

The writer's philosophy may perhaps be summarized as follows:

The end and aim of all life and art is expression, and recognition of power, and thereby growth and progress. The universe throughout all its varying stages of evolution is the expression of God's divine power, which reaches its culmination in the perfected soul of man. And man, being made in the image of God, has also a desire for and power of expression which discloses itself in many ways, the grandest being in art, at once the source and result of all that is best and most beautiful. Art is a generic name for various forms of expression, but music differs from the different forms of art and is preëminent above them because it speaks the language of the emotions without need of translation through representations of nature, thus differing in this respect from painting and sculpture.

Singing is the highest form of music because the message from the soul to the outer world can thus be more directly and naturally

carried than when another instrument intervenes. Man's three-fold nature is employed in the act of singing, the soul or conception, the mind or perception, and the body or instrument of expression.

In the hidden depths of the human soul lies a sea of emotion which longs for expression. These emotions, feelings, intuitions belong to that which is most divine in man. The mind takes cognizance of this longing and perceives that it may be expressed through the body and orders the voice to become the messenger of the divine impulse. The body must be the trusty servant, so perfectly trained as to respond instantaneously to any demand made upon it but in itself absolutely passive. The function of the mind is to select from the reservoir of emotions the particular one to be expressed. If those two duties are rightly performed, there is no limit to the message of truth, for this reservoir will yield an inexhaustible supply.

This is the natural process, and if singers could give themselves up conscientiously to it, the golden age of song would reign forever. But in this complex and self-conscious time we are not content to allow our organs of expression to act simply and naturally as they were intended to do. The mind is not occupied alone with the purpose, but also with the process. It takes upon itself the superfluous duty of dictating how the thing should be done, not merely that it should be done. This communicates an unnatural tension to the body and all freedom and spontaneity of action is lost. The mental force is diffused and drawn away from its own legitimate channel. The servant becomes the master and the message of truth is perverted, distorted or utterly destroyed. When the mind is possessed of this superfluous activity, we have given the reins into the hands of a Phaeton and are recklessly diverted from our celestial pathway.

The great singers of the first part of this century knew nothing of this psychological introspection. But our intellectual perceptions have increased enormously since that time, and with this increase of mental energy we must acquire likewise the power consciously to its proper uses.

This result is to be achieved in two ways. 1st, by perfect concentration of mental energy on the thing to be done; 2d, by a correct automatism of the body in all the mechanical requirements. The mind must not be allowed to wander. It must be wholly absorbed in the emotional impulse, listening only for that, and passing the command on to the voice or fingers which must passively and unconsciously execute all that is required of them.

Then will true spontaneity of utterance be attained, the soul will voice its message, not hampered, but assisted by the body, and the glorious aim of expression will be reached. Thus it will appear from this little book that a wonderful possibility lies before the human race, a future transcending the past, or as the author herself says, "in consequence of our extended consciousness and wider perception that which we shall express must be grander and higher than what has ever been expressed before."

E. R.

WHY GIRLS SHOULD PLAY THE VIOLIN.

THE resonant organs called bowed instruments are the soul of instrumental music. With their rich and penetrating timbre; with their refined pathos, with their tone capable of yielding to all the shades of intensity, and as Gevaert says, "with their simple and admirable mechanism, which gives them, at the same time, rapidity of articulation, inaccessible to all other instruments and the power of sustaining the tone indefinitely," bowed instruments are indisputably superior to all others. Whether in solo with human voices, or in grand orchestral symphony, they may become the noblest interpreters of human feeling.

Notwithstanding these marvelous possibilities most young women like to play the pianoforte. Oh! that more of them might see the desirability of playing some instrument other than their irrepressible pianoforte, were it only for the sake of novelty! The young woman who cannot wade through at least two-thirds of a Beethoven sonata is indeed rare. Equally exceptional would be the man who would not admit that he has often been bored by the universal accomplishment of piano playing. The soothing effect upon the ear produced by even a mediocre violinist after the gyrations of three or four Liszts in petticoats, is sufficient reason why more girls should play the violin.

In musical culture the study of the violin is of prime importance. Careful practice upon a stringed instrument refines the ear and trains that organ to a nice perception of tone and intonation. A violin can always be tuned perfectly, and at a moment's notice; this, we all know, cannot be said of the piano. The violin can be carried by the player anywhere, thereby saving him the inconvenience of performing upon an unfamiliar instrument. Furthermore, a good violin can be bought for less than a bad piano usually costs. A violinist of moderate attainments can touch the hearts of his listeners, while it requires an artist to produce a similar impression with the cold and ungrateful pianoforte. The violin lends itself more easily to the production of pathetic effects.

Punctilious mothers should dismiss doubts as to the propriety of their daughters playing the violin, for that instrument is already popular among women.

From Louis Lombard's "Observations of a Musician."

MUSIC AS A BREADWINNER FOR GIRLS.

IN the musical profession woman stands on a par with man. She is never underpaid simply because she is a woman, for the fact that she wears petticoats does not make her work less good than a man's. Can this be said of young women who earn a precarious living as bookkeepers, stenographers or clerks? In the course of her musical career she does not need to part with any of her womanly attributes. Is it the case with women who are, or essay to be, jurists or physicians?

The income of the girl who can teach the piano and, perhaps, the violin or singing, will always be greater than that of her less fortunate sister, in the factory or counting-room.

The theme does not permit me to expatiate on the refining influences of music, but I can not refrain from saying that a musical education is of greater value than could be expressed by monetary equivalents. A worthy girl who has acquired moderate skill in music will elevate her entire environment. Her ennobling influence will be felt, whether she live in the hamlet or the metropolis. But my admiration of the power for good that honest musicians can wield is causing me to digress.

The question is: Where is a girl to be repaid for the time and money spent in the study of music? The answer: In many opera and concert companies she can fill an honorable and lucrative post. In hundreds of seminaries and common schools she can earn a good salary. From any church she can derive an income as organist, or singer, which she can add to that from her private pupils. In short, ambitious girls who have received a good musical training, together with a substantial general education, are in demand everywhere. Thus, the young woman who studies only with the view of adding to her accomplishments, acquires a means of livelihood which she would find extremely useful should capricious fortune some day force her to earn her bread. It may not be out of place to say here that many parents employ a woman music teacher to instruct their daughters, for reasons which need not be given.

Not the least important among the pecuniary advantages that a girl may derive from a musical education are: first, that she will be placed in a better position from which to marry advantageously; second, that she will be able to give her children a sound preliminary musical education.

What woman can achieve as composer or conductor still remains *terra incognita*. In this free land, however, where, without overstepping the boundaries of decorum, woman is pitted daily against man in industrial and intellectual contests, girls may yet

win many laurels as conductors. And is it illogical to infer that the sex which has produced a George Elliot and a Rosa Bonheur will, one day, give mankind another Chopin?

In the United States the musical profession seems, at times, to be the exclusive domain of woman. In our practical country, a father fearing to thwart his boy's chances of becoming a president or millionaire seldom makes an artist of him. Therefore, notwithstanding the influx of Europeans, the demand for musicians is greater than the supply. Colleges and schools frequently write to directors of conservatories for competent young women music teachers. The music committee of every church wants to find better singers and better organists; and every operatic manager searches for good voices and good musicians. From these and other reasons that would tax the reader's patience, it may be inferred that parents of musically inclined girls cannot invest money much more profitably than in the musical education of their daughters.

From Louis Lombard's "Observation of a Musician."

Seen Double.

Superfluous.

Amy—"Why, Mabel, you haven't any mistletoe up!"

Mabel—"Fred never needs any." (*Browning & King's*).

Moral.—Just so with "natural musicians." You never have to even hint to them to "give us a little music."

Forgotten.

Flossie—"There are now over four thousand vocations open to women."

Clara—"Dear me! What are they?"

Flossie—"Let me see. One of them is marriage, and another is—is—oh, my! I've forgotten the others." (*N. Y. Weekly*).

Moral.—Give the average pupil a lesson on finger exercises, scales, arpeggios, études and "a piece," all will be forgotten but the "piece."

In a Corner.

"Pa," said the Congressman's small son, "I heard your visitor say that great men's sons are never any good. I ain't a great man's son, am I?" Up to a late hour the statesman had not found a sufficiently diplomatic answer. (*Indianapolis Journal*).

Moral.—And so was the old foggy teacher who "never has time to keep up his practice," when his pupil insisted on him playing a Liszt rhapsody that he had just received.

Why it was Cheap.

Willie and Johnney set up a lemonade stand the other day, and a gentleman was the first patron. Willie's sign read: "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was: "Two cents a glass."

Being a man with an eye to the fact that "a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnnie's lemonade, paid the two cents due, and casually inquired:

"Why is your lemonade cheaper than your brother's?"

"'Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into." (D. M. M. in *Wide Awake*).

Moral.—When "lessons" are offered at twenty-five cents each, or a "term" of twenty-four lessons for five dollars, there is always a reason why.

Sublety of Investigation.

Old Purselace (on deck for the first time after five days out from Sandy Hook)—“Going across?”

Old Maboy—“Yes, are you?”

Moral—The editor of our Question and Answer Department devotes nearly all of his time to answering such questions as: “Who is the greatest musician, Patti, or De Pachmann?” “Which is best, vocal or instrumental music?” “Who is the greatest composer?” “Our Club wants a few books on music, what shall we buy?”

Throwing Stones.

Mrs. De Goods—“Why are you throwing stones at that little boy?”

Small Son—(very good at excuses)—“ ‘Cos his folks doesn’t b’long to our church.”

Moral—It is none of your business how or what your competitor teaches, plays or sings. The fish wouldn’t have got into trouble if had kept his mouth shut.

Too Much Alike.

Husband (complacently)—“My love, it seems to me Johnny resembles me more and more every day.”

Wife—“I notice it, too: He always wants the best in the house he never does as you want him to: yesterday he kissed the hired girl. (*Brooklyn Eagle*).

Moral—Don’t try to imitate any musician, for you will but copy his faults and foibles, and make a guy of yourself.

Scamped Work.

Wife—“My dear, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat! This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again (*Bauern-Kalender*).

Moral—Of course it is your teacher’s fault that you shirk practice, always blunder on runs, never work up the hard places, and make a bungling blotch of all you attempt.

Too Numerous.

Mother (to Johnny, just back from a visit to his aunt)—“What was your auntie doing?”

Johnny—“Minding the baby.”

Mother—You should say tending, not minding.”

Johnny—“Huh! You don’t know that baby.”

Moral—Music teachers will back Johnny up, for they all have such babies for pupils after they are grown up to be general nuisances.

Breaking the Ice.

Old Chappie in a boat, anchored out from the shore, fishpole in hand, "bait" in a wicker covered bottle on seat near by.

Young Sappie rows up to anchored boat; gives a longing look at the "bait," and says: "Fishing?"

Old Chappie (in a deep gruff voice expressive of intense disgust)—
"Naw, sawin' wood."

Moral—Conversation during the performance of an artist is liable to occasion worse remarks than was made by the fisherman.

Woes of the Rich.

Pete (shivering)—"Tell ye, Mike, me heart aches for the rich this winter."

Mike—"Why, man?"

Pete—"Think of the coal they have to buy, poor things." (*Inter-Ocean*).

Moral—And how it makes heart and ears ache to think of the money they spend on their indolent and conceited daughters, especially when the patient teacher must smile approval while hearing them "execute" their vocal or piano solos.

Must be Appreciated.

"I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so?"

"Do you know who he is?"

"No, who is he?"

"He's the head of this firm."

Moral—That shows how you must appreciate the "Improvisations" and "Original Compositions" your talented musical friends perform for you.

Cheated.

"What are you storming about, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater. "Nothing," roared Mr. Chugwater, throwing his hat on the lounge. "Nothing, only I've made a fool of myself again, that's all. I got a three-cent piece in change somewhere this morning, and I find I passed it on a street-car conductor a little while ago for a dime, and cheated myself out of seven-out of-er-no," he continued, moderating his tone. "I guess it's—hum—it's all right, Samantha." (*Chicago Tribune*.)

Moral—What teacher has not seen pupils make inexcusable mistakes, and then look up with an air of "artistic perfection?" They thought they were cheating somebody.

Rising in Life.

Butcher—"I need a boy about your size, and will give you three dollars a week."

"Will I have a chance to rise?"

Butcher—"Yes. I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning." (*Life*).

Moral--It seems to require more or less self-denial to "rise" in this life.

The Poor Wanderers.

Bishop X. had officiated in the college chapel, and though his discourse was most excellent in itself, it had no obvious connection with the text. At dinner Professor Y. was asked his opinion of the Bishop's sermon. "Dear old man!" he exclaimed, "it was truly apostolic. He took a text, and then went everywhere preaching the gospel."

Moral—Very much like the organist who gives out a "motive" on the pedals, and then "improvises" away from it, making runs here and there, bits of sentimental melody, dashes of chords of the diminished seventh which lead him out of the key, when he makes ineffectual attempts to modulate back, finally ending in a chaos of noises, hoping to drown his manifest ignorance.

Economy.

Mr. Fatwheezy, standing on platform of street car, gives a dime for his fare and drops the nickel, gets off the moving car and is thrown out into the muddy street. He boards the next car, where he recognizes a friend to whom he explains about how he got a battered hat, torn coat and his general muddy appearance. "All to save a nickle which I must now give to this conductor. "What a fool a man can make of himself!"

Moral—Not so very much unlike those pupils who not taking a fancy to the piece given by their teacher, buy a reprint which is full of errors, and is but poor thrash at best, and then practice on its mistakes, plus many of their own, and go to their teacher and are made to learn their original piece, and pay for their lessons on it of course.

CHAS. W. LANDON.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

ELEMENTARY THEORY OF MUSIC. By RICHARD WUERST. Translated by Maynard Butler. The Boston Music Company. 1893. Pp. 57, 8vo.

THIS little book is a creditable example of translation, and owes its selection for this honor, probably, to the good opinion held of it by American students who have pursued the course under the author's own instruction. As a text-book it is too short, and the terminology is too careless. The entire explanation of the tonal system and the staff at the beginning is an illustration in point. For example we are told: "Rhythm has a two-fold significance in music, it refers both to *duration* of time and to *stress*: the first relates to *Notes* and their equivalent *Rests*; the second to *Measure*." (The italics are those of the book.) Further on it says: "Time in music is equality of accent." "Strictly speaking there are but two kinds of time: two-part time and three-part time, etc."

All this belongs together with the information that a flat "lowers a note" before which it is placed, etc.

The entire theoretical part is out of place in this era of sound pedagogy. All the terms, nearly, are wrongly used. A note, for instance, is never moved by a sharp or flat, so far as practical musicians are aware. A note is a character which the eye perceives. A sharp is a character which aids in determining the pitch of the tone signified by a certain staff-position. A "tie," according to this work, "connects two notes lying upon the same interval, in such a manner as to make them as but one note." Why not put it as it is and has often been published: "A tie is a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first." This is full, exact and clear. The only point for cavil is as to the expression "two notes of the same pitch," which is sufficiently correct, since notes indicate tones, and the pitch is indicated by staff-position.

The venerable principle of Pestalozzi "The thing before the sign," is violated here and in almost all other text-books of music to a degree which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the profession.

Intervals in the scale are mentioned as whole and half tones. Why not steps, as the German has it? Interval is better off when described as "the distance from one tone to another," but it still lacks the central definitive of all, namely the expression "measured in degrees of the scale." Miss Butler does not fall formerly into the usual mistake of making interval names depend upon the manner in which they happen to be written, but she none the less stops short of precision and clear conception.

The practical exercises are too few, and too insignificant for successful practical use. Moreover, the time for this sort of treatment of practical harmony has passed. Wuerst's little book is one of those which an author may use in his own teaching as a mere memorandum of the instruction which he has given at much greater length orally, but for independent use as a text-book proper it is not sufficient.

The practical question which harmony has to solve is how to make the student a quick harmonist in his thought and upon the key-board. Ordinary methods fail entirely at this point. Writing figured basses by way of mastering the material of musical composition is like learning to shoot ducks by firing over a rest. Ducks never afford you this kind of opportunity. They have to be shot on the wing or you miss them: so it is with musical phantasy.

LOESCHHORN STUDIES, Op. 66. "Edition Liebling." Brainard Sons.

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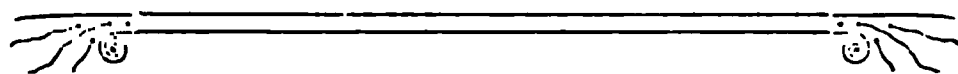
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